The Progressive Music Series

Book Two

Silver, Burdett and Company

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THE
PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

FOR BASAL USE

IN PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, AND GRAMMAR GRADES

BY

HORATIO PARKER
Dean of the Department of Music, Yale University

OSBOURNE McCONATHY
Director of the Department of School Music, Northwestern University

EDWARD BAILEY BIRGE
Director of Music, Public Schools, Indianapolis, Indiana

W. OTTO MIESSNER
Director of the Department of Music, State Normal School, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

BOOK TWO

SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

THE
PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

BOOK ONE, 144 pages, for second and third grades
BOOK TWO, 176 pages, for fourth and fifth grades
BOOK THREE, 208 pages, for sixth and seventh grades.

BOOK FOUR, 224 pages for eighth grade.
TEACHER'S MANUAL, with accompaniments for Book One and Primary Song Book.
BOOK OF ACCOMPANIMENTS, for Books Two and Three.

PRIMARY SONG BOOK FOR SIGHT READING

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PREFACE

THE Progressive Music Series embodies the ideals of successful teachers and supervisors of public school music, and is based upon the principles of modern educational psychology. The authors have endeavored to realize two aims: to present songs that meet all the moods of childhood; and to arrange these songs so that they will form the basis of definite, progressive instruction, out of which shall grow a love for, and an intelligent appreciation of, the best in music.

The music material comprises the best that could be found in the libraries of America and Europe; original songs written by many of the foremost living composers, whose interest and coöperation were secured through personal interviews; and characteristic folk songs obtained from sources hitherto unavailable. All the material has been subjected to careful critical study both in regard to its musical worth and to its adaptability to school use. Equal care has been exercised in the selection of the words of the songs.

The Progressive Music Series recognizes three well-defined periods of child development during school life. The first, or sensory period, covers the first three school years. Book One, the Primary Song Book, and the Teacher's Manual are designed for this period. The second, or associative period, begins with the fourth year and continues well into the seventh year. Books Two and Three and the Book of Accompaniments cover the work of this period. Book four provides material for the third, or adolescent period.

Book Two is divided into three parts: Part One presents the technical work for the Fourth Year; Part Two the technical work for the Fifth Year; Part Three comprises art songs for general use in both years. In Parts One and Two the fundamental tonal and rythmic concepts, acquired in the first three years, are presented as definite musical problems for formal drill. These problems are developed in a logical sequence through the topical organization of the song material in the successive chapters, which are so arranged that the pupil may proceed page by page. In developing these musical problems four steps are involved. (1) A review of a familiar song which contains the problem. (2) A clear statement of the problem to the pupils. (3) Thorough drill on the problem, isolated from the context. (4) Application of the known problem in reading songs in which it occurs. The art songs of Part Three are strong in emotional appeal to the pupil. They are not limited to his technical equipment, but embody many of the technical problems which will be studied in Book Three.

Phrases made up of familiar figures and rhythms may be read by the pupil, but the teacher is expected to assist him in the more difficult passages.

The Book of Accompaniments provides a piano part for most of the songs of Books Two and Three, and gives explicit directions for conducting the music work in the grades for which the books are designed.

The courtesy of the following authors and publishers in allowing the use of copyrighted poems is hereby acknowledged:

Alice V. L. Carrick for "The Rain," "Fairyland," "The Sandman," and "Wishing." Charles Keeler for "The Kite" and "The Brass Band" from "Elfin Songs of Sunland." George Reiter Brill for "Bringing in the Hay" and "What Becomes of the Moon" from "Rhymes of the Golden Age." Sophia T. Newman for "Pop Corn Song." Henry R. Pattengill, publisher, and the author for "The Four-Leaf Clover" from "Farmerkin's Farm Rhymes" by Dora H. Stockman. The Educational Publishing Company for "The Butterfly's Wings" from *Primary Education*. The publishers and the author's family for "A Little Philosopher" from "Little Knights and Ladies" by Margaret E. Sangster, copyright, 1895, by Harper and Brothers. Dana Estes & Company and the author for "A Meadow Song" by Laura E. Richards. Longmans, Green & Co. for "Bread and Butter" from "A Bunch of Blossoms" by E. Gordon Browne. *The Ladies' World* and Frank Walcott Hutt for "Two Kinds of People." F. A. Owen Company and the author for "What the Little Bird Said" by Virginia Baker and F. A. Owen Company for "In the Cornfield" by Maude M. Grant, and "An Arbor Day Song" by Susie M. Best, from *Primary Plans*. The *Youth's Companion* for "Flying Kites," "The Invitation," "The Month of March," "A Valentine for Grandma," "The Snow," and "After Vacation"; and *The Youth's Companion* and the authors for "A Strange Country" by Elizabeth Lincoln Gould, "A Wake-up Song" by Luella S. Curran, "Master Robin" by Zitella Cocke, "Wishing and Working" and "A Snowy Day" by Anna M. Pratt. Rand, McNally and Company and the authors for "Balloons" and "Hoof Beats," from "The Rhyming Ring" by Louise Ayres Garnett, and "The Little Leaves Dance," "The Shell Song," "Redbreast in the Cherry Tree," "An Adventure," and "Spring," from "Other Rhymes for Little Readers" by Wilhelmina Seegmiller. Milton Bradley Company for "A Prayer for Little Children" by Edith C. Rice, from *Kindergarten Review*. The Century Company and the authors for "The Bee and the Butterfly" by Margaret Eytinge, "Katrina" by Stella George Stern, and "The Little Big Woman and the Big Little Girl," from "When Life is Young" by Mary Mapes Dodge. "The Cloud," "Sand Wells," and "Devotion," by Abbie Farwell Brown, and "Daisies" and "The Four Winds," by Frank Dempster Sherman, are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Co., authorized publishers of their works.

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THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

BOOK TWO

PART ONE

Chapter I: Melodies in the Major Scale; the Quarter-Note Beat

One I Love

Florence C. Fox

Alfred G. Wathall
Composed for this Series

One I love, two I love, Dad-dy dear, and moth-er;

mf

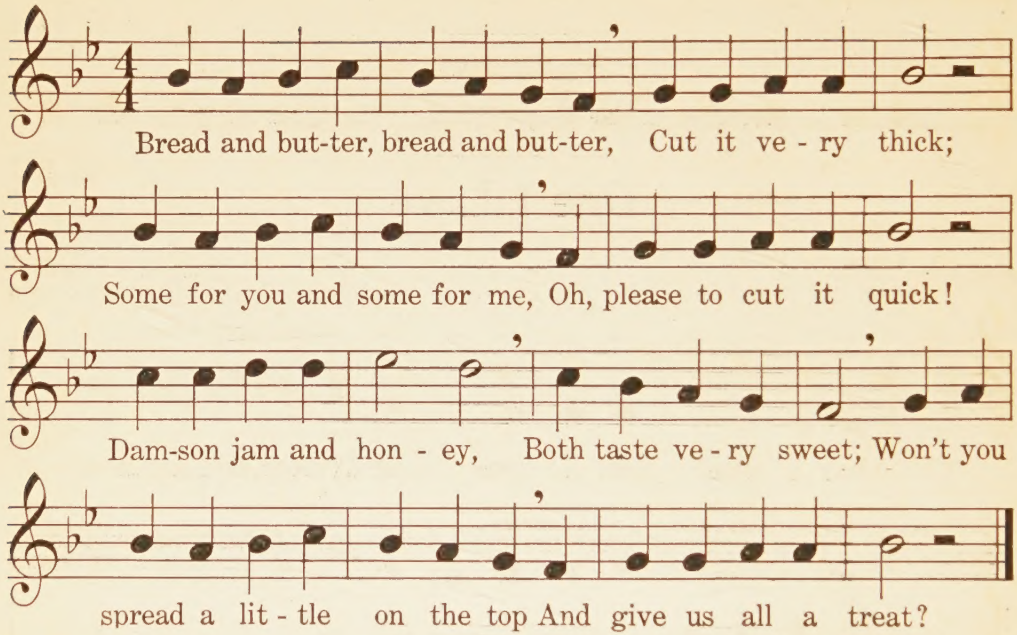
Three I love with all my heart, Dar-ling lit-tle broth-er.

ritard

ritard

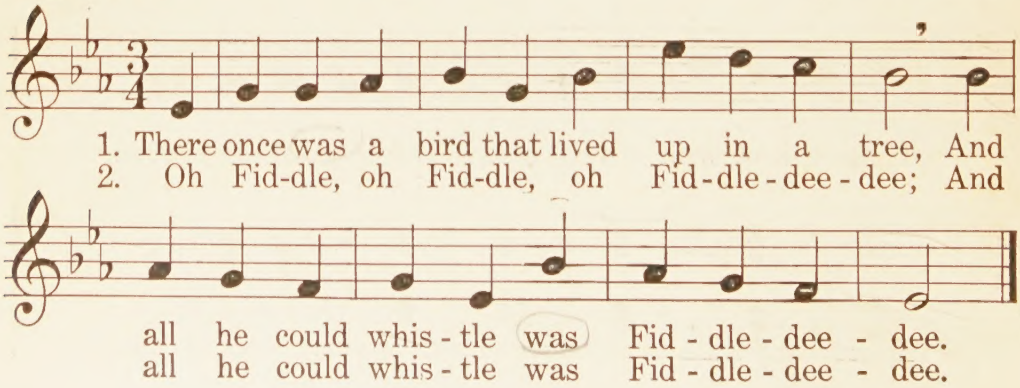
Bread and Butter

E. Gordon Brown — French Folk Song



Fiddle-dee-dee

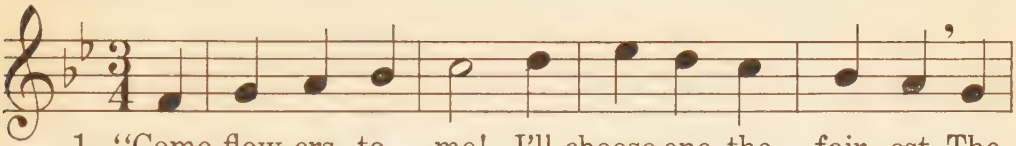
Eugene Field — C. H. Hohmann



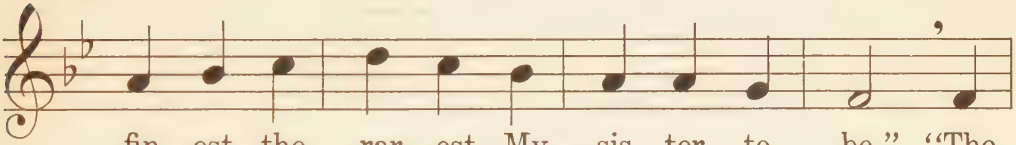
Choosing a Flower

Miriam Clark Potter
From the French

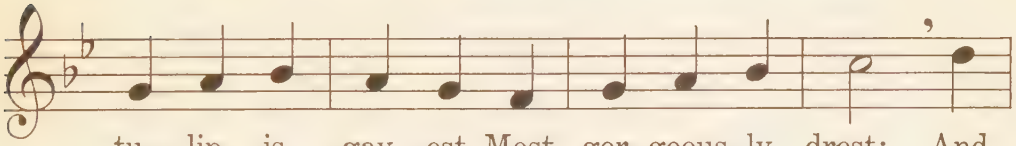
Allyre Bureau



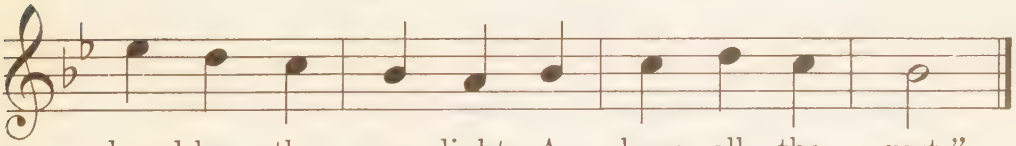
1. "Come flow-ers to me! I'll choose one, the fair-est, The
2. "Too haugh-ty is she; Of flow-ers, the proud-est, In
3. "But she is too shy; She shuns the bright mea-dows, And
4 "Though love-ly the rose, Her playmates she teas-es With



fin-est, the rar-est, My sis-ter to be." "The
col-ors, the loud-est; She'll not do for me." "The
hides in the shad-ows Her big gol-den eye." "The
thorns when she pleas-es, As ev-'ry-one knows." "No



tu-lip is gay-est, Most gor-geous-ly drest; And
vio-let is mod-est, And fair-est of face; She
rose smiles up-on you From beau-ti-ful bow'rs; Choose
flow-er is per-fect, No mat-ter how rare; Come,

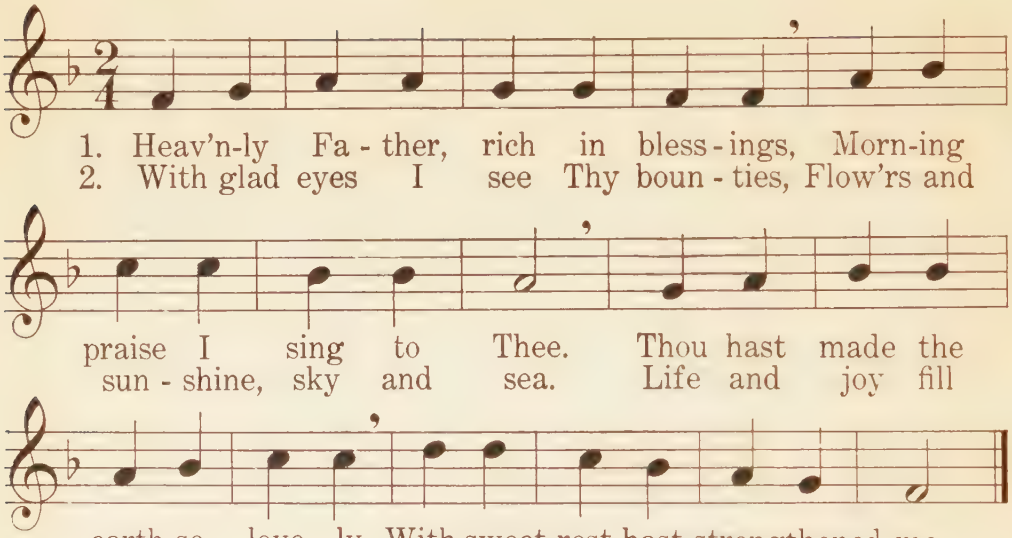


loved by the sun-light A-bove all the rest."
loves the deep for-est With beau-ty to grace."
her for your sis-ter, The queen of all flow'rs."
play with us all then, Thro' sum-mer days fair."

Morning Song

Ethel B. Howard
From the German

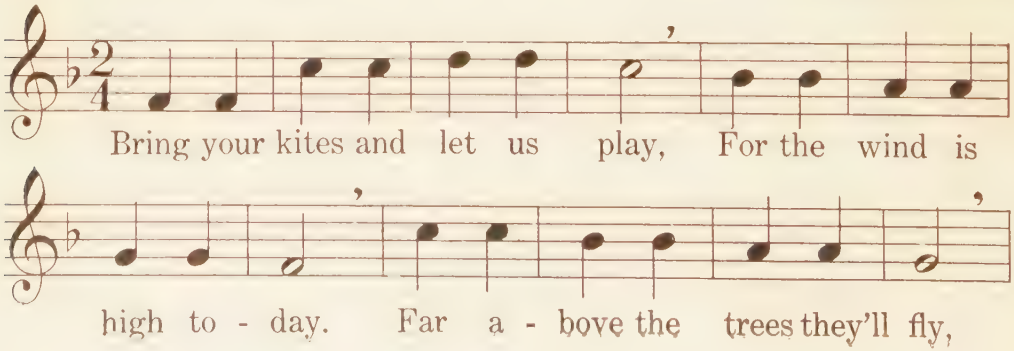
German Folk Song

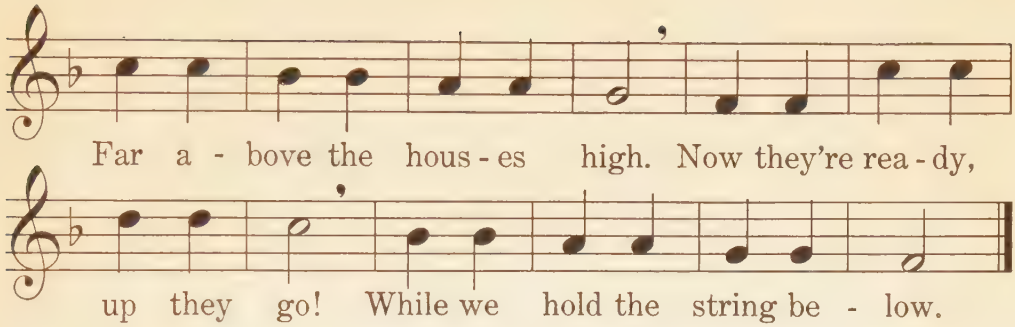


Flying Kites

From *The Youth's Companion*

German Folk Song

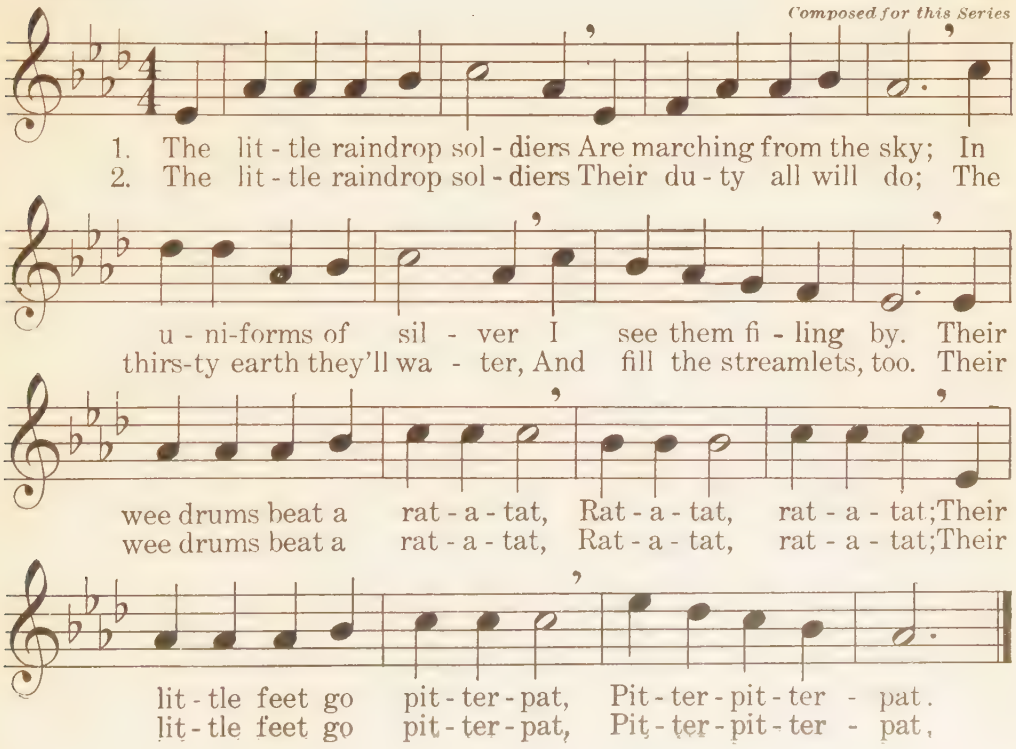




The Raindrop Soldiers

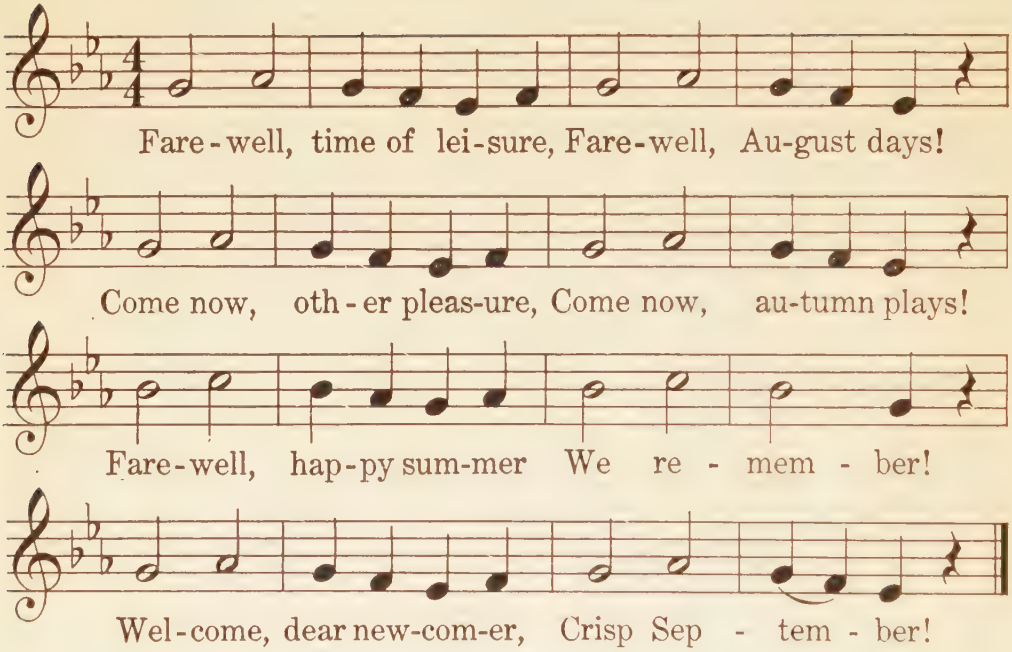
Virginia Baker

Paul Bliss
Composed for this Series



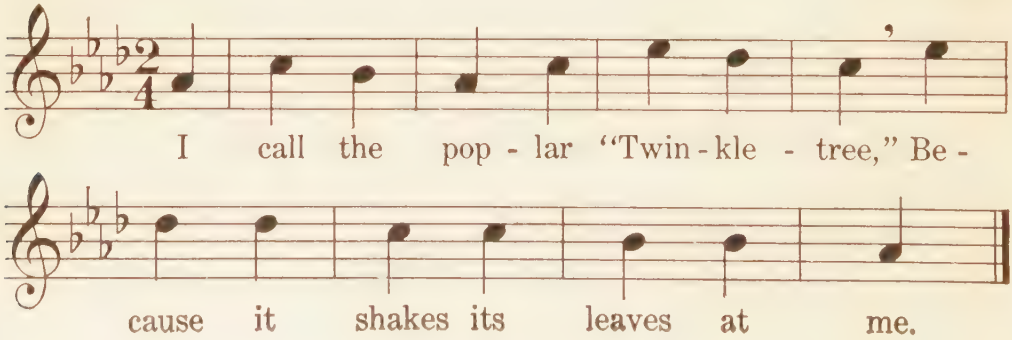
September

Abbie Farwell Brown — C. Despourins



The Poplar Tree

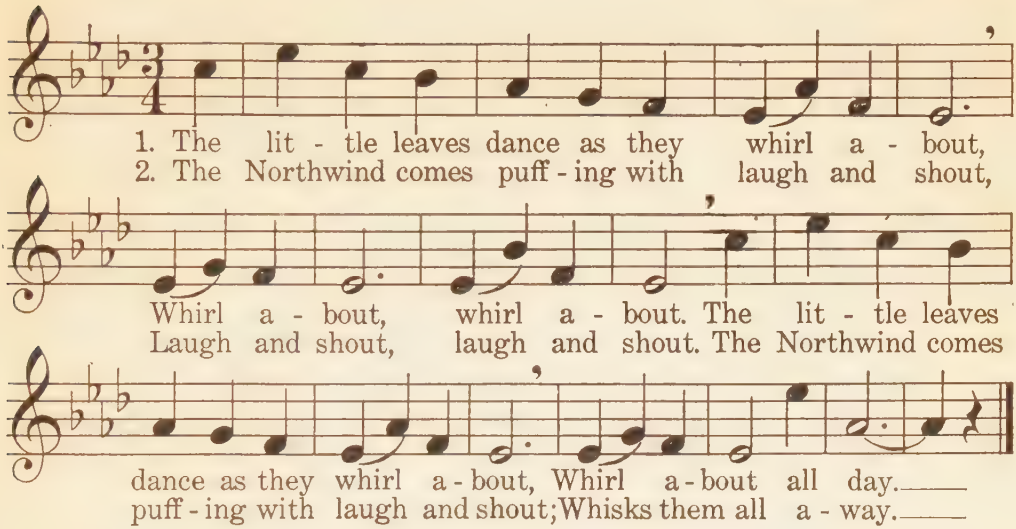
Annie N. Bourne — Chr. Schunder



The Little Leaves Dance

Wilhelmina Seegmiller

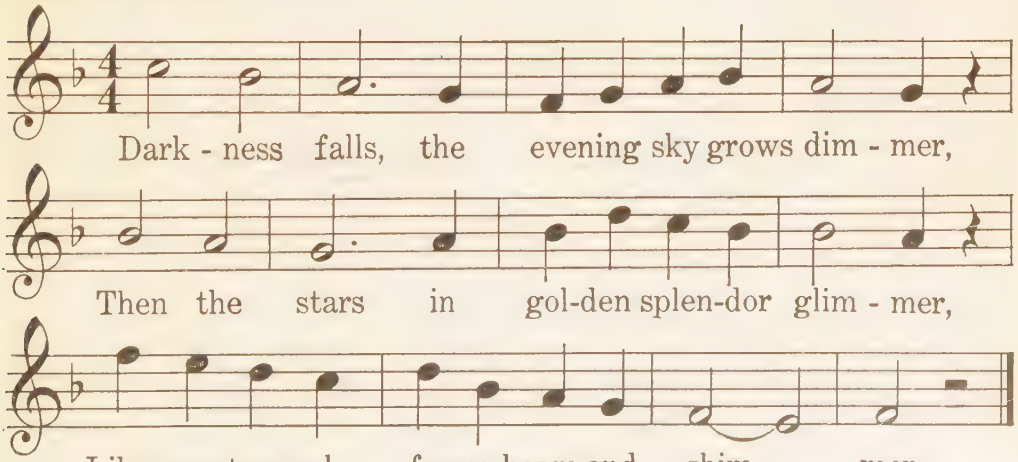
W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series



The Stars

George Jay Smith
From the German

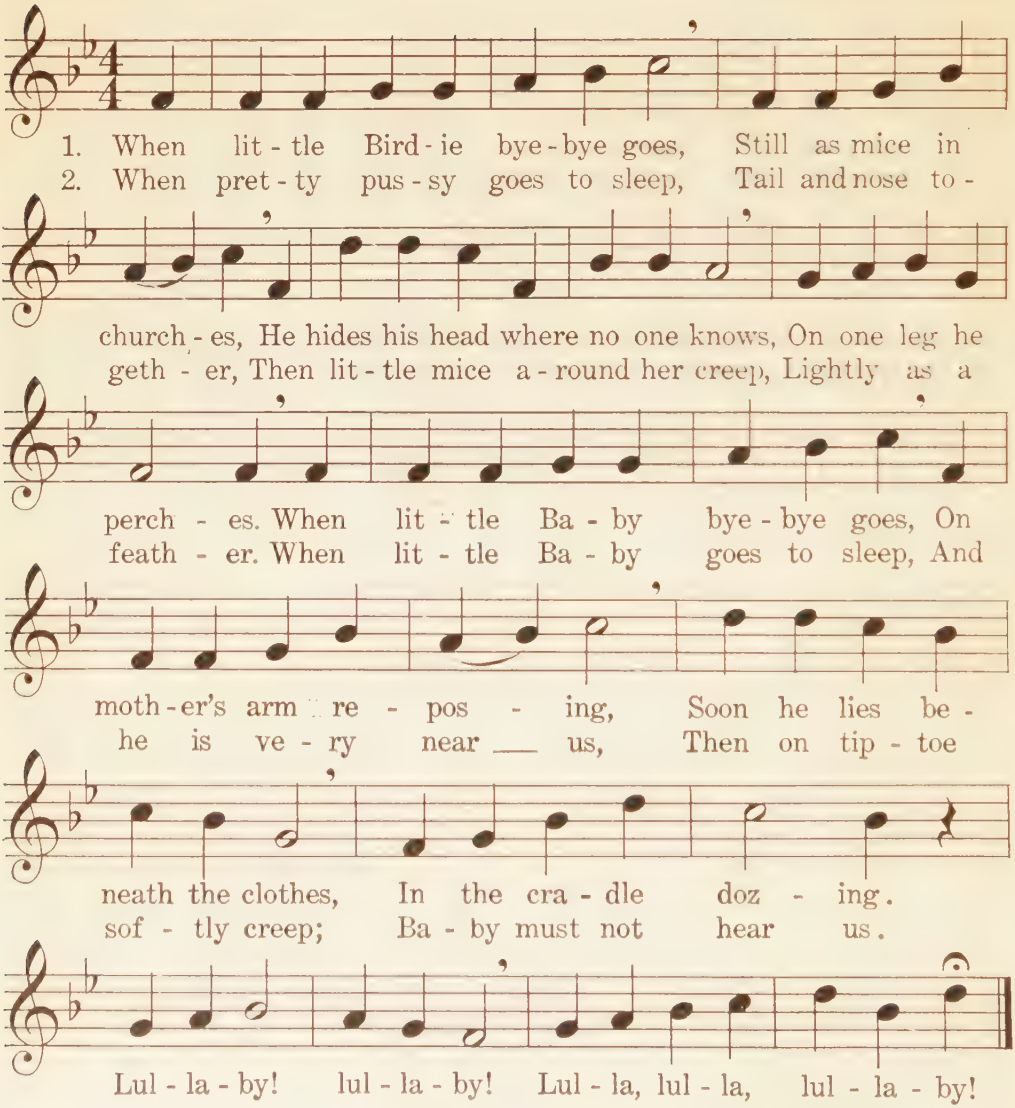
Benedict Widmann



Lullaby

From *Pinafore Palace*

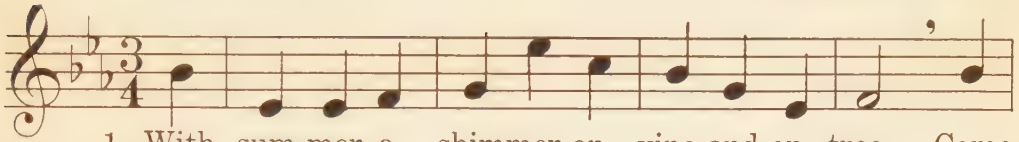
Bruno Huhn
Composed for this Series



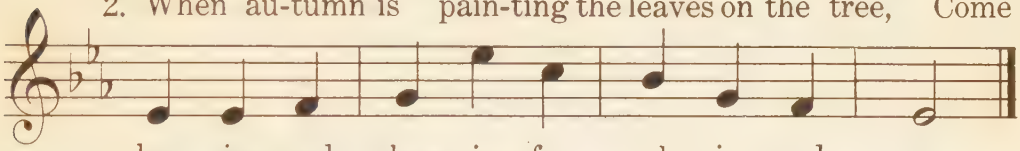
Riches

Clinton Scollard

Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series



1. With sum-mer a - shimmer on vine and on tree, Come
2. When au-tumn is pain-ting the leaves on the tree, Come

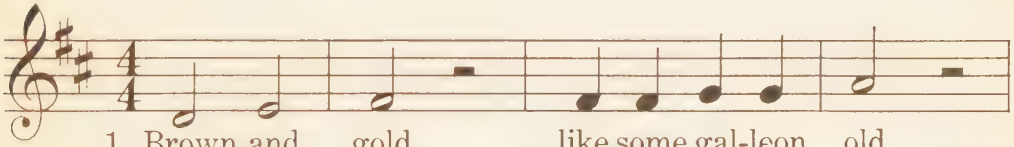


ber - ries and cher - ries for rob - in and me.
wal-nuts and chest-nuts for squir-rel and me.

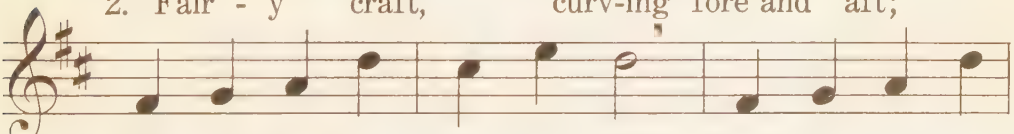
The Fairy Galleon

Alice C. D. Riley

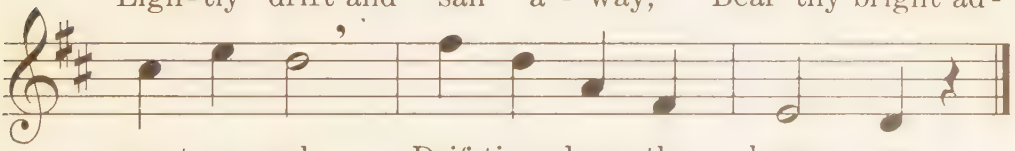
Bay



1. Brown and gold, like some gal-leon old,
2. Fair - y craft, curv-ing fore and aft;



Ma - ple leaf, O set thy sail, Toss'd by ev - 'ry
Ligh - tly drift and sail a - way, Bear thy bright ad -

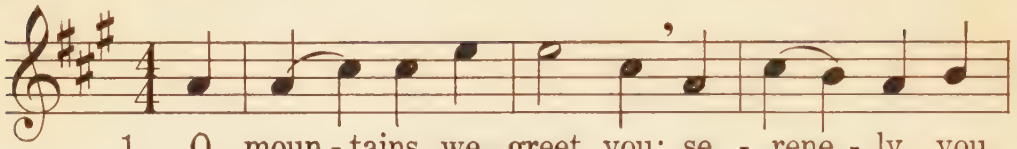


au - tumn gale, Drif-ting down the breez - es.
vent-'rous fay Where - so - e'er he pleas - es.

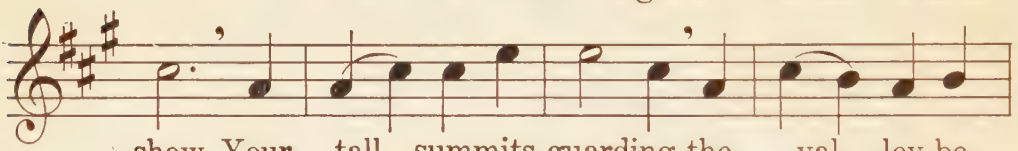
At Sunrise

Frederick C. Martens
From the German

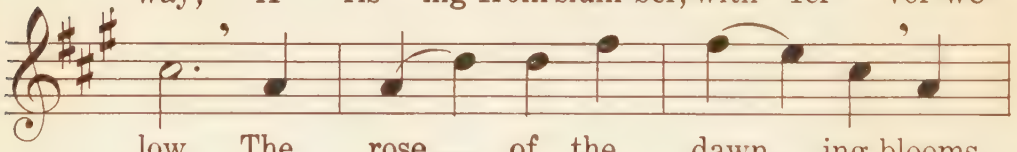
Franz Schubert



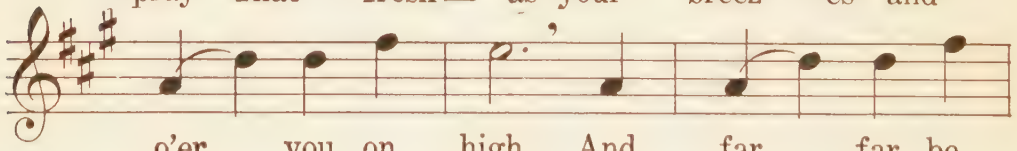
1. O moun - tains, we greet you; se - rene - ly you
2. Your fresh — ver - dant mea-dows with dew — spar-kle
3. The winds — of the morn - ing blow cool — on their



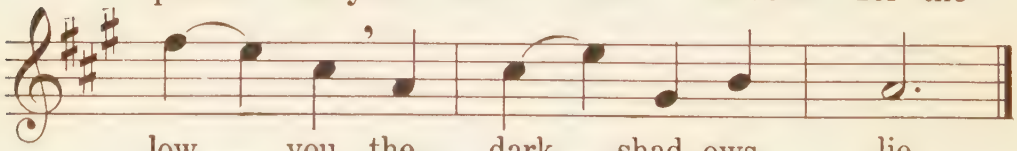
show, Your tall summits guarding the val - ley be -
bright; They seem like a gar-ment all ra - diant with
way; A - ris - ing from slum-ber, with fer - vor we



low. The rose — of the dawn - ing blooms
light. The blue — skies a - bove — you their
pray That fresh — as your breez - es and



o'er — you on high, And far, — far be -
soft — col - or lend, And calm - ness sur -
pure — as your snow Our love — for the

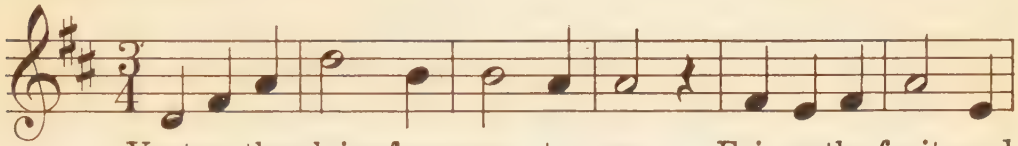


low — you the dark — shad - ows lie.
rounds — you, whose peace — shall not end.
home - land for - ev - er may glow.

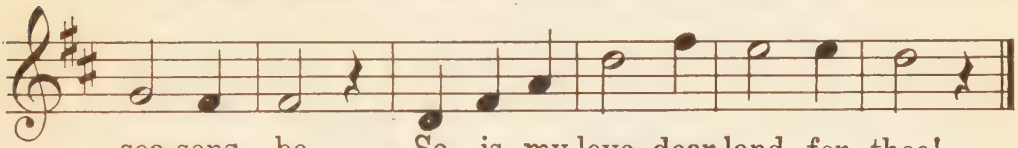
To My Country

Seymour Barnard
From the French

French Folk Song



Vast as thy plains from sea to sea, Fair as thy fruits and

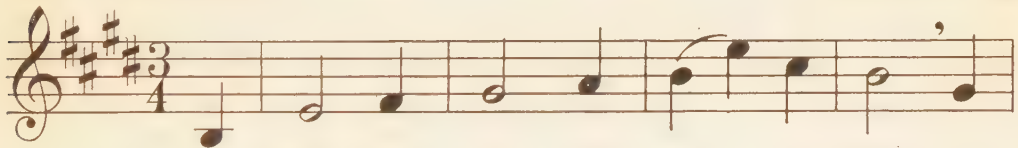


sea-sons be, So is my love, dear land, for thee!

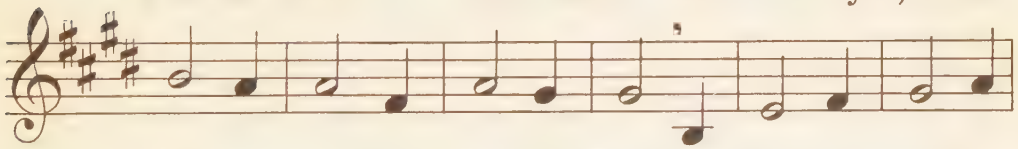
Bed in Summer

Robert Louis Stevenson

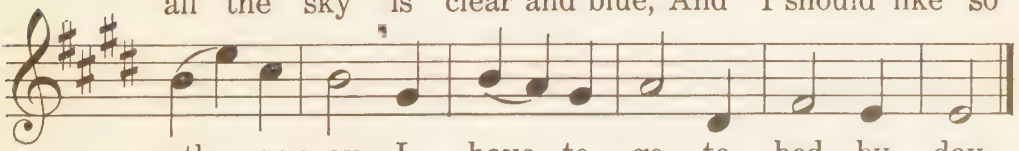
English Folk Song



1. In win - ter I get up — at night And
2. I have to go to bed — and see The
3. And does it not seem hard — to you, When



dress by yel - low can-dle - light. In sum-mer, quite the
birds still hop-ping on the tree, Or hear the grown-up
all the sky is clear and blue, And I should like so

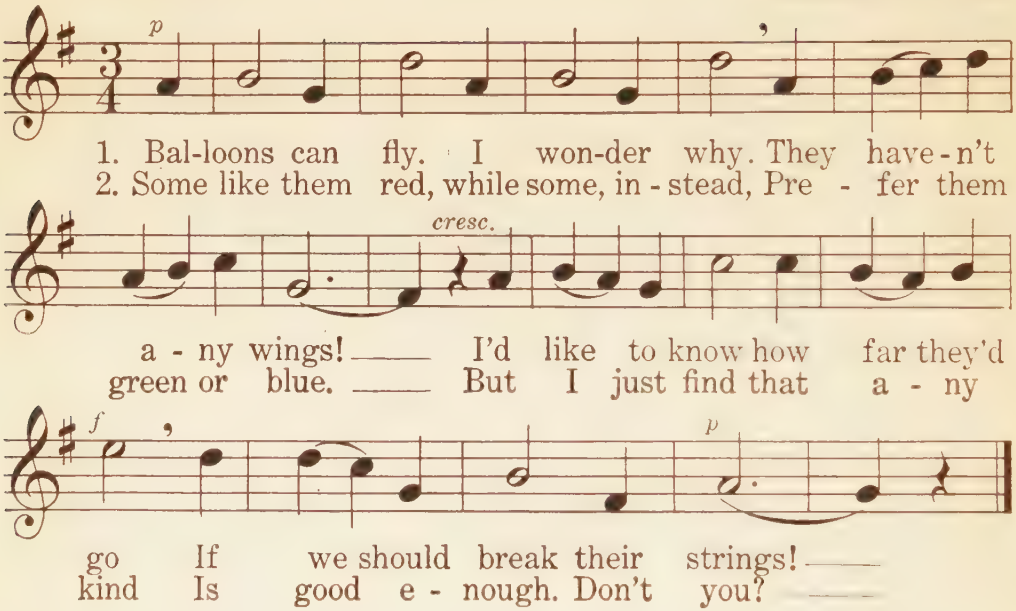


oth - er way, I have to go to bed by day.
peo - ple's feet Still go - ing past me in the street.
much to play, To have to go to bed by day?

Balloons

Louise Ayres Garnett

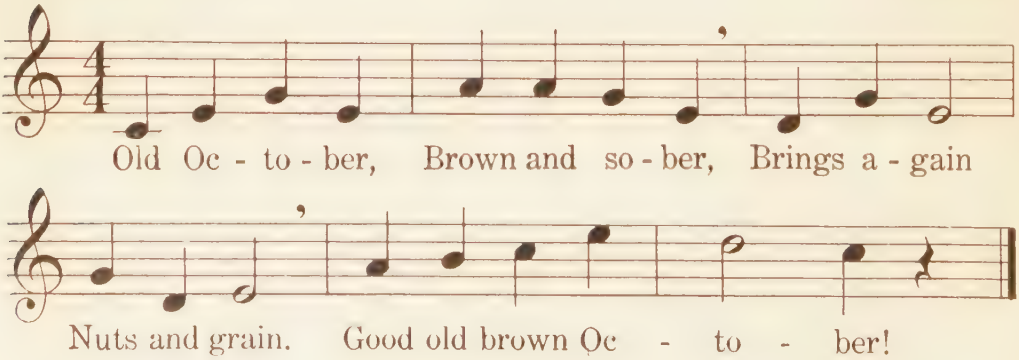
Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
Composed for this Series



October

Abbie Farwell Brown

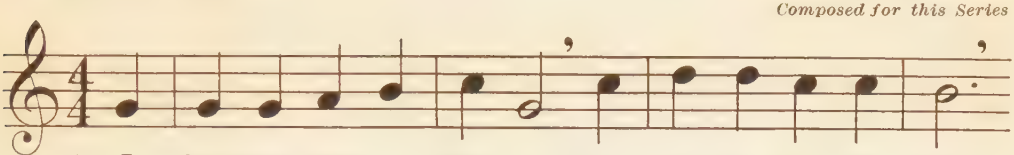
H. G Nägeli



A Strange Country

Elizabeth Lincoln Gould

Marshall Bartholomew
Composed for this Series



1. I love the place I live in, But on the map I've seen
2. I like our trees and bushes And grass the way they are;
3. If I should ev - er go there, Where ev-'ry - thing is pink,

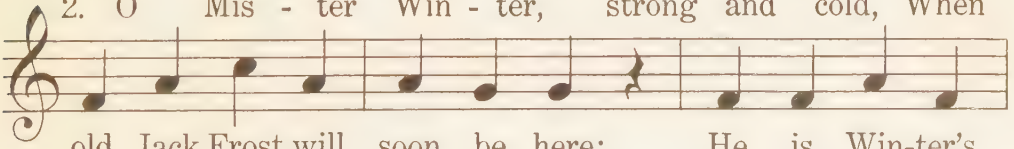
An - oth - er lit - tle coun - try All pink, while ours is green.
Still, pink is al-ways pret - ty. I won-der if it's far.
I'd say, "Your country's love - ly, But green is best, I think."

Approach of Winter

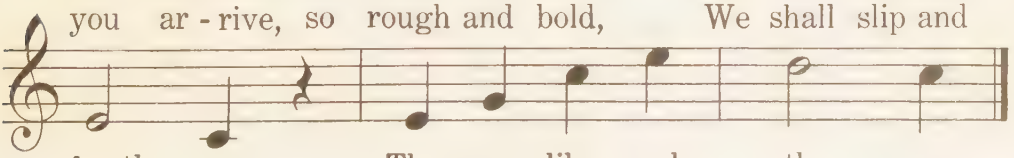
Alice E. Sollitt
From the Dutch

Fr. Sandberg

1. The wind is cold, the leaves are sear, And
2. O Mis - ter Win - ter, strong and cold, When



old Jack Frost will soon be here; He is Win-ter's
you ar - rive, so rough and bold, We shall slip and

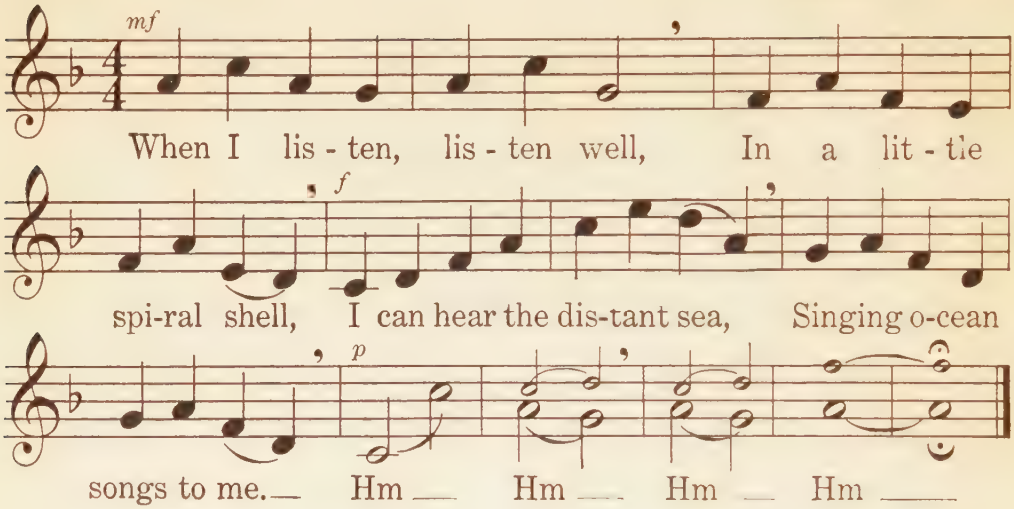


broth - er, They are like each oth - er.
stum - ble, We shall trip and tum - ble.

The Shell Song

Wilhelmina Seegmiller

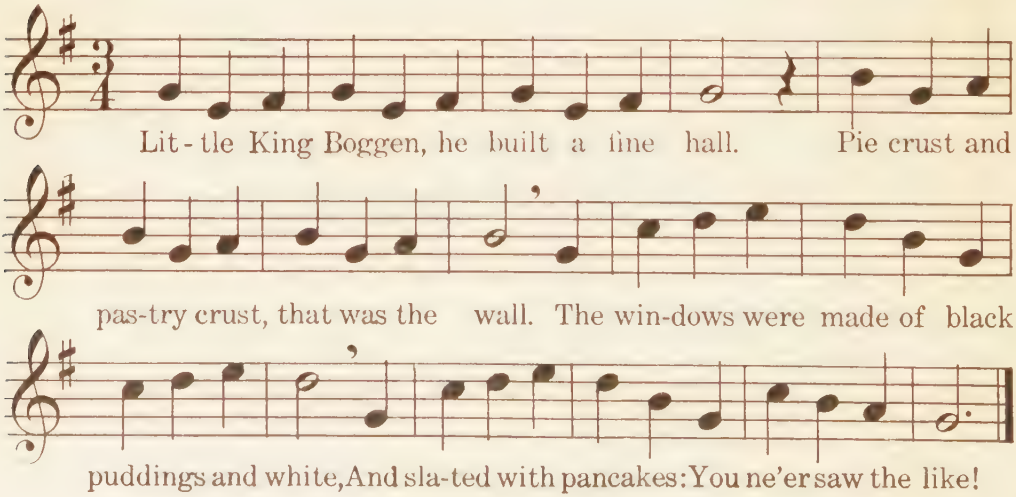
W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series



Little King Boggen

Mother Goose

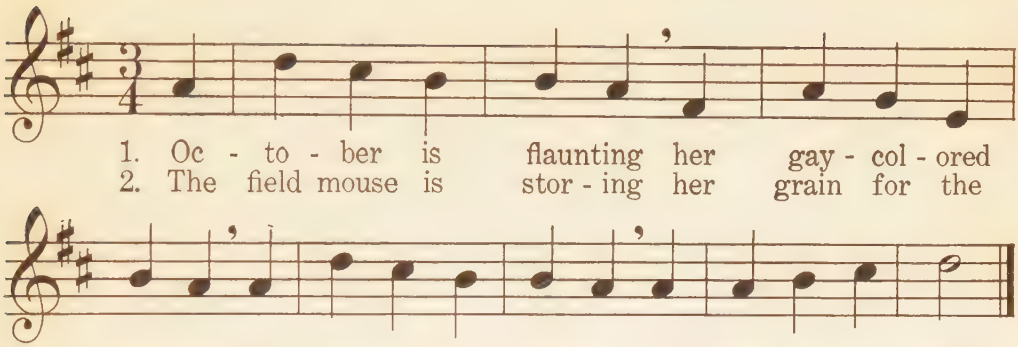
Charles L. Minturn



In October

May Morgan

English Folk Song



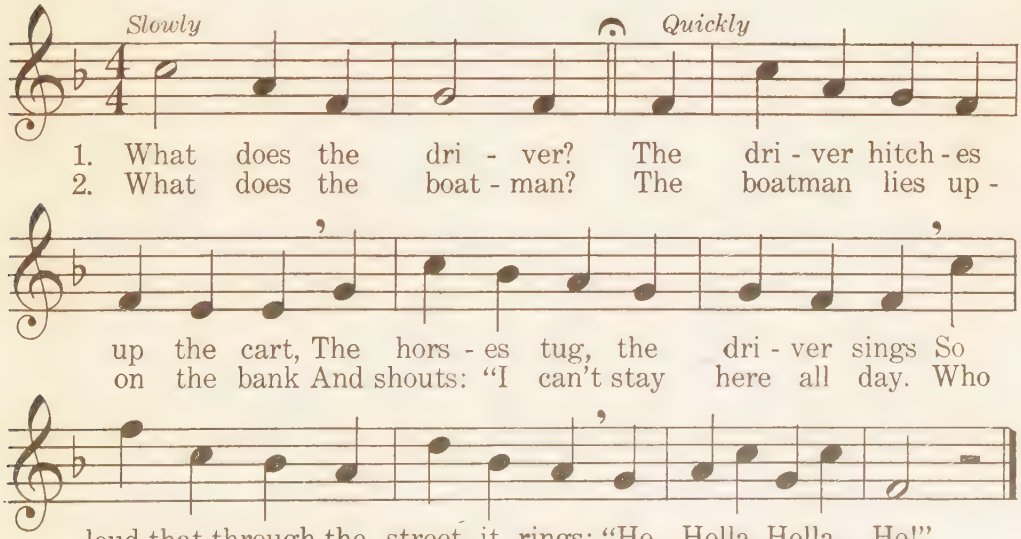
1. Oc - to - ber is flaunting her gay - col - ored
2. The field mouse is stor - ing her grain for the

ban - ners Of scar - let and crimson, of orange and gold.
win - ter, Rich banquets pre - par - ing for days long and cold.

Driver and Boatman

Maud W. Goodwin
From the German

Ernst Schmid



1. What does the dri - ver? The dri - ver hitch - es
2. What does the boat - man? The boatman lies up -

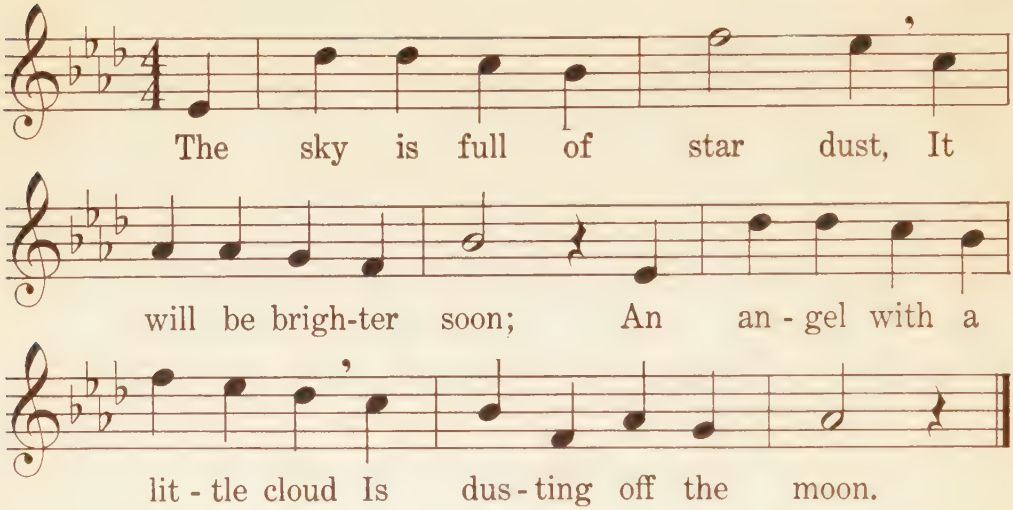
up the cart, The hors - es tug, the dri - ver sings So
on the bank And shouts: "I can't stay here all day. Who

loud that through the street it rings: "Ho, Holla, Holla, Ho!"
wants the fer - ry, come this way! Ho, Holla, Holla, Ho!"

The Cloud

Abbie Farwell Brown

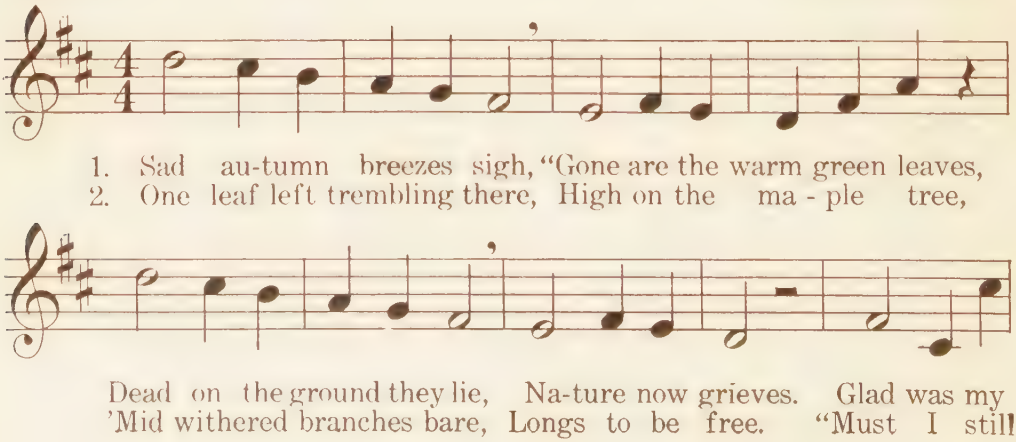
W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series

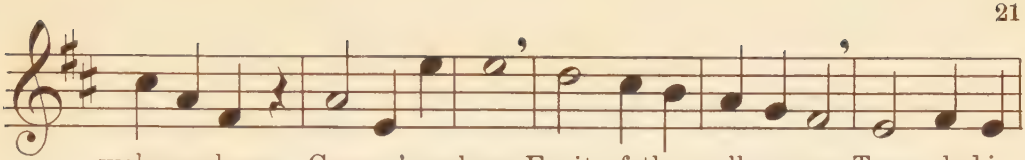


The Last Leaf

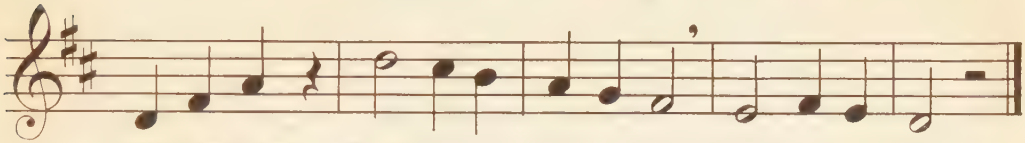
Margaret Aliona Dole

Gaetano Donizetti





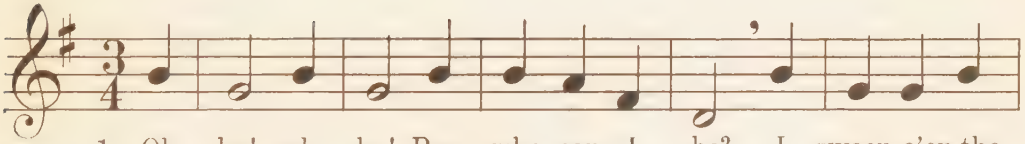
welcome here, Gay ev'ry where; Fruit of the mellow year, Trees clad in
linger here?" Sad-ly he cries. "Winter is drawing near, All of my



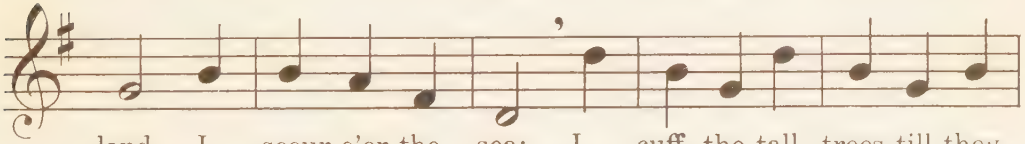
col - ors rare; Gone is the mag - ic spell, Sad my fare-well."
friends have died. Down on the ground they lie, Lone-ly am I."

Guessing Song

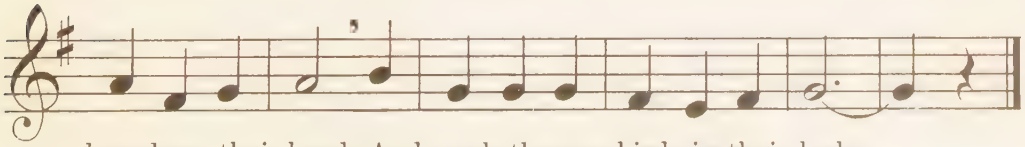
Henry Johnstone — Kragerö



1. Oh ho! oh ho! Pray, who can I be? I sweep o'er the
2. Oh ho! oh ho! I'm migh-ty and strong; A puff of my



land, I scour o'er the sea; I cuff the tall trees till they
breath, the ships sail a - long. I'm known the world o - ver; now

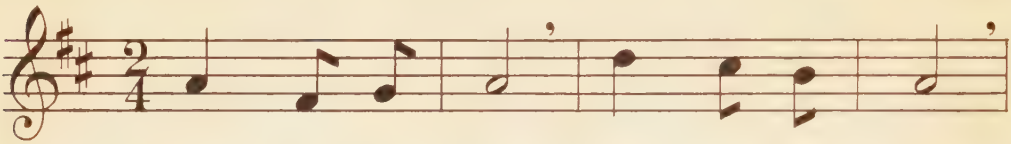


bow down their heads, And rock the wee birds in their beds.
who can I be That sail o'er the land and the sea?

Dear Little Moon

RHYTHM STUDY

Abbie Farwell Brown — George L. Wright



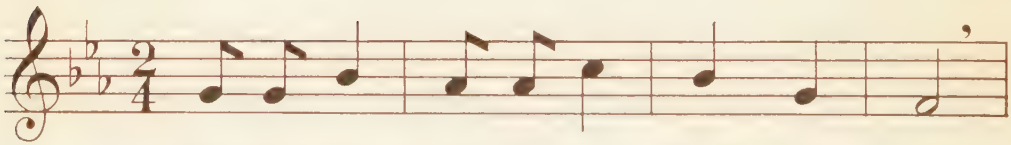
Dear lit - tle moon, High o - ver - head,

Shine gen - tly down On my small white bed.

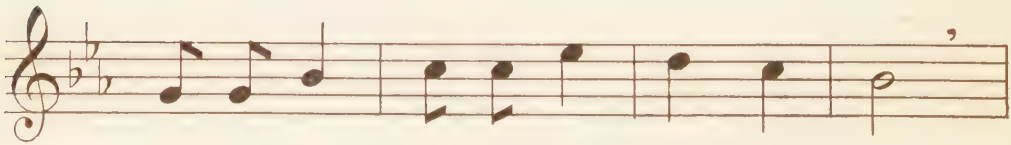
Hide and Seek

RHYTHM STUDY

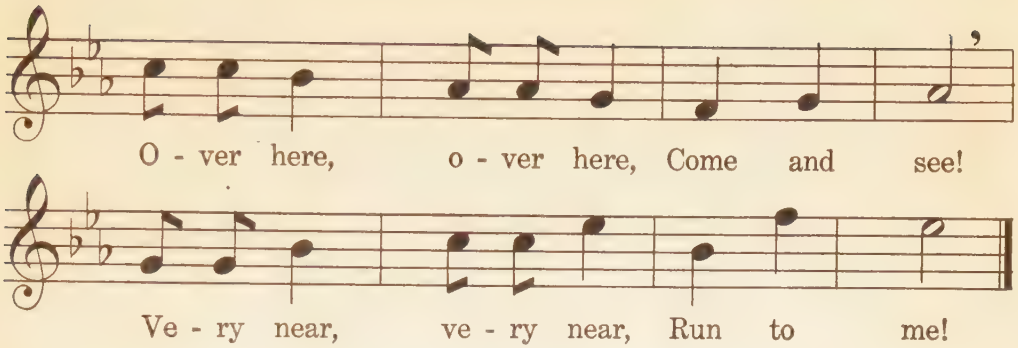
Ann Underhill — Adolf Weidig



Moth - er dear, moth - er dear, Can't find me!



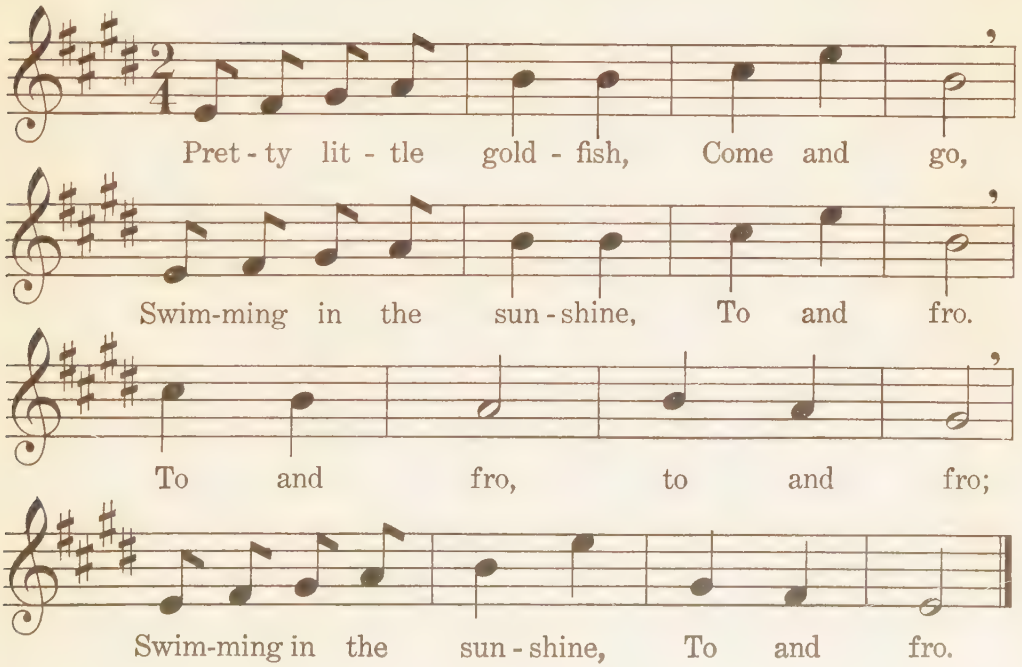
Lit - tle boy, lit - tle boy, Where is he?



Pretty Little Goldfish

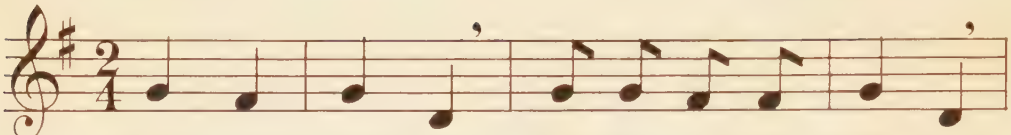
RHYTHM STUDY

Sylvia Child — Fr. H. Mayer



New Day

Abbie Farwell Brown — German Folk Song



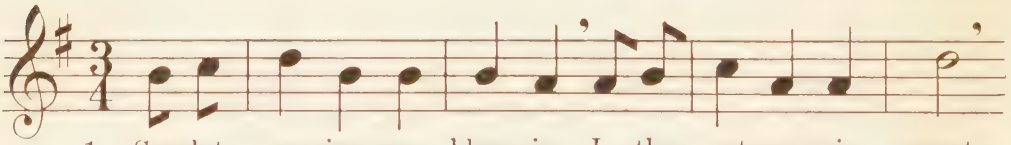
Bright light wakes me, Brigh-tly, ligh - tly shakes me!

Gay day greets me, Gay - ly, dai - ly meets me!

Bids me lift my sleep-y head From my co - zy, do - zy bed.

Poppies in the Wheat

Nellie Poorman — German Folk Song

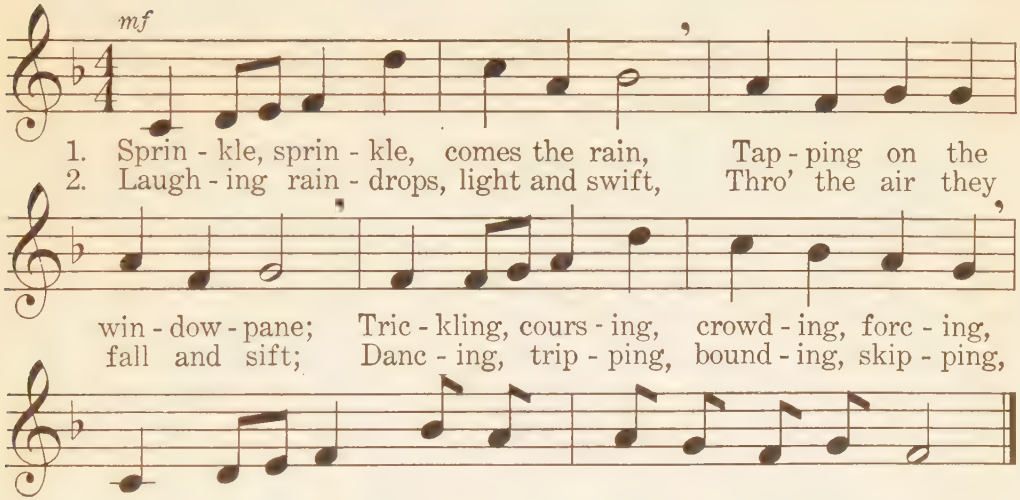


1. Scarlet poppies are blow - ing, In the autumn air sweet;
2. Breezes soft set them dancing, Swaying all to and fro;

Flam-ing poppies glow warmly, Set-ting fire to the wheat.
Bend-ing low in deep curt'sies; Pretty manners they show.

Merry Rain

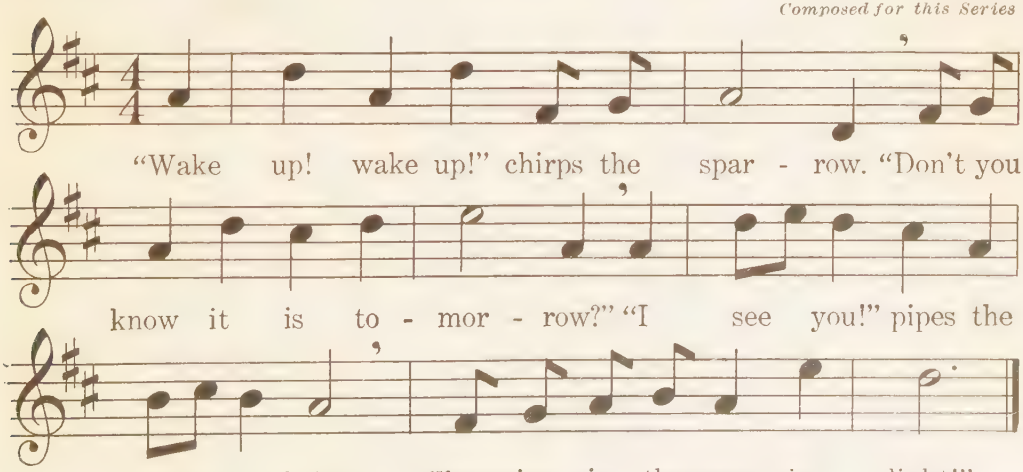
Marshall Bartholomew
Composed for this Series



A Wake-up Song

Luella Curran

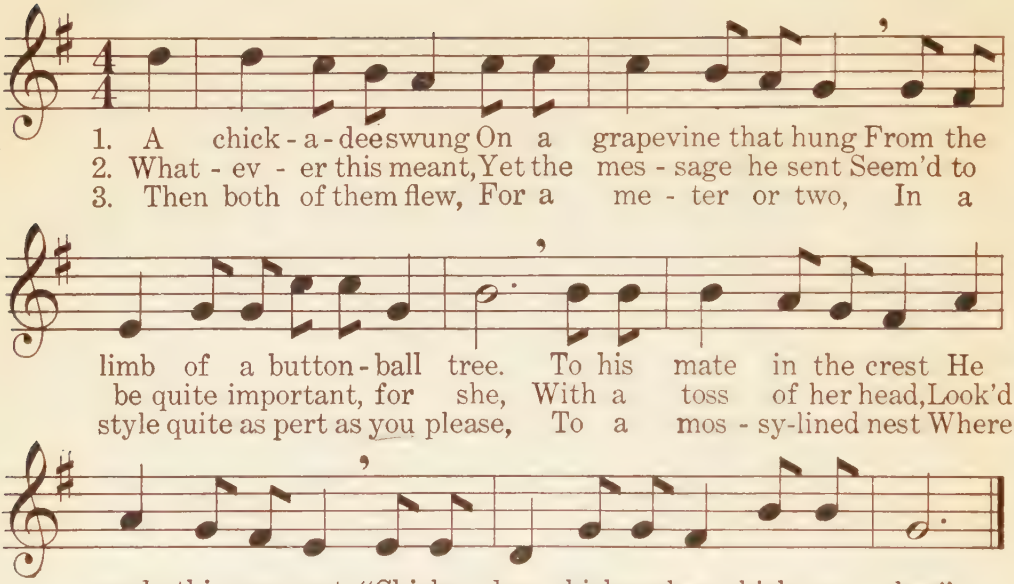
Adolf Weidig
Composed for this Series



Chickadee Talk

George Reiter Brill

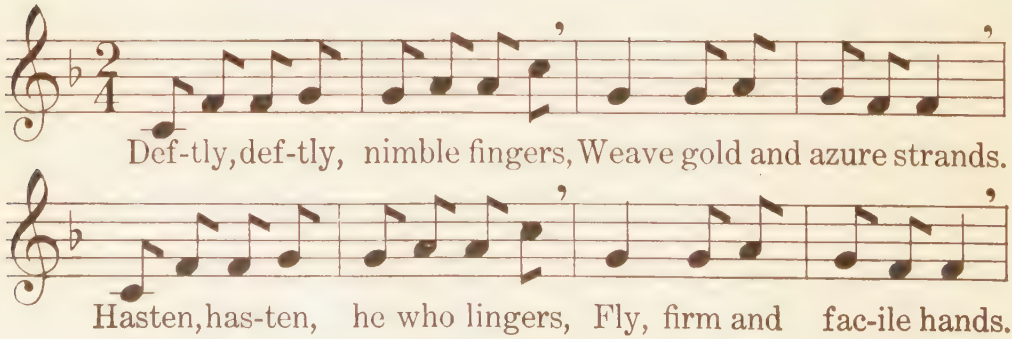
Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

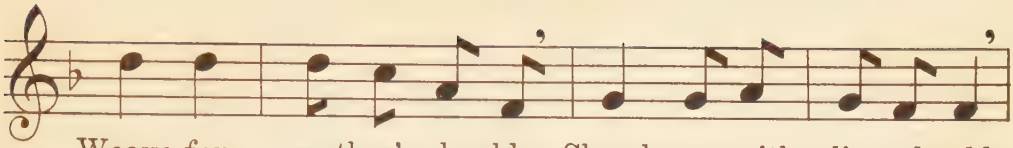


Shawl Weaver's Song

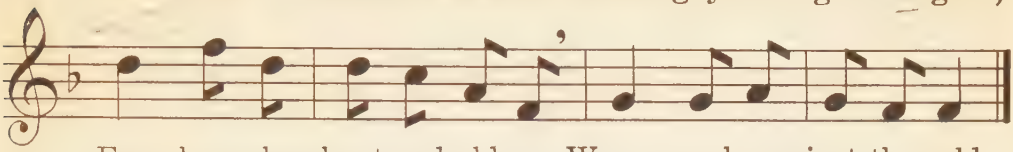
Seymour Barnard

Cashmere Folk Song





Weave for mother's shoulder Shawls gay with glint of gold;

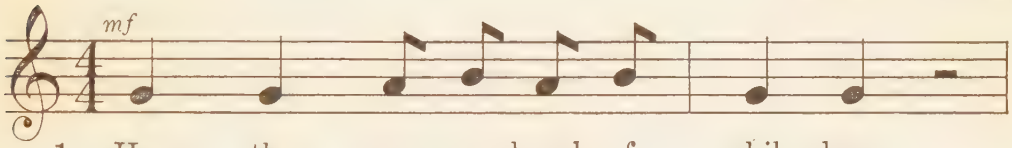


For her when bent and old-er, Warm wool a-gainst the cold.

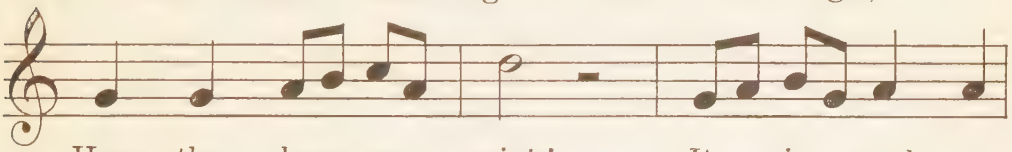
Bringing in the Hay

George Reiter Brill

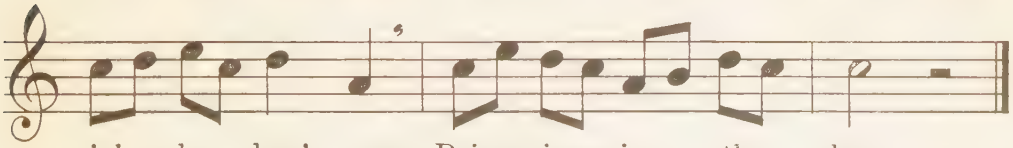
Granville Bantock
Composed for this Series



1. Hear the mer - ry laugh of chil - dren,
2. Good smells com - ing from the kitch - en,
3. Pitch - forks stick - ing in the shin - gle,



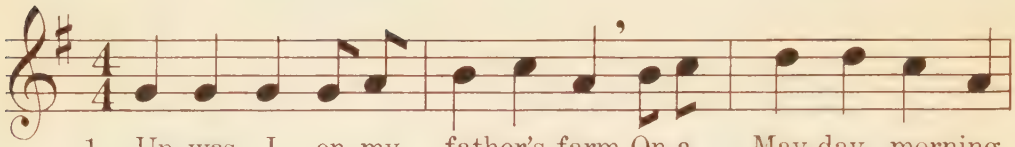
Hear the hors - es ___ neigh! It ___ is ___ such a
Chim - ney smok-ing ___ hard; Cat - tle ___ moo - ing
Don't look much like ___ play; Ev - 'ry - bo - dy



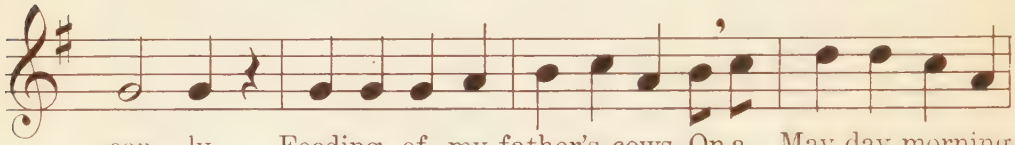
jol - ly bus' - ness Bring - ing in ___ the hay.
in the sta - ble, Men a - round the yard.
up since day - light, Bring - ing in ___ the hay.

The Farmyard

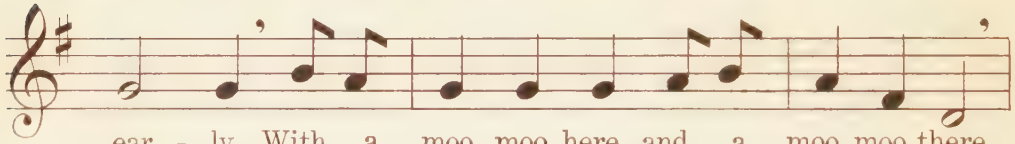
Old English Song — English Folk Song



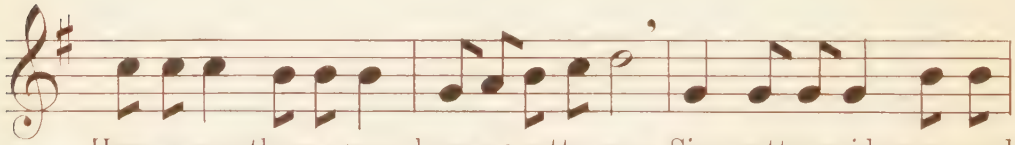
1. Up was I on my father's farm On a May-day morning
2. Up was I on my father's farm On a May-day morning



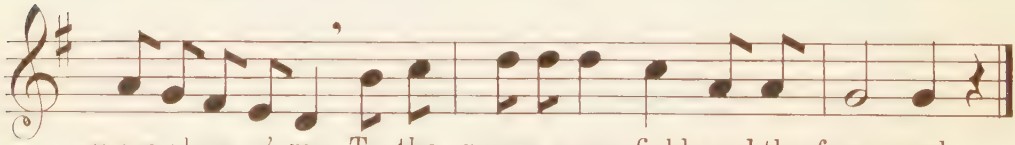
ear - ly, Feeding of my father's cows, On a May-day morning
ear - ly, Feeding of my father's goats,* On a May-day morning



ear - ly. With a moo, moo here, and a moo, moo there,
ear - ly. With a nan, nan here, and a nan, nan there,



Here a moo, there a moo, here a pretty moo. Six pretty maids come and
Here a nan, there a nan, here a pretty nan. Six pretty maids come and



gang along o' me, To the merry green fields and the farm-yard.
gang along o' me, To the merry green fields and the farm-yard.

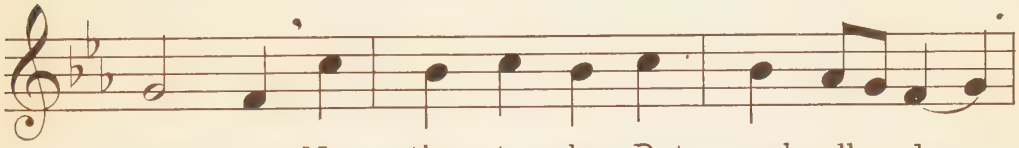
* *This song may be continued indefinitely by enumerating different animals and their characteristic cries.*

The Bee and the Butterfly

Margaret Eytinge

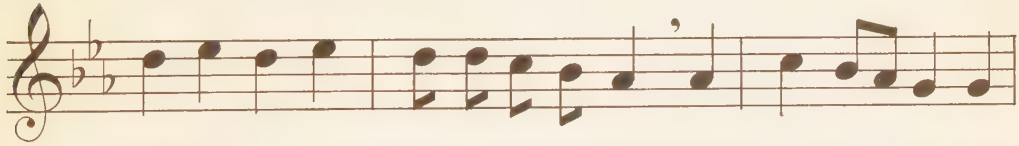
Marshall Bartholomew
Composed for this Series

"Dear me! dear me!" Said a bu-sy bee, "I'm always making



hon - ey; No time to play, But work all — day. —

Is - n't it fun-ny, Ve - ry, ve - ry, fun-ny?"



"Oh, my! oh, my!" Said a butter-fly, "I'm al - ways eat-ing

hon - ey; And yet I play The live-long day.

Is - n't it fun-ny, Ve-ry, ve - ry fun - ny?"

The Invitation

Arthur Macy

Charles Villiers Stanford
Composed for this Series

mf

1. Mis - ter Hum-ble Bum-ble Bee, Buz - zing in the sun,
2. Mis - ter Hum-ble Bum-ble Bee, You shall not re - fuse;
3. Mis - ter Hum-ble Bum-ble Bee, Would that I could guess

Will you come and vis - it me When your work is done?
You may come and ask of us A - ny - thing you choose.
What re - ply you'll send to me, Wheth-er no or yes.

cresc.

Com-ing up from Clo-ver-dale, With your lit - tle hon - ey pail,
Com-ing up from Clo-ver-dale, With your lit - tle hon - ey pail,
Com-ing up from Clo-ver-dale, With your lit - tle hon - ey pail,

cresc. *p*

Will you stop and take some tea,
Sweetest dainties you shall see,
Will you stop and take some tea, } Mister Humble Bumble Bumble

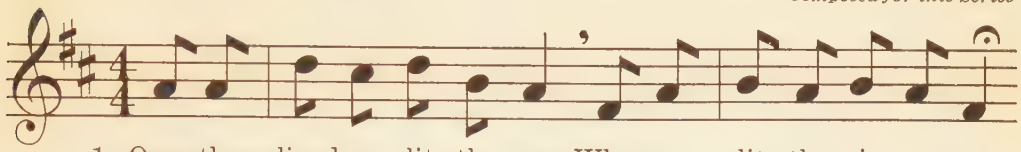
1 & 2 3 *cresc.*

Bumble Bumble Bee? Bumble Bumble Bee? ____

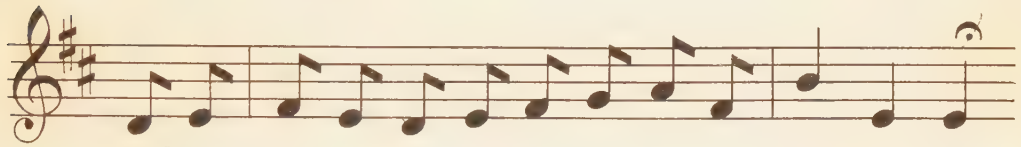
Old English Nursery Rhyme

Old Rhyme

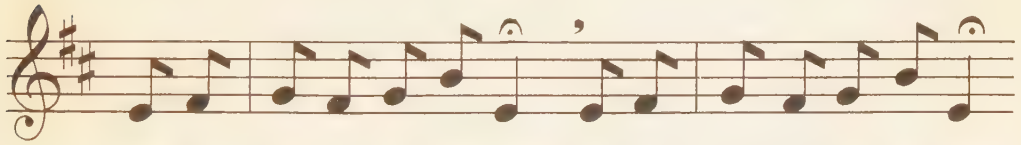
Fanny Snow Knowlton
Composed for this Series



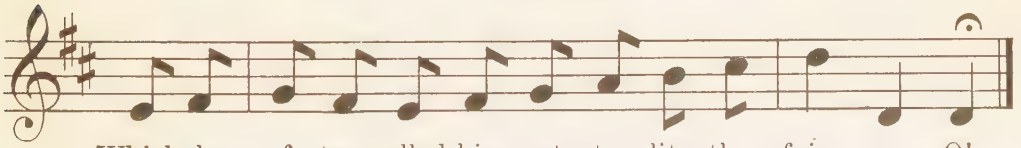
1. Once there lived a lit - tle man, Where a lit - tle riv - er ran,
2. Once his lit - tle maid-en, Ann, With her pret-ty lit - tle can,
3. Lit - tle maid cried out in vain, While the milk ran o'er the plain;
4. Then to make the sto - ry short, Lit - tle po - ny with a snort



And he had a lit - tle farm and lit - tle dai - ry, O!
Went a - milk - ing when the morning sun was beam - ing, O!
Lit - tle pig went grunting af - ter it so gay - ly, O!
Lif - ted up his lit - tle heels so ve - ry clev - er, O!



And he had a lit - tle plough, And a lit - tle dap - ple cow,
But she fell, I know not how, And she stumbled o'er the plough,
While the lit - tle dog be - hind For a share was much inclined,
And the man he tumbled down, And he near-ly cracked his crown,

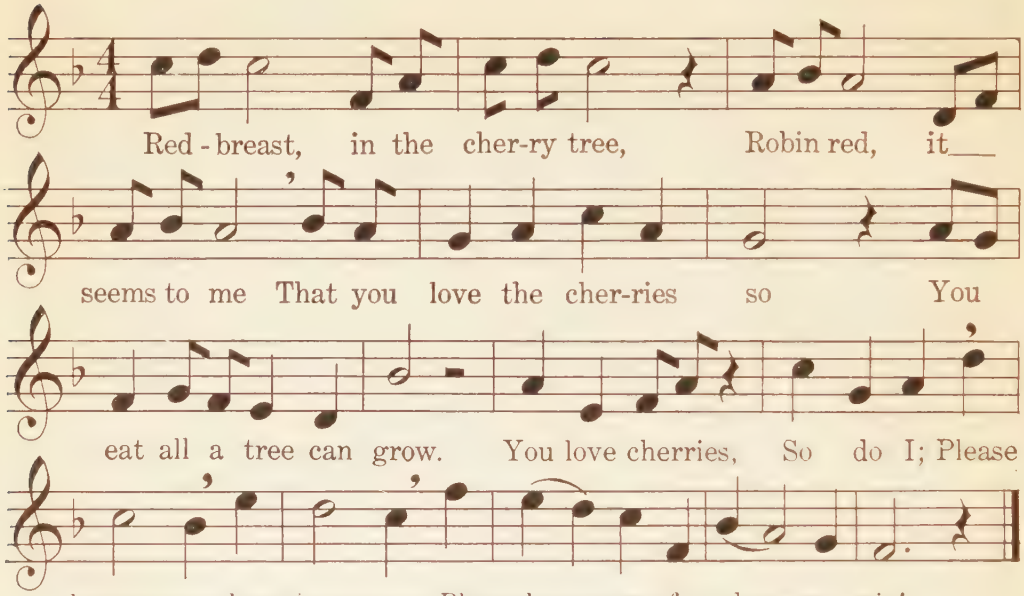


Which he of - ten called his pret - ty lit - tle fair - y, O!
And the cow was quite as - ton - ished at her scream - ing, O!
So he pulled back squealing pig - gy by the tail - y, O!
And this on - ly made the mat - ter worse than ev - er, O!

Redbreast in the Cherry Tree

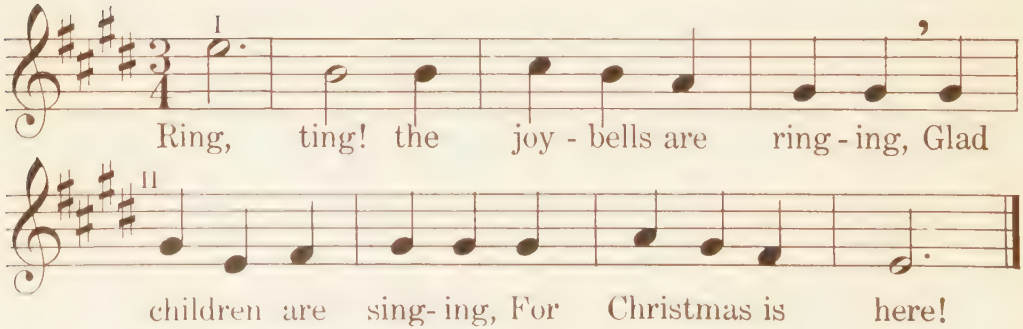
Wilhelmina Seegmiller

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series



Christmas Bells

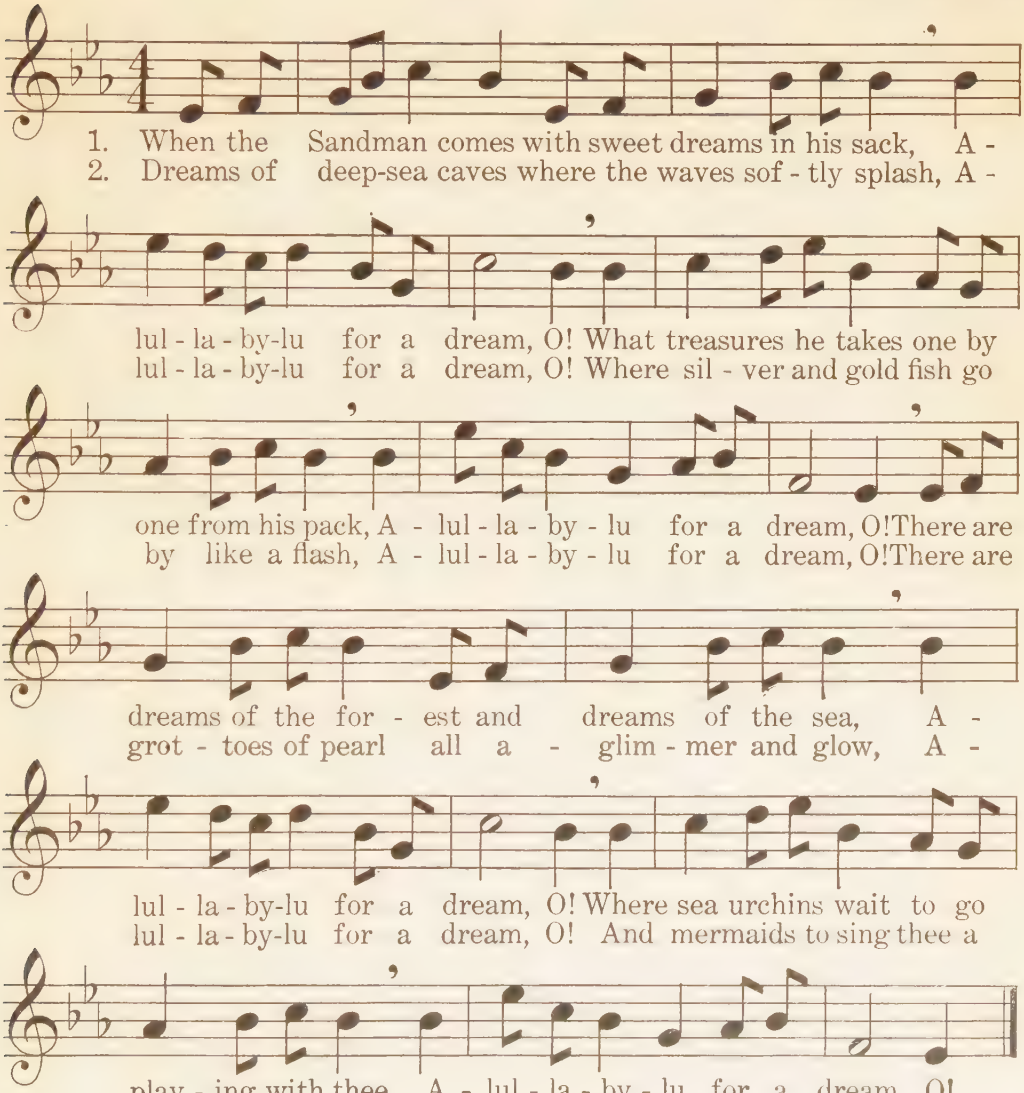
TWO-PART ROUND



The Water Baby's Lullaby

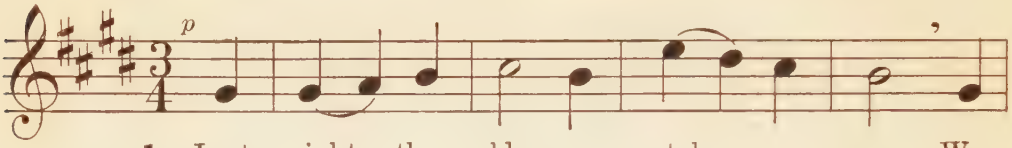
Alice C. D. Riley

Jessie L. Gaynor
Composed for this Series

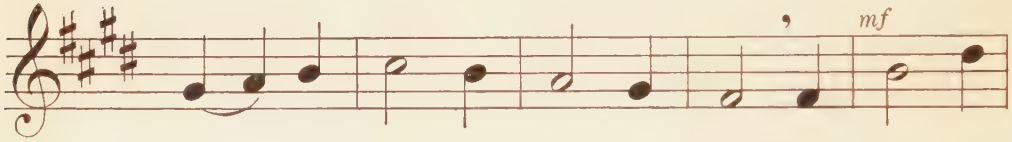


A New Year's Resolution

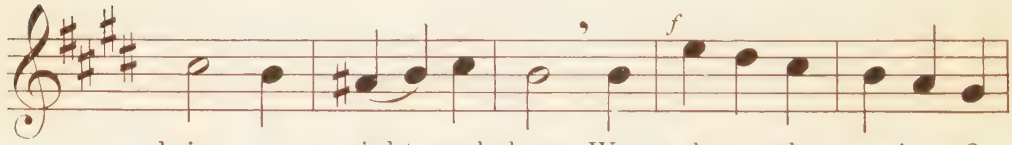
Nellie Poorman — Eb. Kuhn



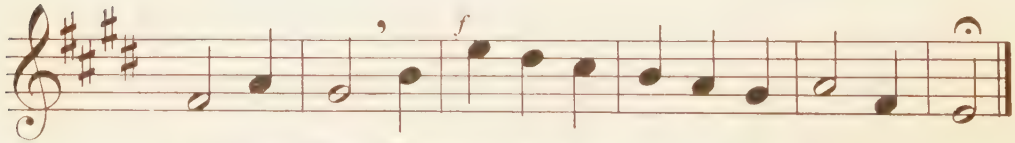
1. Last night the old year stole a - way, We
2. Be this our sim - ple dai - ly creed: Each
3. We'll make each day that hur - ries past, A



have — a clean New Year to - day; And may it
day — to help some one in need; Each day to
lit - tle bet - ter than the last; We'll try to



bring us right good cheer. We welcome thy coming, O
make some life less drear. We welcome thy coming, O
bring our Heav'n more near. We welcome thy coming, O

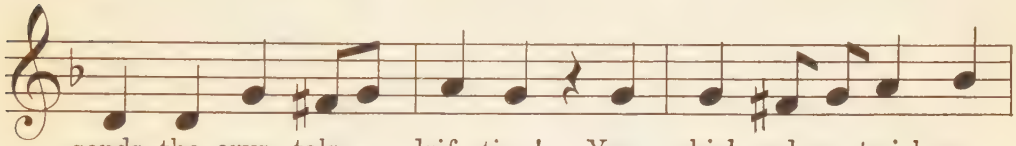


glad New Year! We welcome thy coming, O glad New Year!

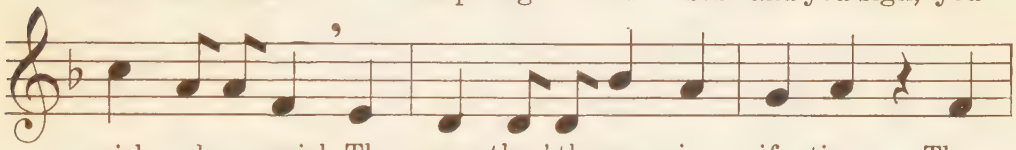
O Wind that Blows

Alice C. D. Riley — Catharina van Rennes

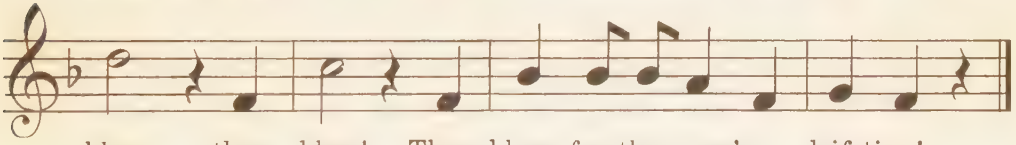
1. O wind that blows, blows a - cross the snows, And
2. O wind that cries 'neath the win - t'ry skies, O



sends the crys - tals — drif - ting! You whirl and you twirl, you
woe - ful wind a - weep - ing! You sob and you sigh, you



swish and you swirl, The snow thro' the crannies sif - ting. Then
moan and you cry, All night while the world is sleep - ing. Then

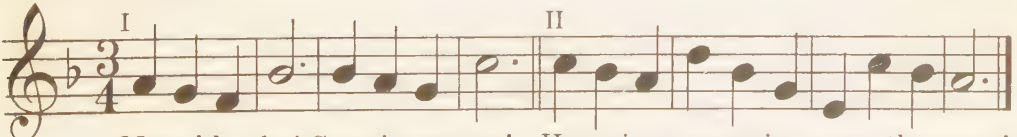


blow, then blow! Then blow, for the snow's a - drif-ting!
blow, then blow! O wind in the chimney weep-ing!

Coasting

TWO-PART ROUND

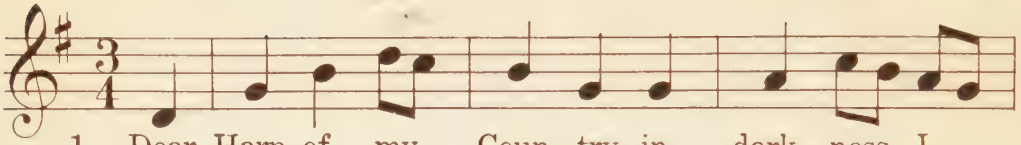
Anna G. Whitmore — J. J. Schaublin



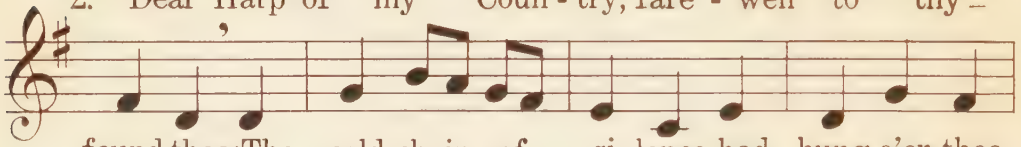
Mer-ri-ly ho! Coasting we go! Hurrying, scurrying, over the snow!

Dear Harp of My Country

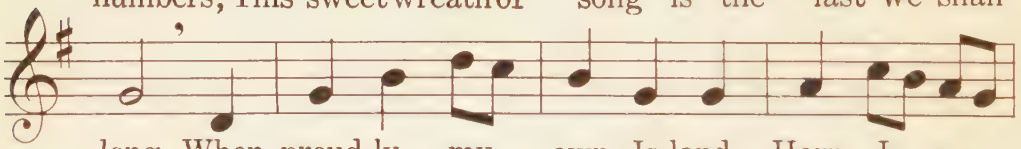
Thomas Moore — Welsh Folk Song



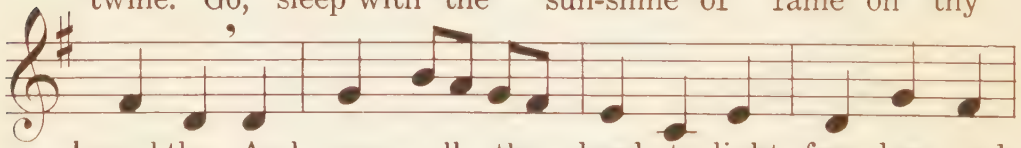
1. Dear Harp of my Coun - try, in dark - ness I
2. Dear Harp of my Coun - try, fare - well to thy -



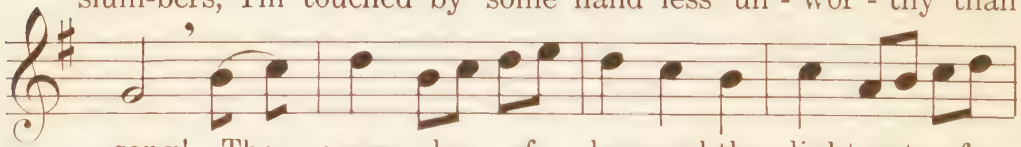
found thee; The cold chain of si - lence had hung o'er thee
numbers; This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall



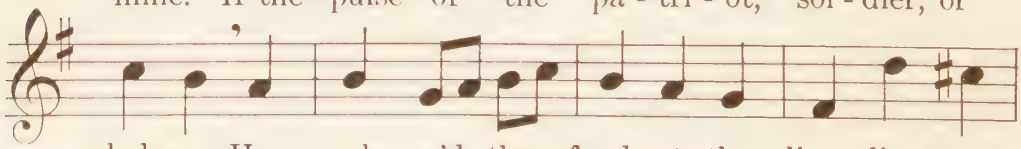
long, When proud-ly, my own Is-land Harp, I un -
twine. Go, sleep with the sun-shine of fame on thy



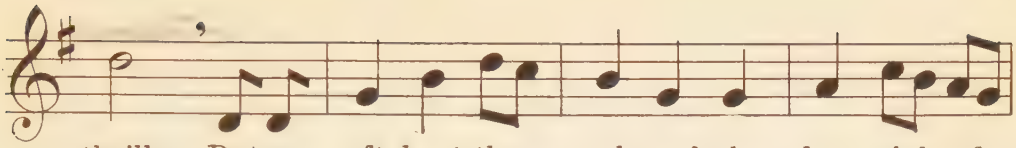
bound thee, And gave all thy chords to light, free-dom, and
slum-bers, Till touched by some hand less un - wor - thy than



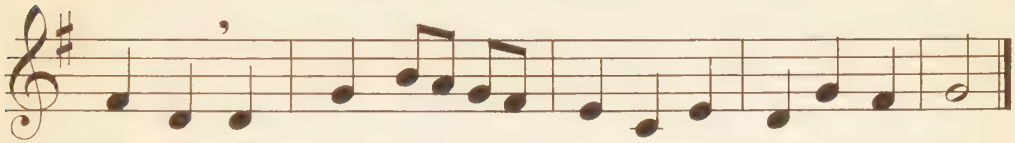
song! The warm lay of love and the light note of
mine. If the pulse of the pa - tri - ot, sol - dier, or



glad-ness Have wak - en'd thy fond-est, thy live - li - est
lov - er Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glo - ry a -



thrill; But so oft hast thou ech-oed the deep sigh of
lone; It was but as the wind passing heed-less-ly



sad-ness, That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.
o-ver, And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

A Valentine for Grandma

From *The Youth's Companion*

Mrs. Crosby Adams
Composed for this Series

1. I've wa-tered it and watched it grow; I've
2. And now, with blos-soms blue and fair, It

whispered, ev-er soft and low, "O pre-cious lit-tle
goes to stand by grandma's chair. O fra-grant lit-tle

plant of mine, Be rea-dy for my val-en-tine."
flower of mine, Bloom swee-tly for my val-en-tine.

In the Garden

May Gillington — Annie E. Armstrong

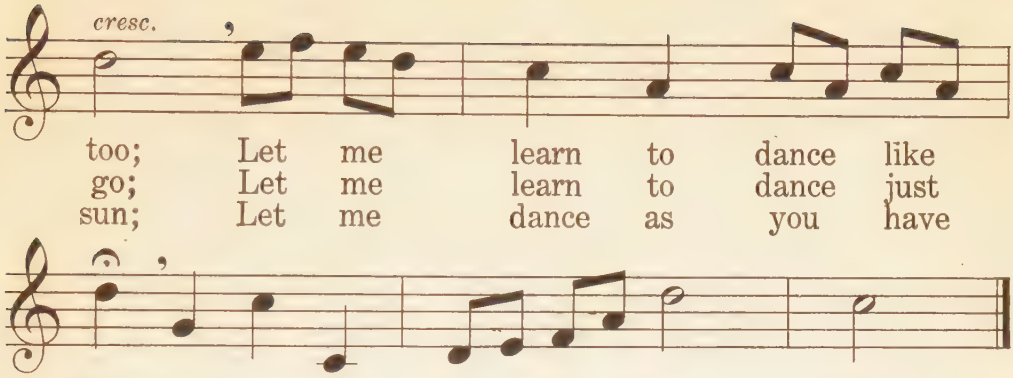
Gracefully

1. Blos - soms blue and white and red, In ___ the ___
2. Leaf - lets soft and smooth and green, On ___ the ___
3. Gras - ses red and green and brown, In ___ the ___

gar - den dance all day; Nod and bend each dain - ty
branches dance all day, Up-wards spring or side-ways
mea-dows dance all day, Quiv - er gen - tly up and

head, Swing and sway, Swing and sway. Each one
lean, Swing and sway, Swing and sway. Each one
down, Swing and sway, Swing and sway. All one

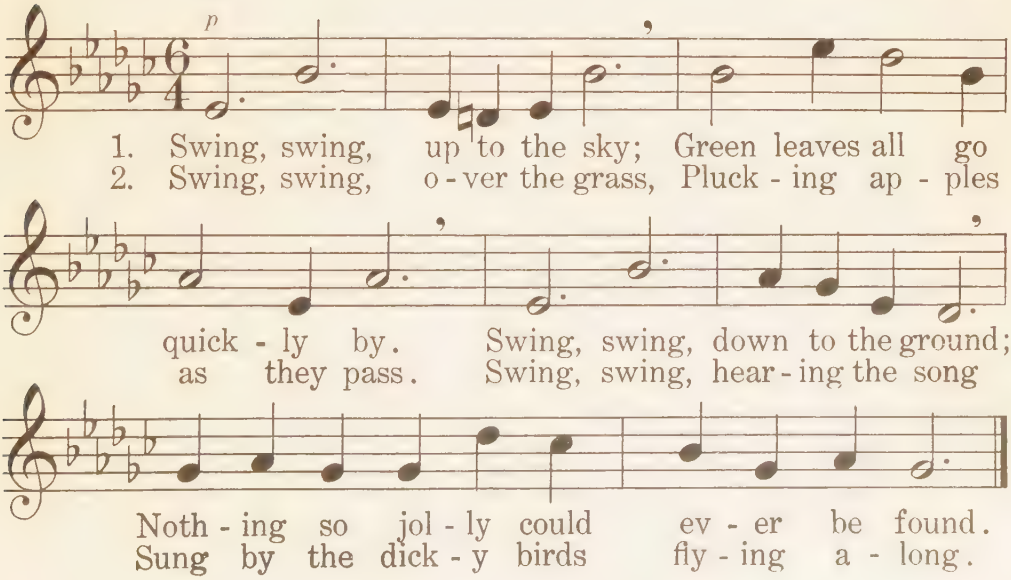
wears a crown of dew, Whose bright rays are danc - ing
dips and courtseys low, Like the folk of long a -
way like waves they run, Ris - ing, fall - ing in the



The Swing Song

Sidney Heath

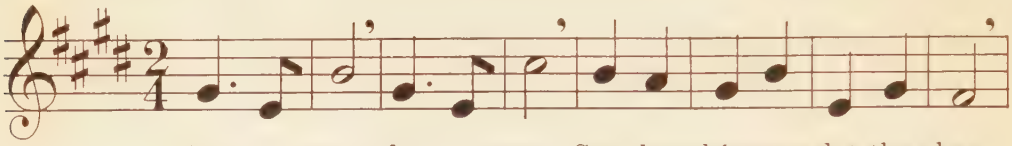
Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series



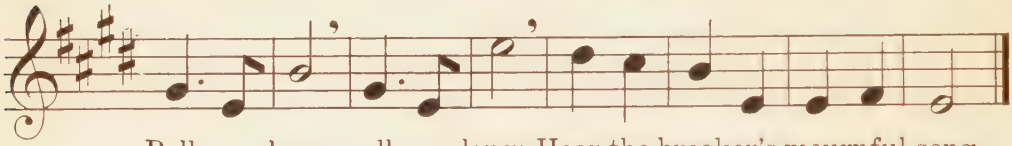
Far Away

RHYTHM STUDY

Abbie Farwell Brown — George L. Wright



Far a - way, far a - way, See the whitecaps dot the bay.

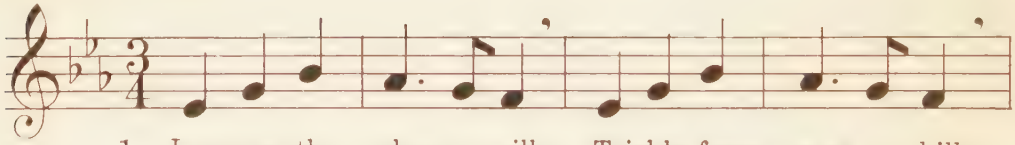


Roll a - long, roll a - long; Hear the breaker's mournful song.

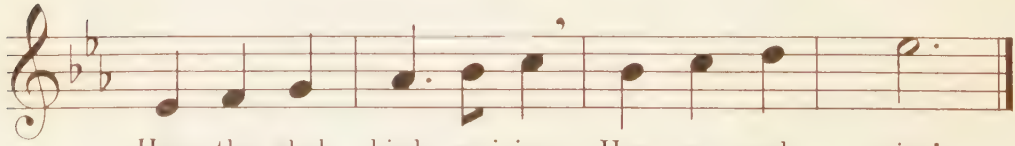
Spring's Coming

George Jay Smith — Adolf Wendt

From the German



1. Long ere the sleep - y rills Trickle from snow - y hills,
2. Blos-soms no vi - o - let, Gray is the wood-land yet;
3. By the warm sun caressed, Hope fills his hap - py breast,



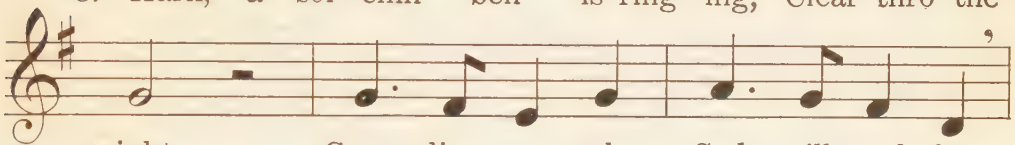
Hear the glad birds re-joice; Hap - py each voice!
Why should the lit - tle bird Joy - ful be heard?
Stir - ring his heart to sing Wel-come to spring.

All Through the Night

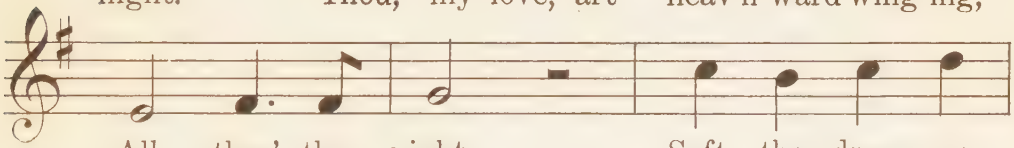
Old Welsh Song

David Owen

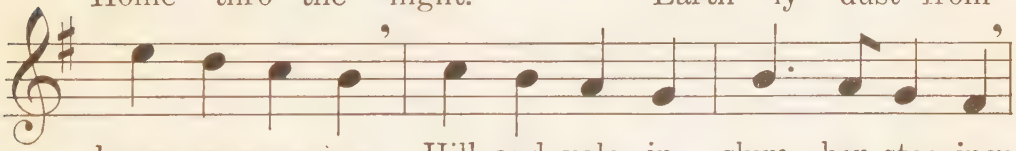
1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee, All thro' the
2. While the moon her watch is keep-ing, All thro' the
3. Hark, a sol-emn bell is ring-ing, Clear thro' the



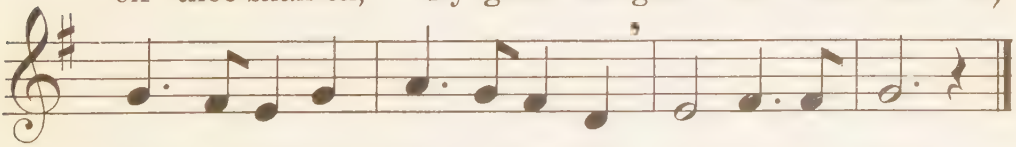
night. Guar-dian an-gels God will send thee,
night; While the wea-ry world is sleep-ing,
night. Thou, my love, art heav'n-ward wing-ing,



All thro' the night. Soft the drow-sy
All thro' the night; O'er thy spir-it
Home thro' the night. Earth-ly dust from



hours are creep-ing, Hill and vale in slum-ber steeping;
gen-tly steal-ing, Vi-sions of de-light re-veal-ing,
off thee shak-en, By good an-gels art thou tak-en;

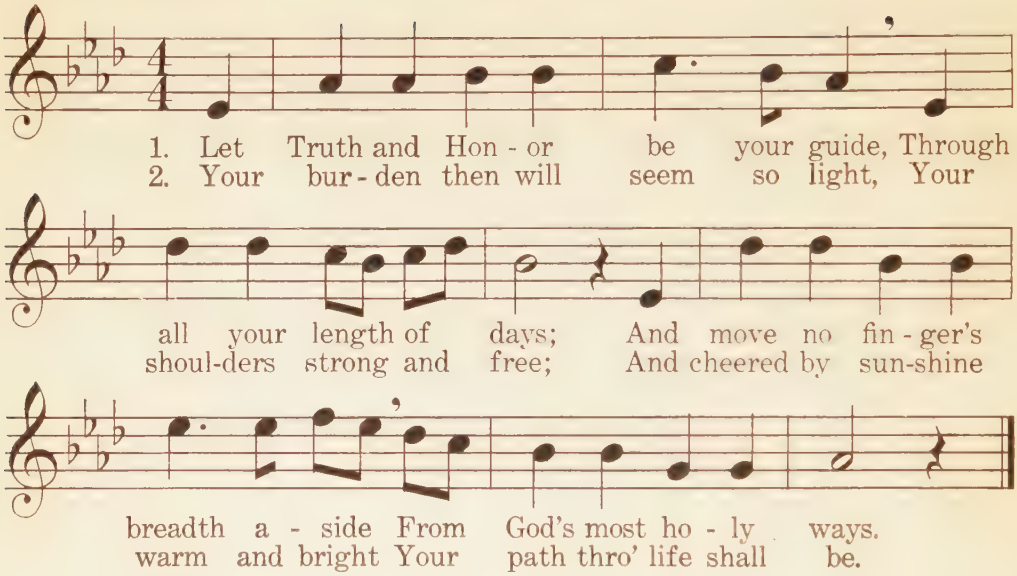


I my lov-ing vig-il keep-ing, All thro' the night.
Breathes a pure and ho-ly feel-ing, All thro' the night.
Soul im-mor-tal shalt thou wak-en, Home thro' the night.

Happy Pilgrim

Abbie Farwell Brown
From the German

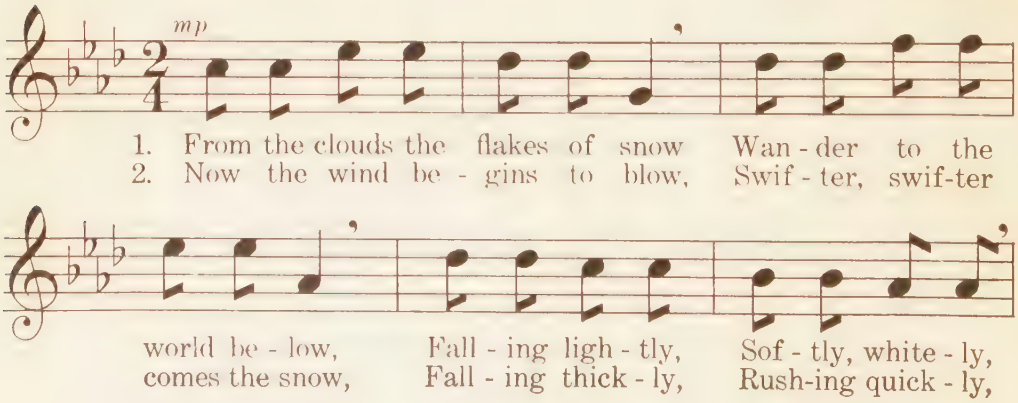
W. A. Mozart

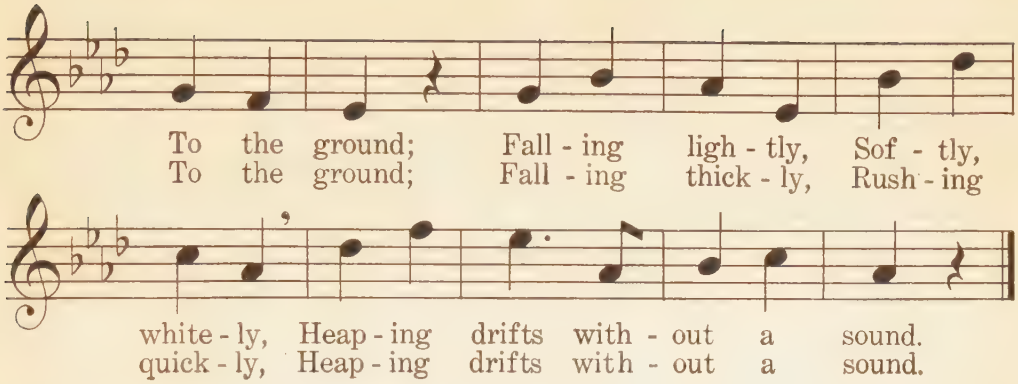


The Snow

From *The Youth's Companion*

G. A. Grant-Schaefer
Composed for this Series

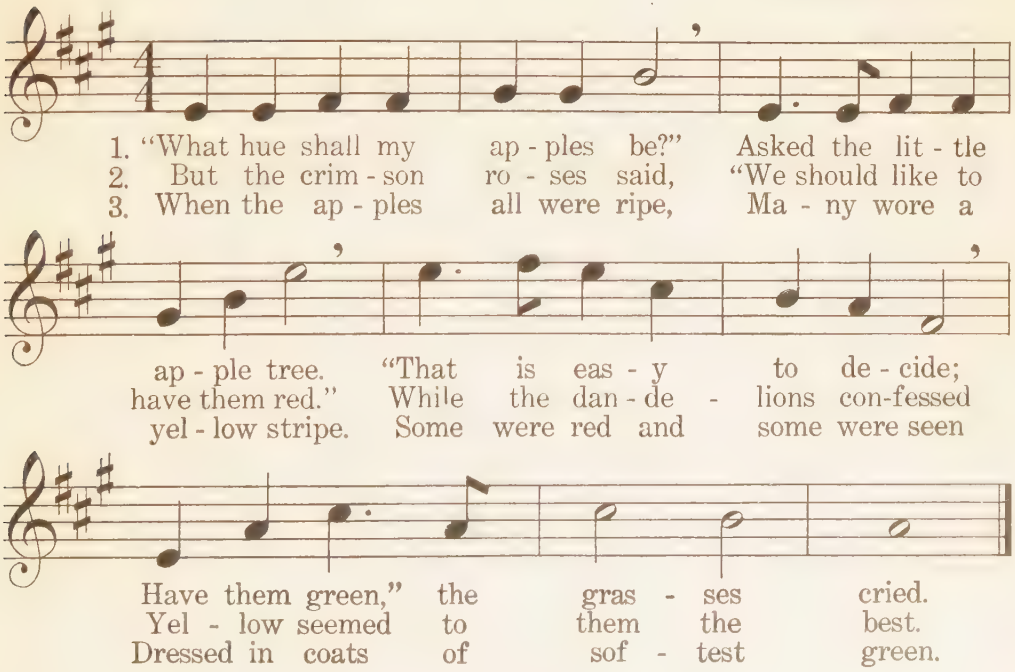




The Apples

Lee Burns

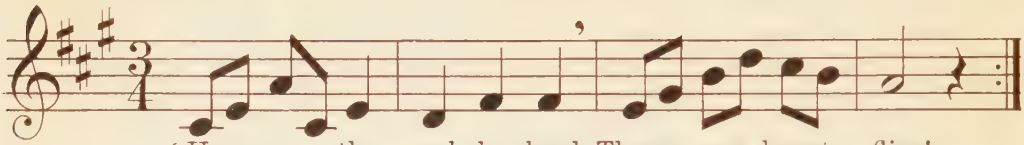
Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series



The Homesick Lowlander

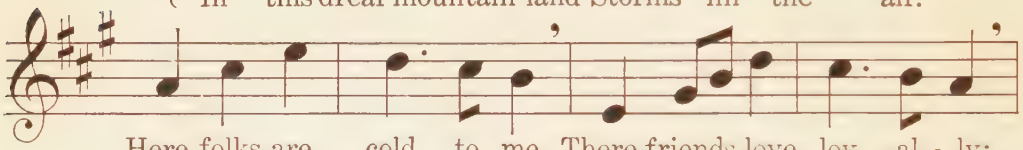
Ethel B. Howard
From the German

Tyrolese Folk Song



1. { Hap - py the val - ley land, There my heart flies!
   { Here in the mountain land Tears dim my eyes.

2. { In my dear val - ley land All days are fair;
   { In this drear mountain land Storms fill the air.



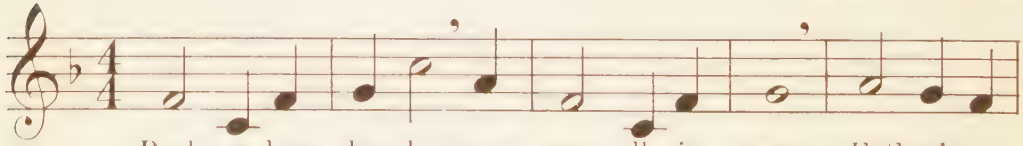
Here folks are cold to me, There friends love loy - al - ly;
There I have joy in life, Here have I care and strife;

Down in the val - ley land No friend-ship dies.
Home in my val - ley land, Would I — were there!

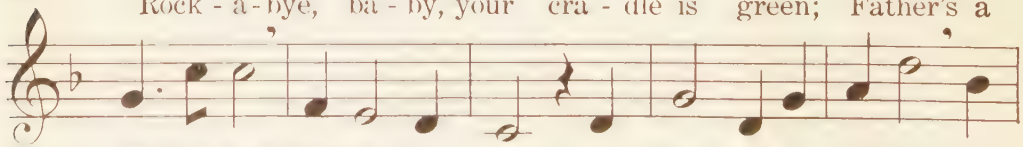
Rock-a-bye Baby

Mother Goose

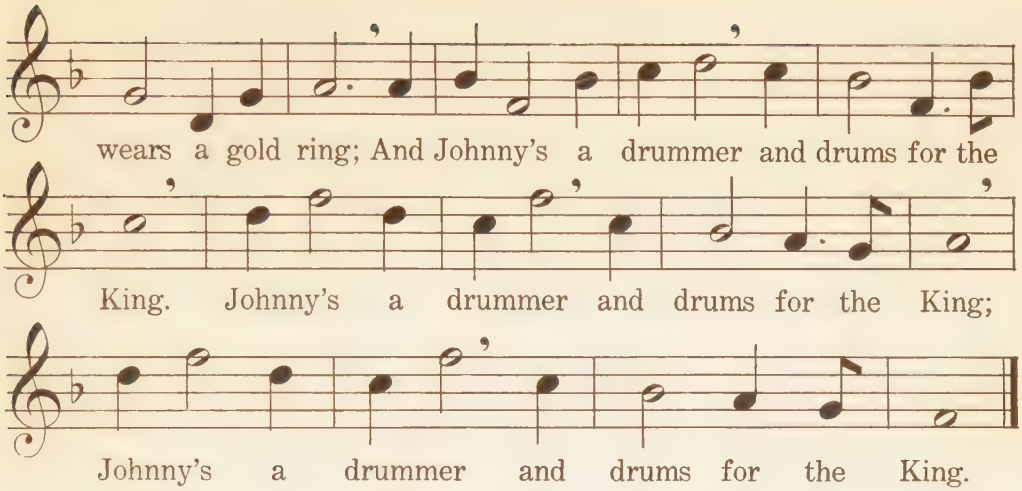
Arthur Whiting
Composed for this Series



Rock - a - bye, ba - by, your cra - dle is green; Father's a

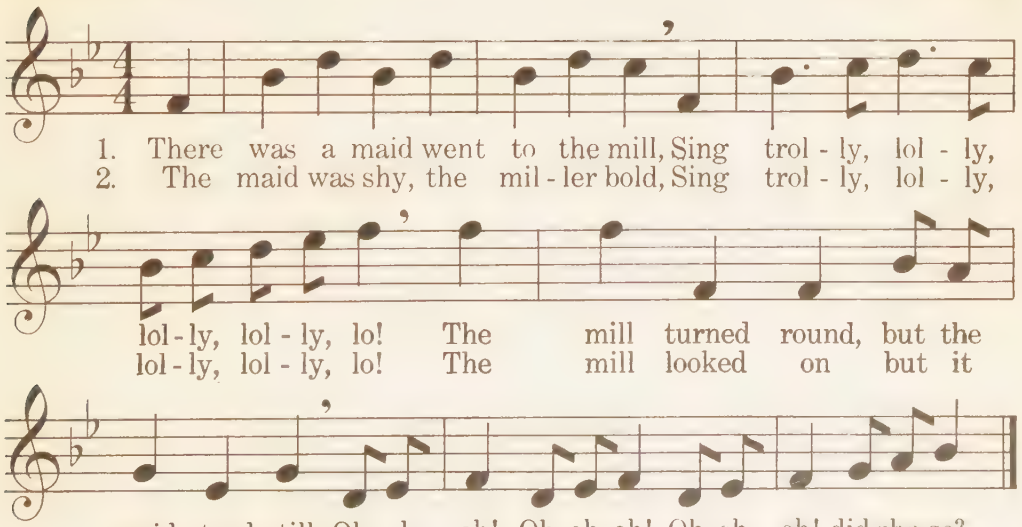


no - ble-man, mother's a queen; And Bet - ty's a la - dy, and



There Was a Maid Went to the Mill

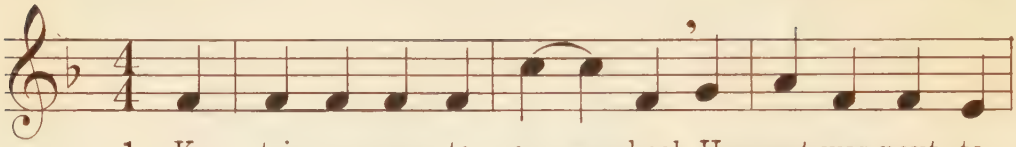
Old English Song — English Folk Song



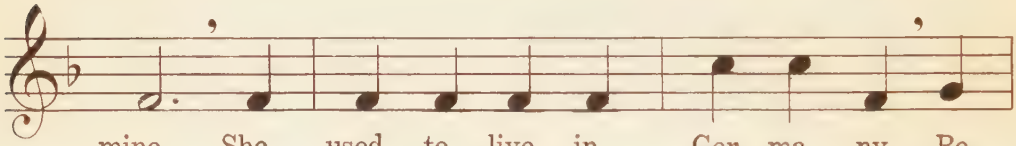
Katrina

Stella George Stern

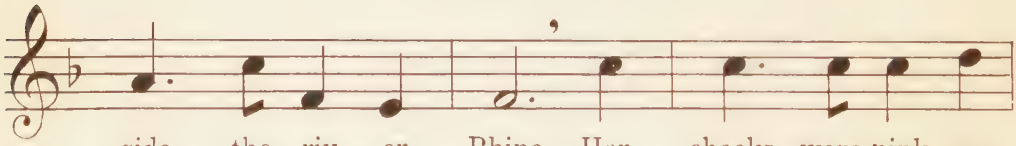
William E. Haesche
Composed for this Series



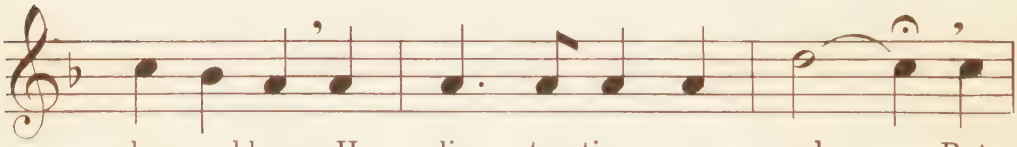
1. Ka - tri - na came to our school, Her seat was next to
2. She al-ways comes to school on time; Her desk is just as



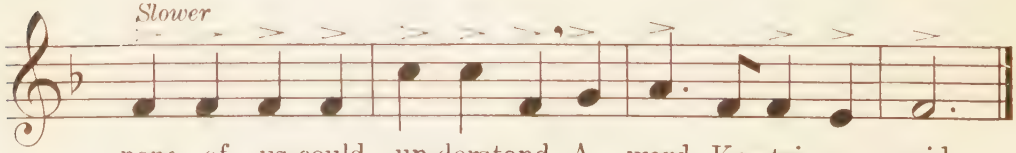
mine. She used to live in Ger - ma - ny, Be -
neat! I'm sure I'm twice as care - ful, Since Ka -



side the riv - er Rhine. Her cheeks were pink as
tri - na shares my seat. It makes me have some



cher - ry blooms, Her lips ten times as red; But
new, new thoughts, Some kind-lier thoughts, to know That,

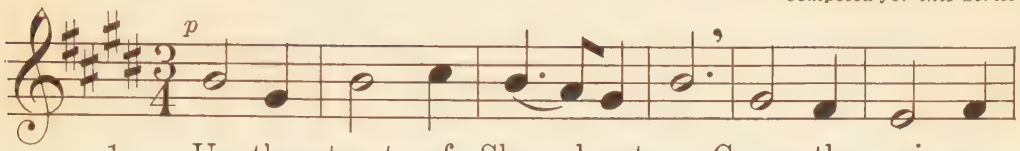


none of us could un-derstand A word Ka - tri - na said.
though I can - not speak to her, I love Ka - tri - na so.

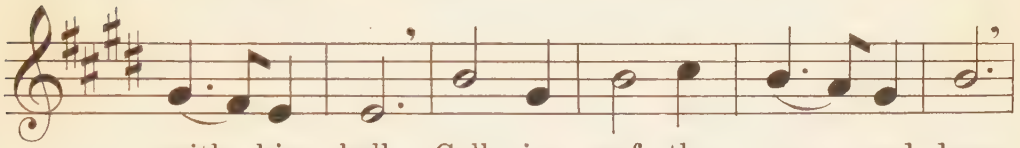
The Dream Peddler

Lucy M. Blinn

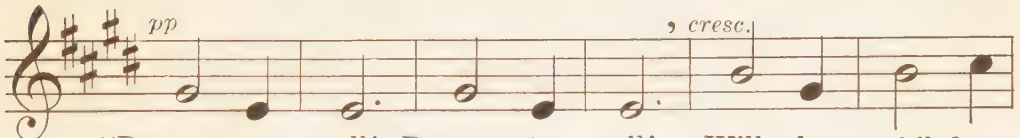
Marshall Bartholomew
Composed for this Series



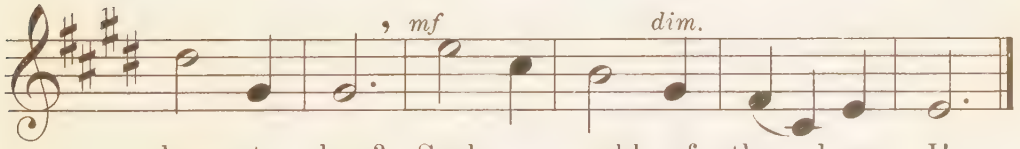
1. Up the streets of Slum - ber-town Comes the cri - er
2. "Here are dreams of mer - ry spring Fashioned where the
3. "Here are dreams for sum - mer sleep; Fan-cies light as
4. On the streets of Slum - ber-town Ev - er sounds a



with his bell, Call - ing sof - tly up — and down,
blos - soms wake; Where the fields and mea - dows ring
this - tle spray, Wov - en where the fair - ies keep
sil - ver bell, As the cri - er wan - ders down,



"Dreams to sell! Dreams to sell! Will the chil-dren
With the songs Breez - es make. Ah, no ped -dler
Sum - mer - time Hol - i - day. Fair - y dreams, oh
Soft his call, "Dreams to sell! Sleep - y chil-dren,

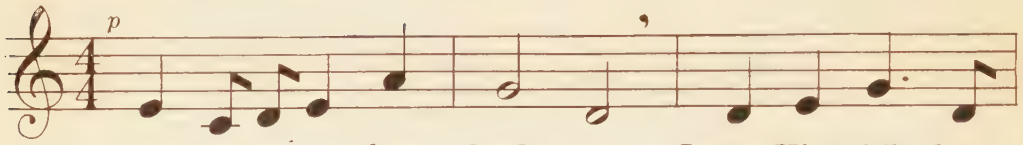


choose to buy? Such a world of them have I!
far or nigh Sells such mer - ry dreams as I!
buy and try! Who has daintier dreams than I?"
come and buy! Who has swee-ter dreams than I?"

Our Father's Home

Alice C. D. Riley
From the Dutch

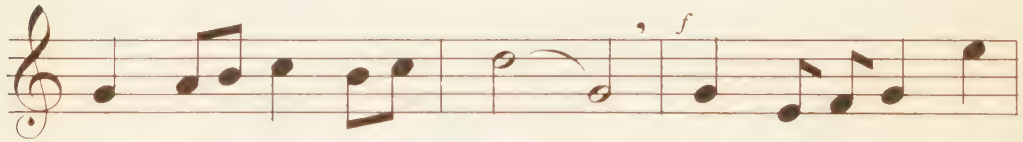
Catharina van Rennes



1. One tender Fa - ther leads us, Loves His chil - dren
2. One tender Fa - ther loves us, Makes us broth - ers

all; Bends down His ear and heeds us, Hears our ev - 'ry
here, While bend His skies a - bove us, Love may ban-ish

call. Though I sail the bound - ing sea,
fear. Hail! my broth - ers, clasp my hand,



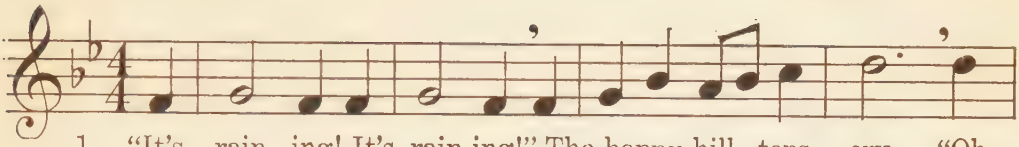
Though a - far I roam, Lone - ly of heart I
Where - so - e'er we roam, Strange tho' the tongue or

ne'er shall be, 'Tis my Father's home.
far the land, 'Tis our Father's home.

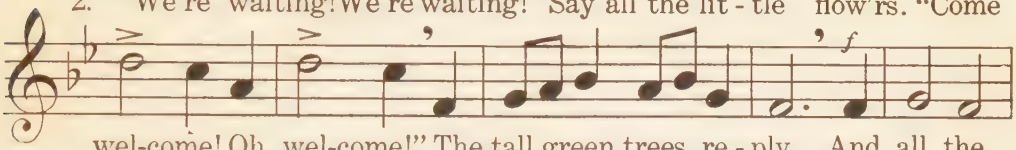
The Rain

Alice V. L. Carrick

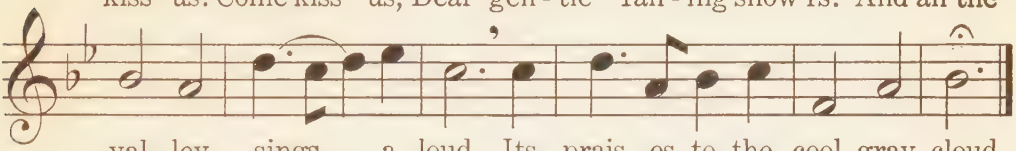
Max Bruch
Composed for this Series



1. "It's rain - ing! It's rain-ing!" The happy hill - tops cry. "Oh,
2. "We're waiting! We're waiting!" Say all the lit - tle flow'rs. "Come



wel-come! Oh, wel-come!" The tall green trees re - ply. And all the
kiss us! Come kiss us, Dear gen - tle fall - ing show'rs!" And all the

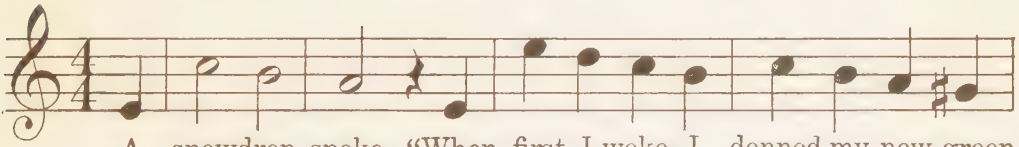


val - ley sings ___ a - loud Its prais - es to the cool gray cloud.
thirs - ty land ___ a - gain Gives greeting to the sil - ver rain!

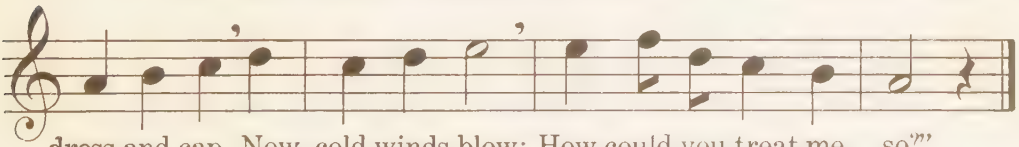
To Spring

CANON, ONE MEASURE

Margaret Aliona Dole



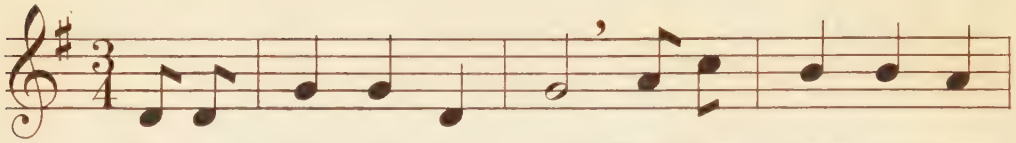
A snowdrop spoke, "When first I woke I donned my new green



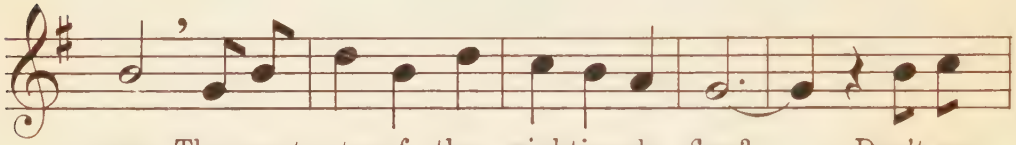
dress and cap. Now cold winds blow; How could you treat me so?"

Sweet Nightingale

Old English Song — English Folk Song

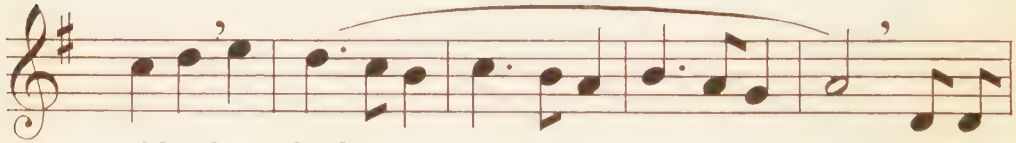


1. Pret-ty maid, come a - long! Don't you hear the sweet
2. Pret-ty Bet - ty, don't fail, For I'll car - ry your



song, The sweet notes of the nightingale flow? ___ Don't you
pail Safe-ly home to your cot as we go. ___ You shall

hear the fond tale Of the sweet nightin-gale, As she sings in the
hear the fond tale Of the sweet nightin-gale, As she sings in the

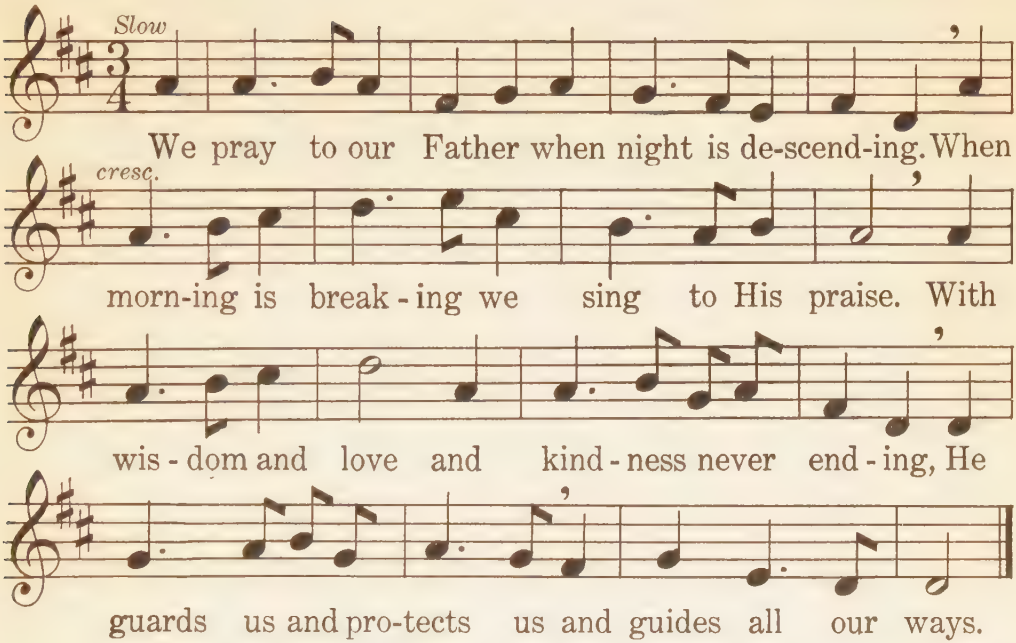


val-ley be - low? ___ As she
val-ley be - low. ___ As she

sings in the val - ley be - low? ___
sings in the val - ley be - low. ___

Praise to the Father

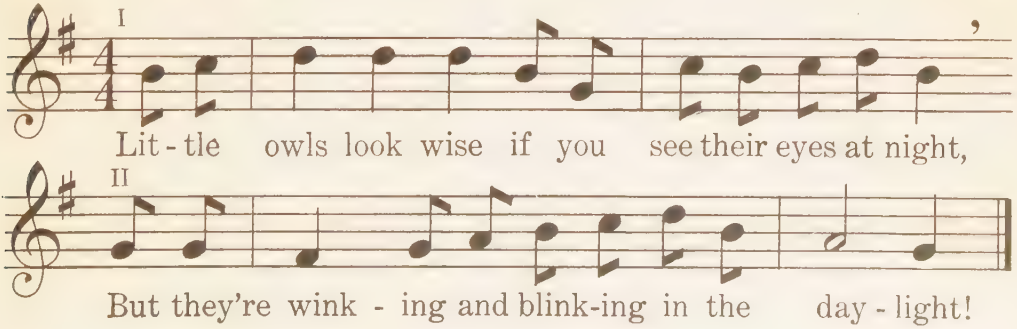
Anna G. Whitmore — Ancient Dutch Folk Song



The Little Owls

TWO-PART ROUND

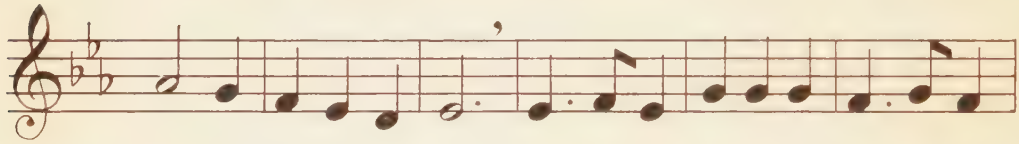
Margaret Aliona Dole — Old German Round



The Old Woman Tossed Up in a Blanket

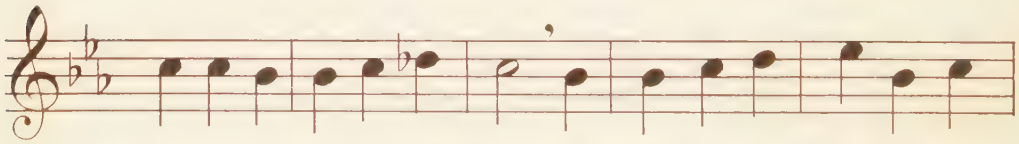
Old English Song — English Folk Song

There was an old woman tossed up in a blan-ket Seventeen

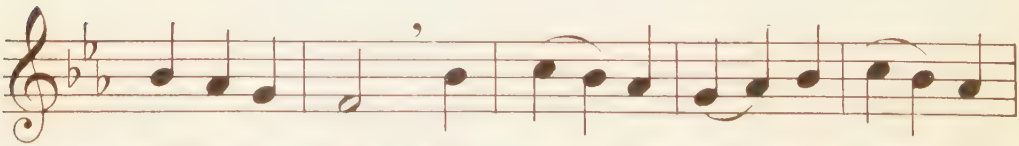


times as high as the moon. Where she was going I could not but

ask it, For in her hand she carried a broom. "Old woman, old



woman, old woman," quoth I, "Oh whither, oh whither, oh



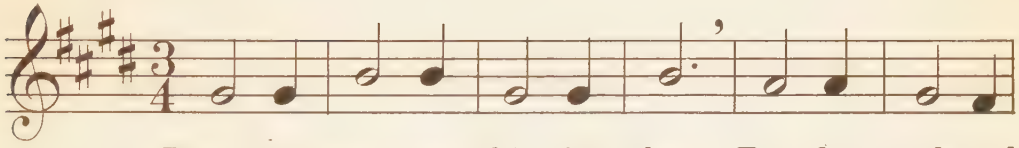
whither so high?" "To sweep the cob - webs from the

sky, And I'll be with you by and by."

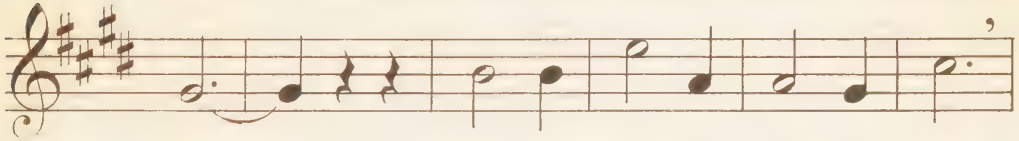
Small Stars

Alice E. Sollitt
From the Swedish

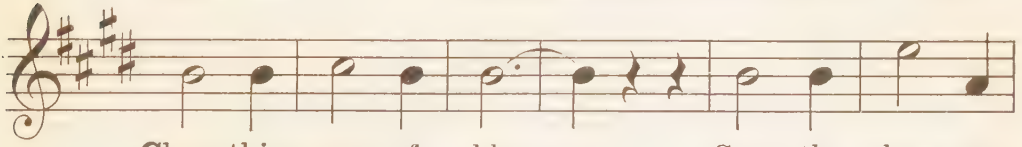
Elsa Uppling



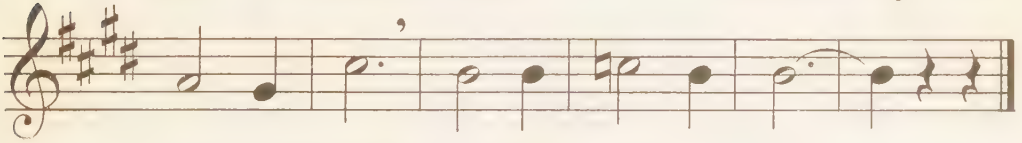
1. Twinkling stars are shi - ning clear, Ten - der, soft, and
2. Moth-er's stars are ba - by's eyes, Like the heav-en's



true. Gen - tly sleep, my ba - by dear,
hue. Now each eye - lid droop-ing lies



Close thine eyes of blue. Gen - tly sleep, my
Soft a - cross the blue. Now each eye - lid

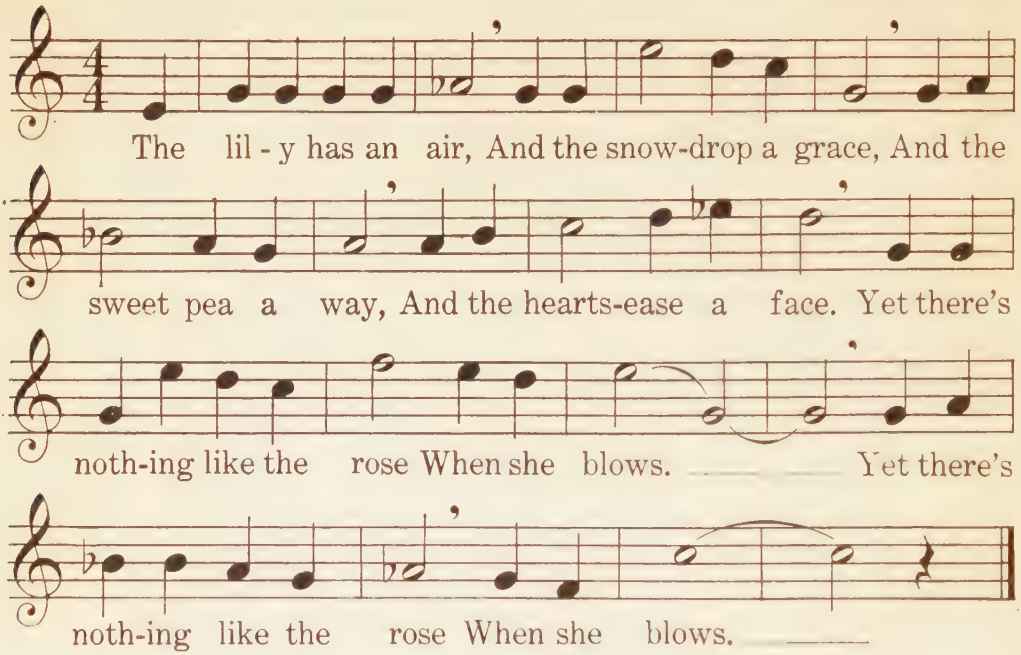


ba - by dear, Close thine eyes of blue.
droop-ing lies Soft a - cross the blue.

There's Nothing Like the Rose

Christina G. Rossetti

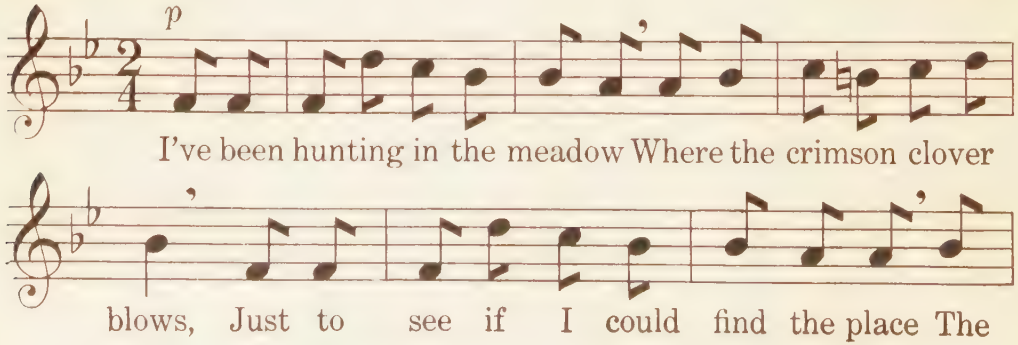
Adolf Weidig
Composed for this Series

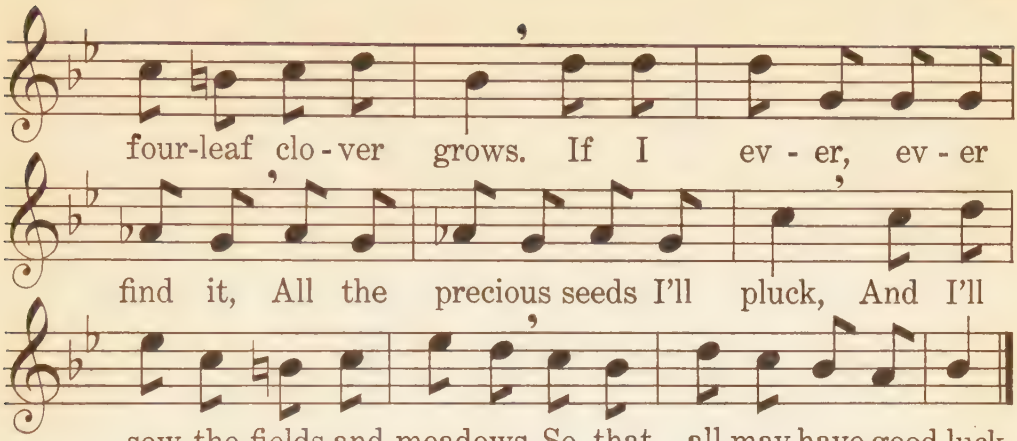


The Four-Leaf Clover

Dora H. Stockman

Gaetano Donizetti

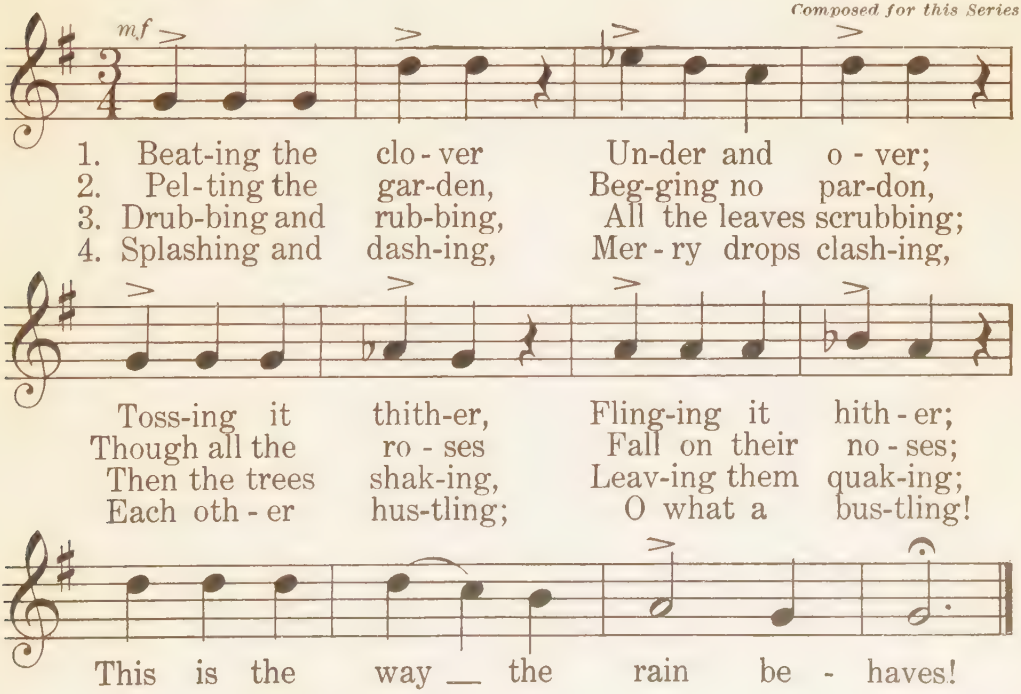




The Way the Rain Behaves

From *Blossoms by the Way*

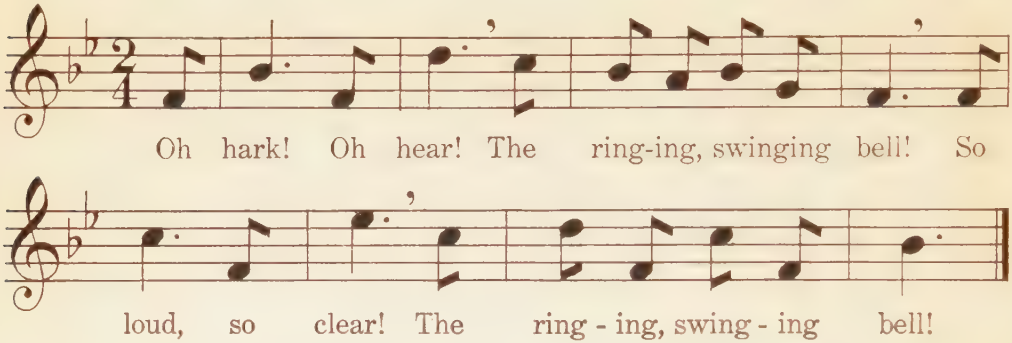
Alfred G. Wathall
Composed for this Series



Oh Hark! Oh Hear!

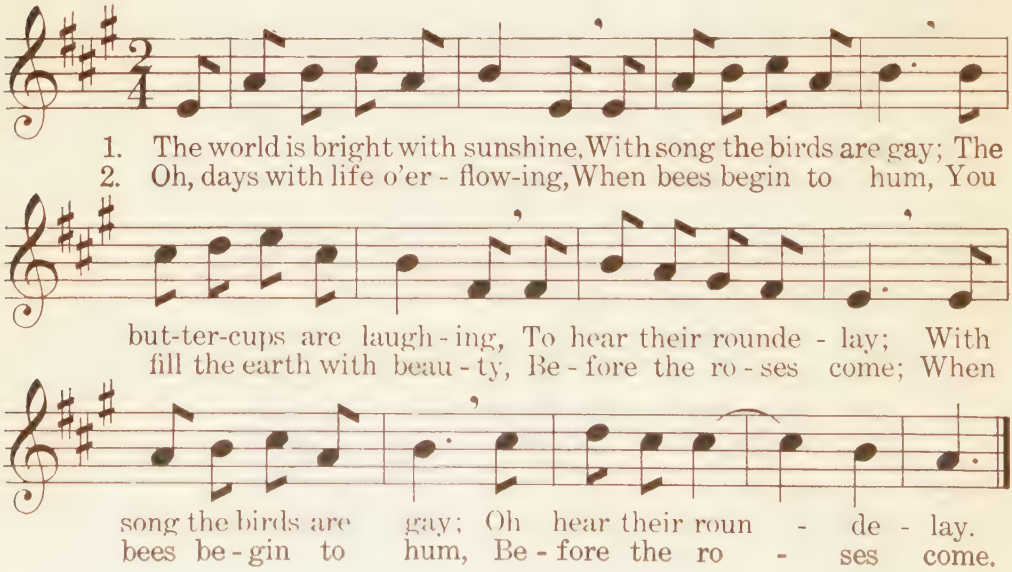
RHYTHM STUDY

Ann Underhill — Fr. H. Mayer



Before the Roses Come

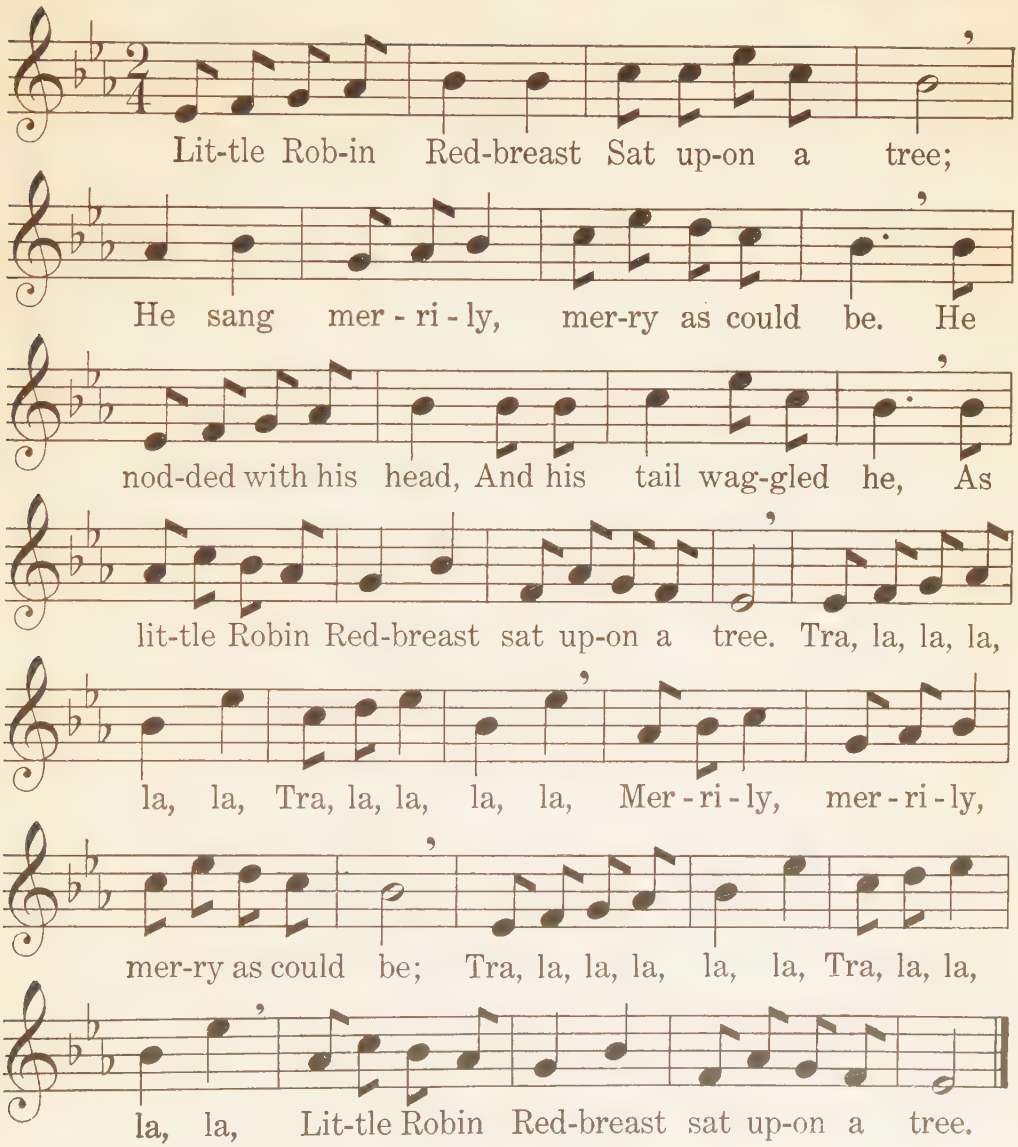
Elsie Cobb — French Folk Song



Cock Robin

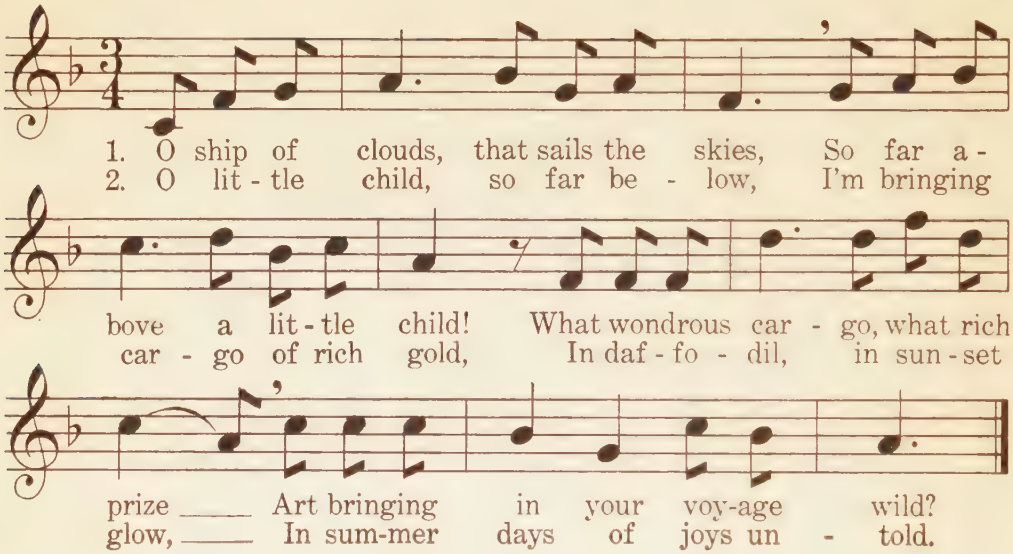
From *Cradle Songs*

Marshall Bartholomew
Composed for this Series



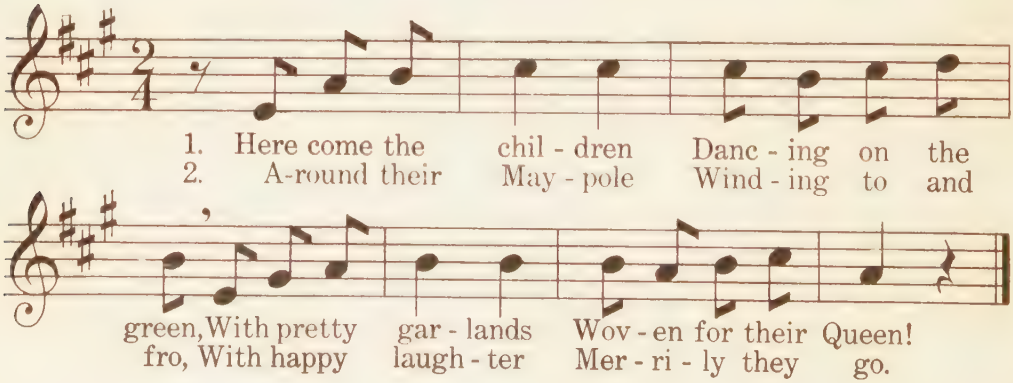
O Ship of Clouds

Alice E. Sollitt — German Folk Song



May Day

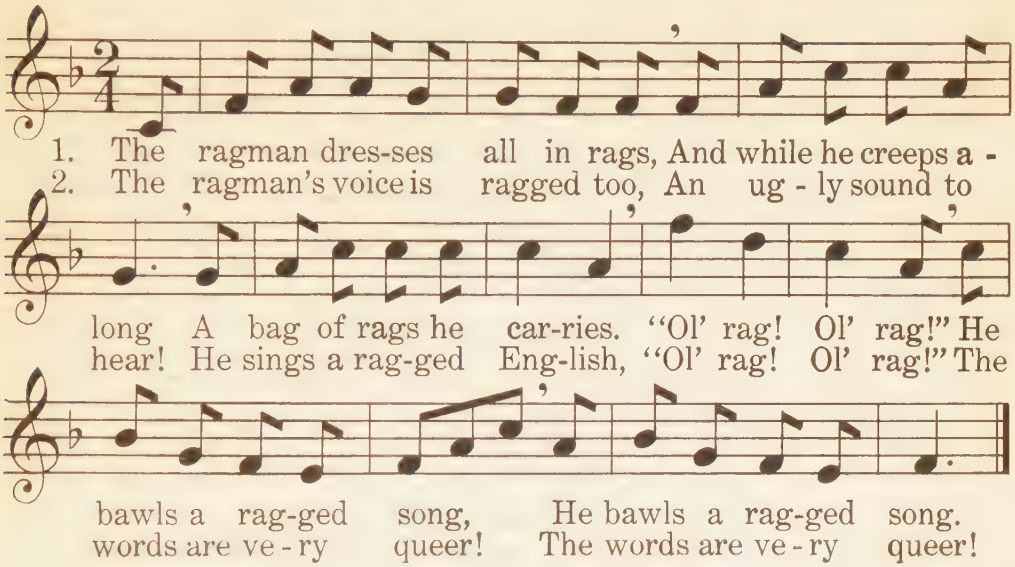
Abbie Farwell Brown — French Folk Song



The Ragman

Abbie Farwell Brown

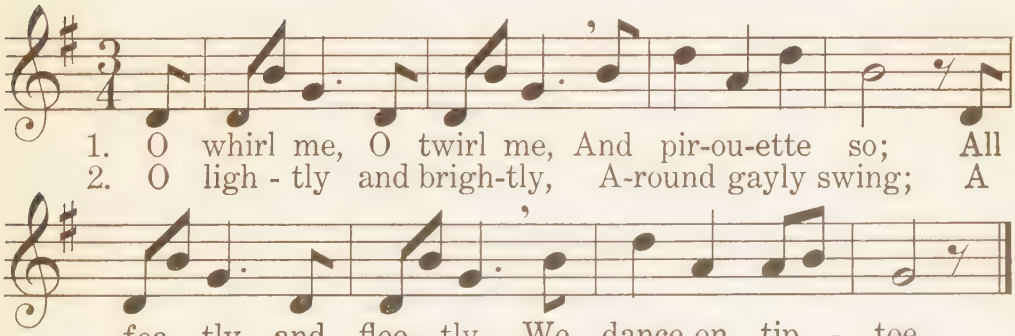
German Folk Song



Dancing Song

Nellie Poorman

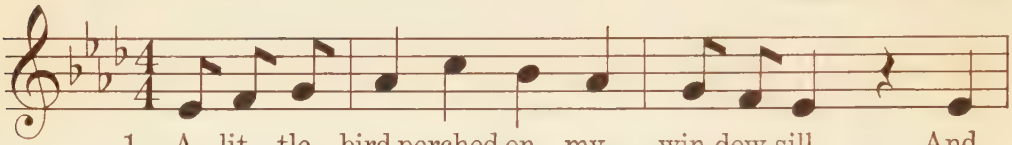
Ernst Schmid



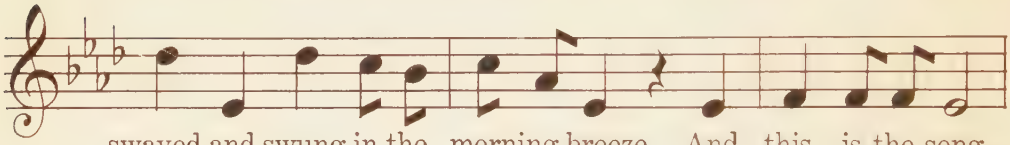
What the Little Bird Said

Virginia Baker

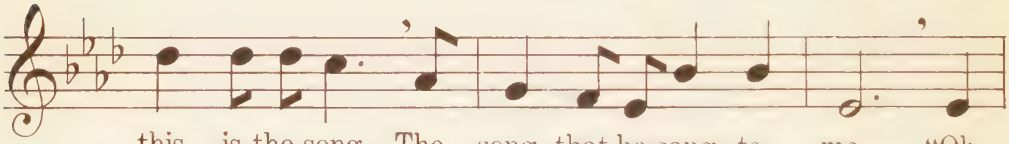
Paul Bliss
Composed for this Series



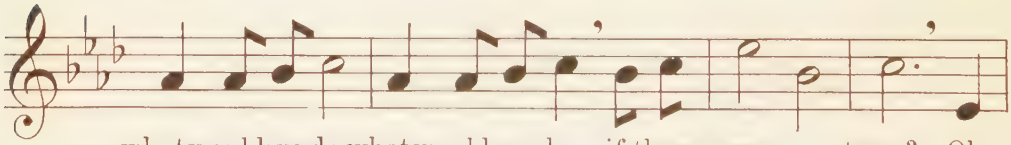
1. A lit - tle bird perched on my win-dow-sill And
2. "Oh, tell me where would swing our pret - ty nests, And
3. "With-in the bark up - on the stur-dy trees We
4. "You lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle boys and girls, Who



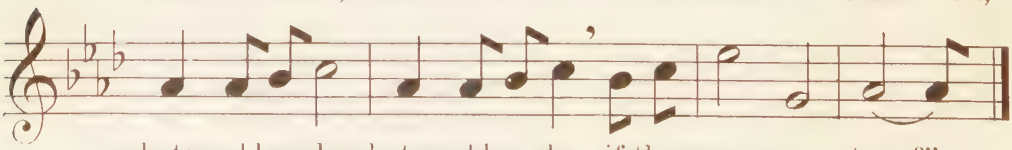
swayed and swung in the morning breeze, And this is the song,
where would cra - dle our ba - by brood, If nev - er a tree,
find the food that we like to eat, And shel-tering leaves,
love the birds and would have them stay, Oh, plant ma-ny trees,



this is the song, The song that he sang to me. "Oh,
nev - er a tree, Through-out all the coun-try stood. Oh,
shel-tering leaves, Pro - tect from the sun's fierce heat. Oh,
plant ma-ny trees, On this sunny Ar - bor Day. For



what would we do, what would we do if there were no trees? Oh,

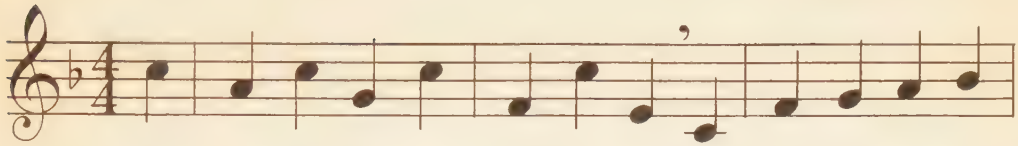


what would we do, what would we do if there were no trees?"

Sand Wells

Abbie Farwell Brown

W. B. Olds
Composed for this Series



I made a pic-ture in the sand, A great big gi - ant

face; I scooped the eyes out with my hand, In

quite the proper place. And then, well, well! What do you think? It

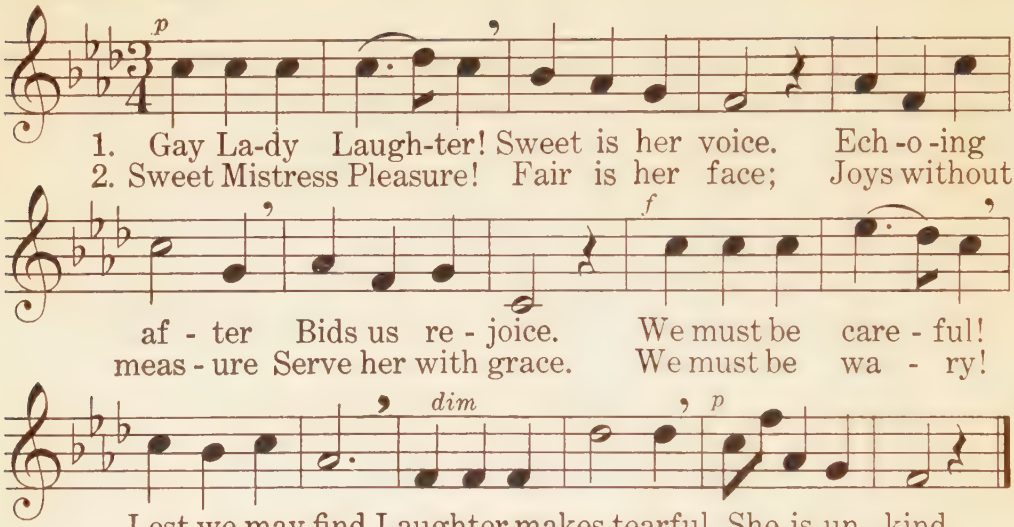
was a great sur - prise; The gi-ant face be - gan to wink, And

tears came in his solemn eyes, And tears came in his eyes.

Be Careful

Abbie Farwell Brown
From the French

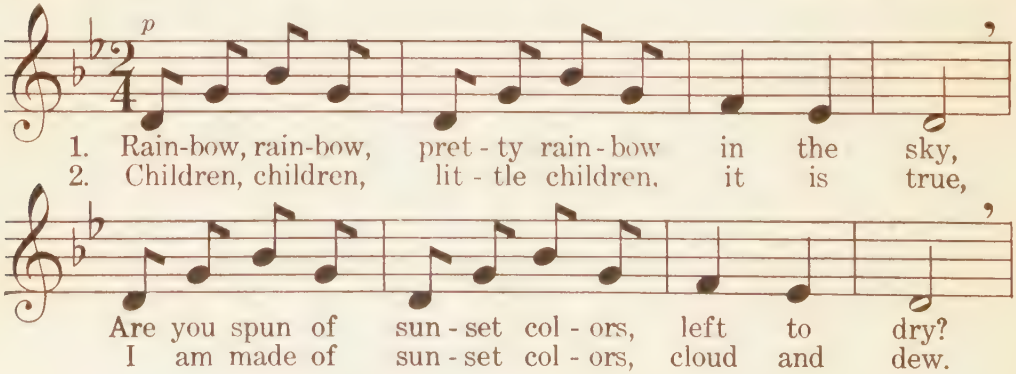
Félicien David

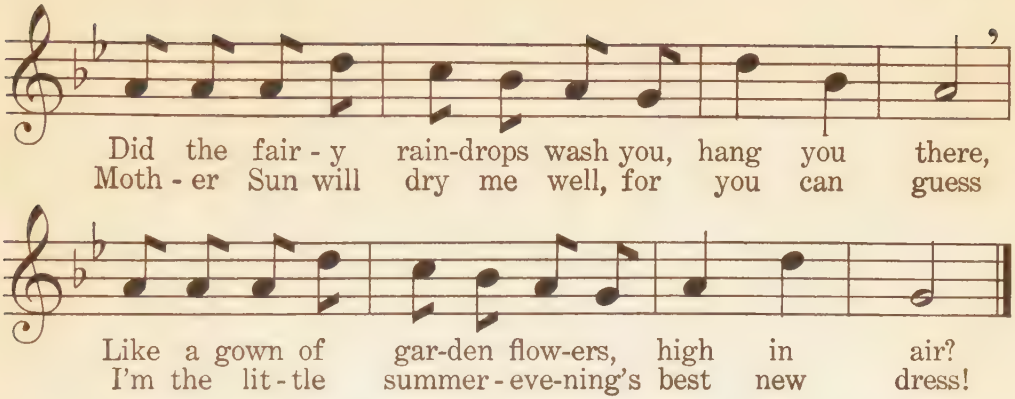


The Rainbow Dress

Miriam Clark Potter

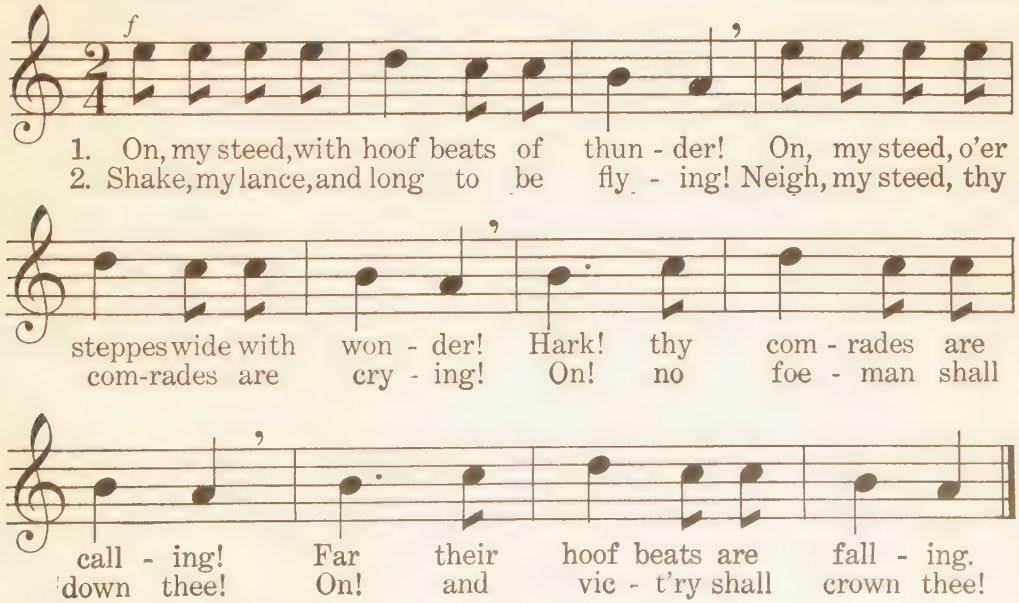
Bohemian Folk Song





A Song of the Steppes

Alice C. D. Riley — Russian Folk Song



A Spanish Dance

Florence Hoare — Basque Air

1. Come and tread a meas-ure O'er the green with me, While
2. Here the crim-son ro - ses Spread their fragrance sweet, And

f

all the air is ringing with sweet mel - o - dy. The
they shall be a car-pet for our trip - ping feet. We'll

cas-ta-nets will clash, And the tambourines will play, And
twine the sil-ken scarf, And we'll weave the scented spray, Till

we will lead the dance with a Sal-ter - el - la gay.
all the scene is bright with the col-ors we dis - play.

cresc

Come! to the fields a - way! ———
Come! to the fields a - way! ———

All the world is dancing on this hol - i - day.
All the world is dancing on this hol - i - day.

Susie, Little Susie

SECONDS

Ethel B. Howard
From the German

German Folk Song

1. Su - sie, lit-tle Su - sie, what stirs in the hay? The
2. Su - sie, lit-tle Su - sie, three pennies, I pray, To

gos - lings must go bare-foot, for no shoes have they. The
buy the bread and sug - ar I must have to - day. I'll

cob-bler has leath - er but no last to use.
sell my warm bed and go sleep in the hay.

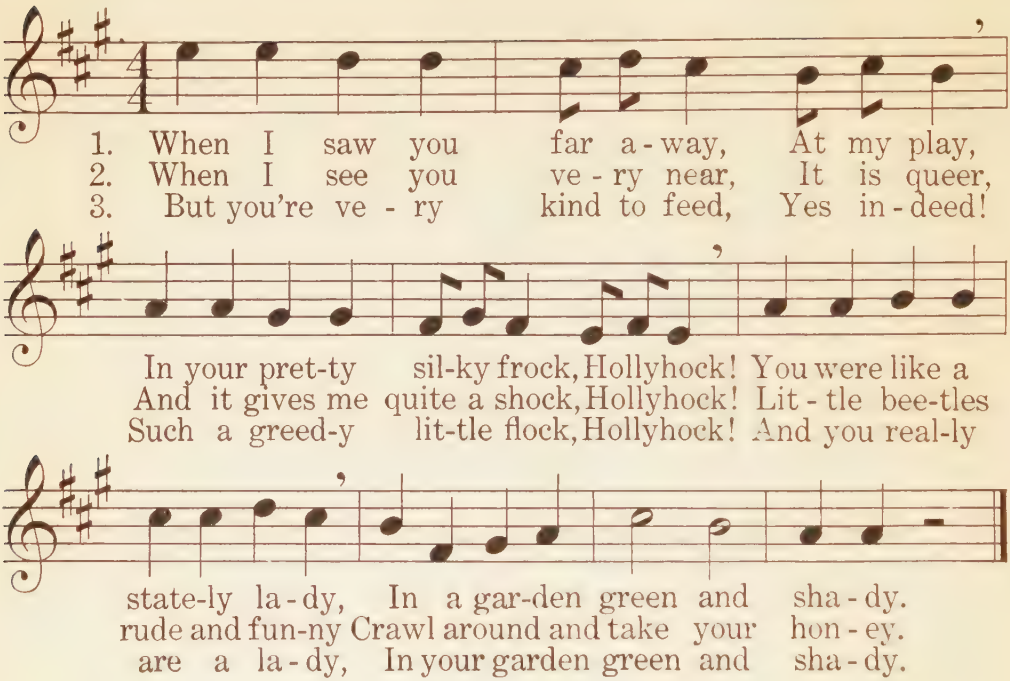
Who will make the goslings a pair of red shoes?
Su - sie, lit - tle Su - sie, three pennies, I pray!

Hollyhock

SECONDS

Kate Forman

Fanny Snow Knowlton
Composed for this Series

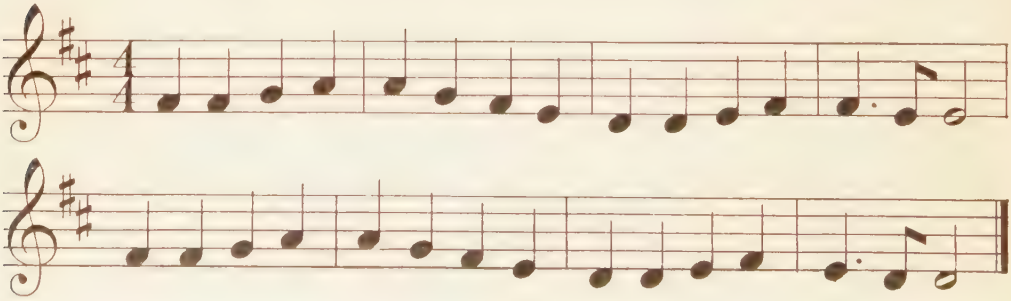


Theme

SECONDS

From *The Ninth Symphony*

Ludwig van Beethoven



The Voyagers

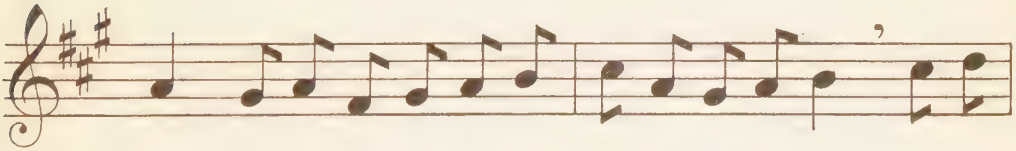
SECONDS

May Gillington

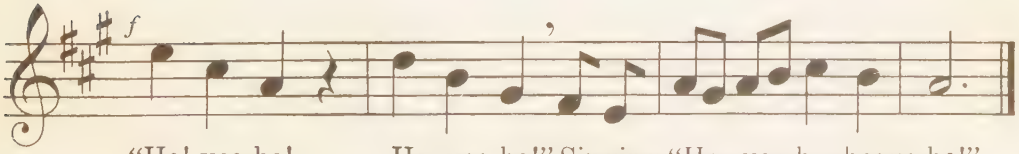
Frank L. Moir

1. There once was a ship and a gal-lant ship was she, All
2. The ship was a cush - ion from father's eas - y chair; Oh,
3. With sweets on the deck and with biscuits in the hold, They
4. They sailed far a - way and full ma-ny sights did see, And

taut and trim and steady and as fast as fast could be; And the
how it rock'd and trembled on the bil-lows of the stair! But the
tucked warm rugs about them just to keep them from the cold, And a
ma - ny wonders strange enough to frighten you or me, Then at



three lit - tle mar - i - ners they sailed a - way to sea, Sing - ing.
three lit - tle mar - i - ners they knew no thought of care, Sing - ing,
flag on their topmast they so proud-ly did un-fold, Sing - ing,
last, steering home a-gain, were just in time for tea, Sing - ing,

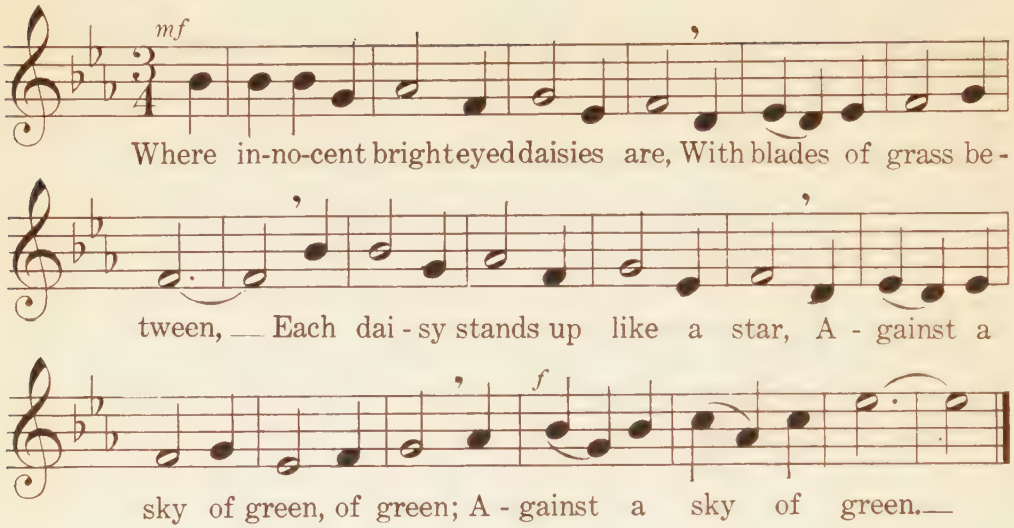


"Ho! yeo ho! Ho, yeo ho!" Singing, "Ho, yeo ho, heave ho!"

Daisies

THIRDS

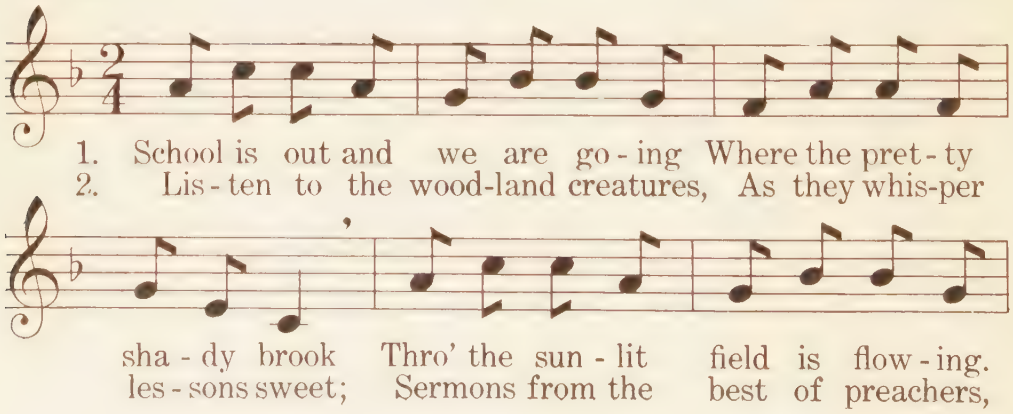
Christina Rossetti — A. L. Abel

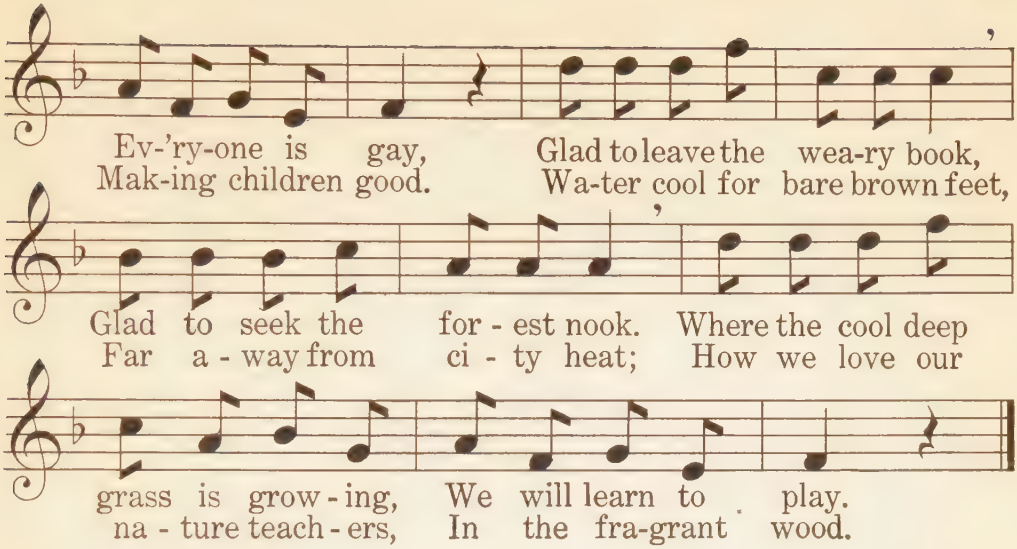


Woodland Lessons

THIRDS

Caroline Fuller — Swedish Folk Dance

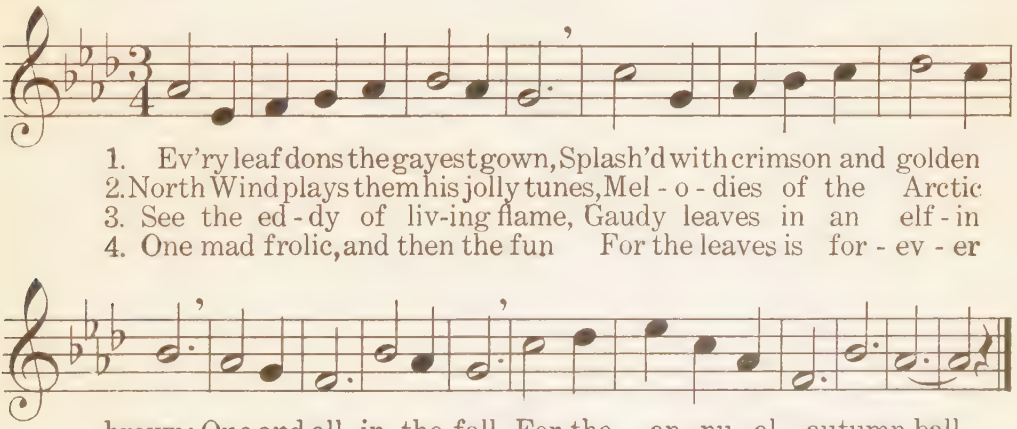




Dance of the Leaves

FOURTHS

Nellie Poorman — English Folk Song

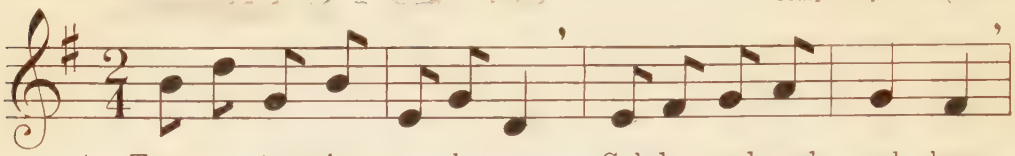


Autumn Song

FIFTHS

Abbie Farwell Brown

Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series



1. Trees are turn-ing one by one, Gol-den, red, and yel - low;
2. Days are short and nights are long, Evening winds are sigh - ing;
3. Gol - den - rod and as-ters shine, Fields are ripe for reap - ing;

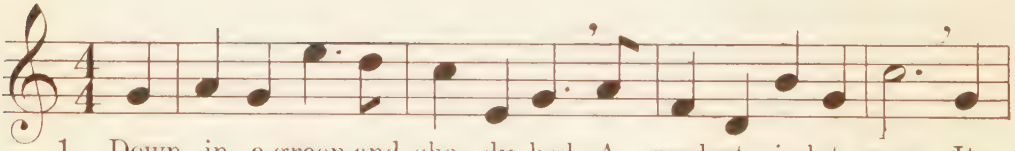
Brigh-tly now the autumn sun Makes the col - ors mel - low.
Birds have sung their parting song, To the South they're fly - ing.
Pur-ple grapes and ap-ples fine Fill the bar-row heap - ing.

The Modest Violet

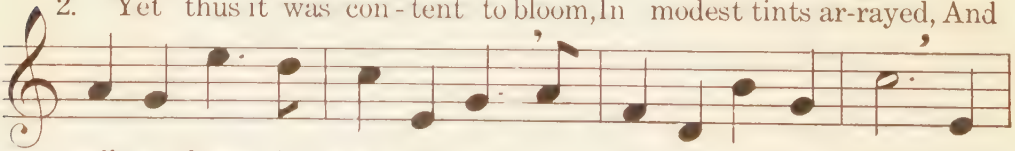
SIXTHS

Jane Taylor

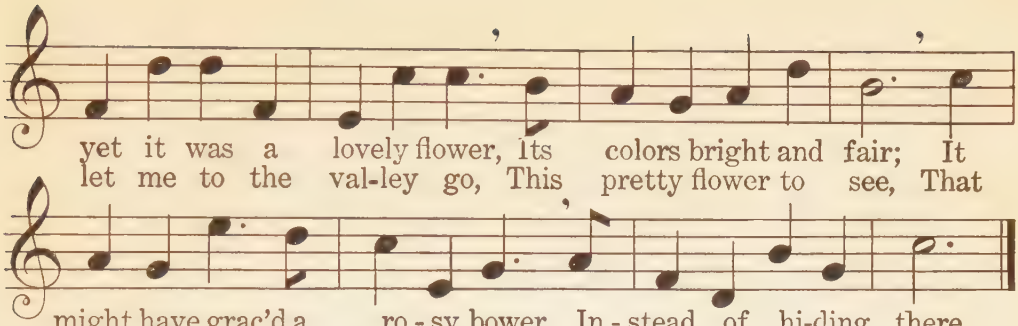
John Hullah



1. Down in a green and sha - dy bed A modest vio-let grew. Its
2. Yet thus it was con - tent to bloom, In modest tints ar-rayed, And



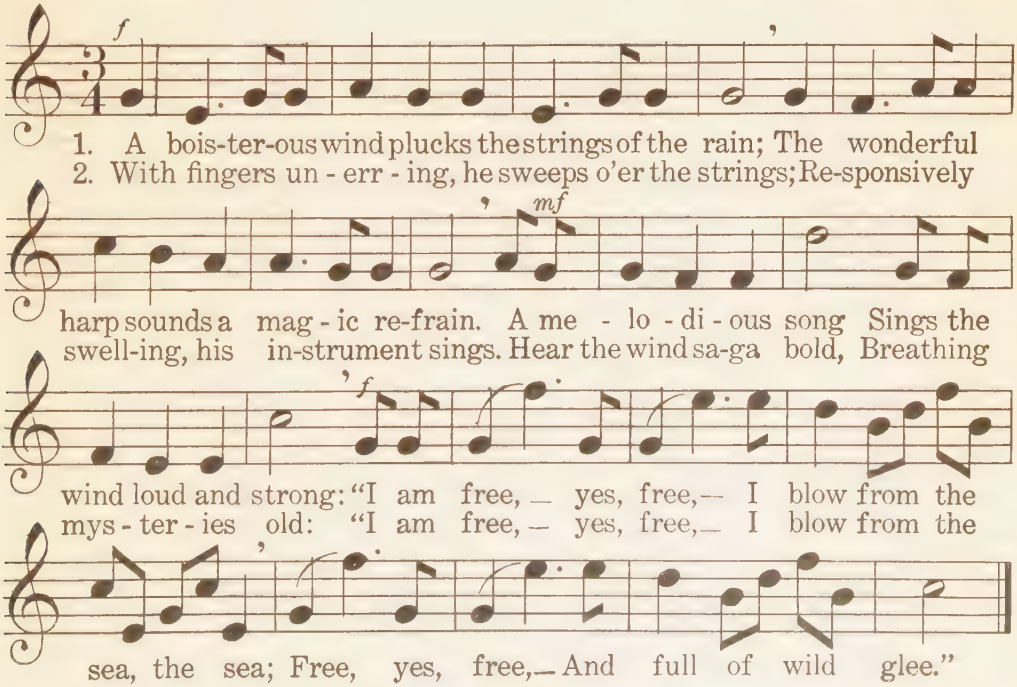
stalk was bent, it hung its head As if to hide from view. And
there dif-fused its sweet perfume With - in the si - lent shade. Then



The Rain Harp

SEVENTHS

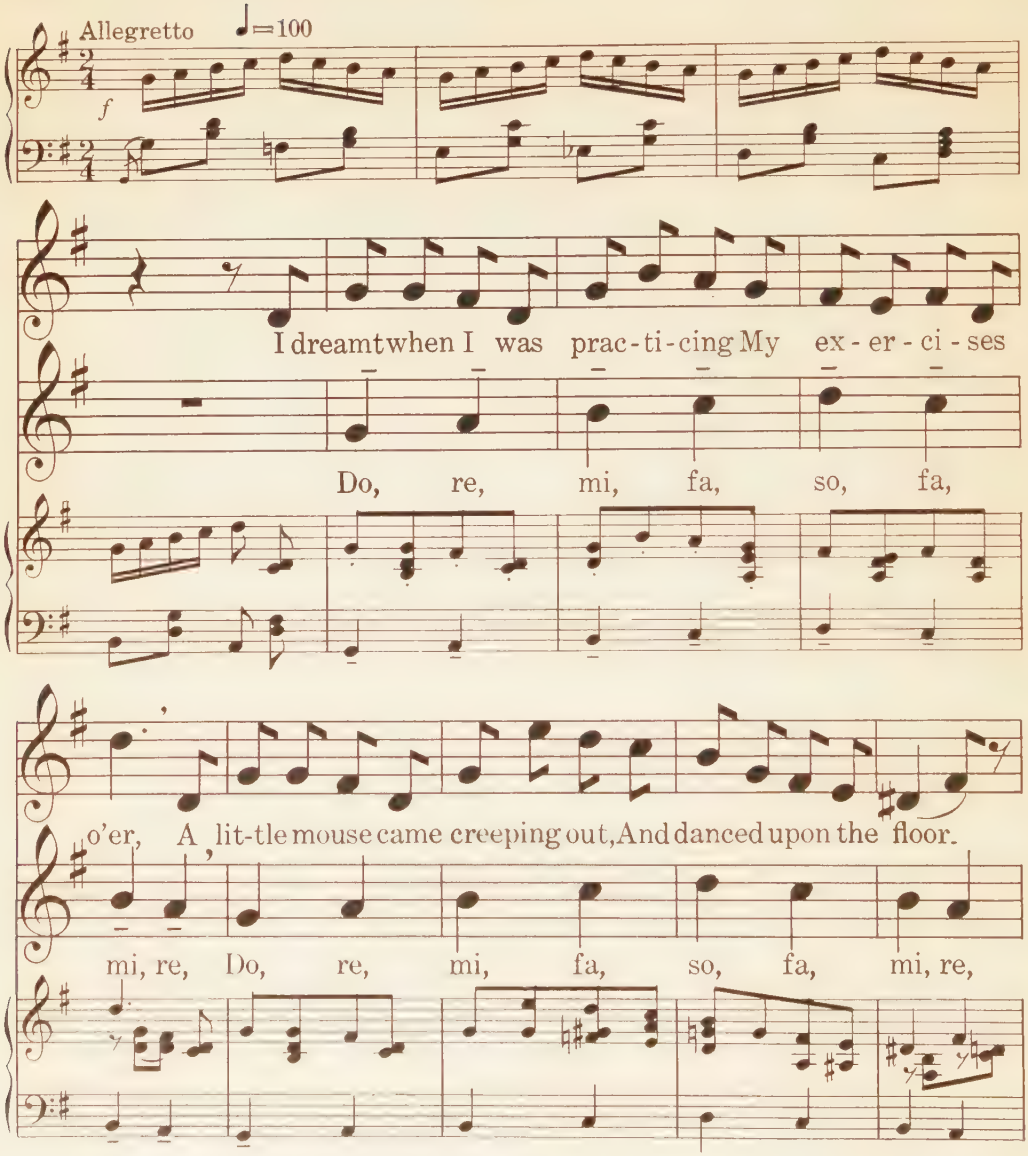
Nellie Poorman — Tyrolese Folk Song

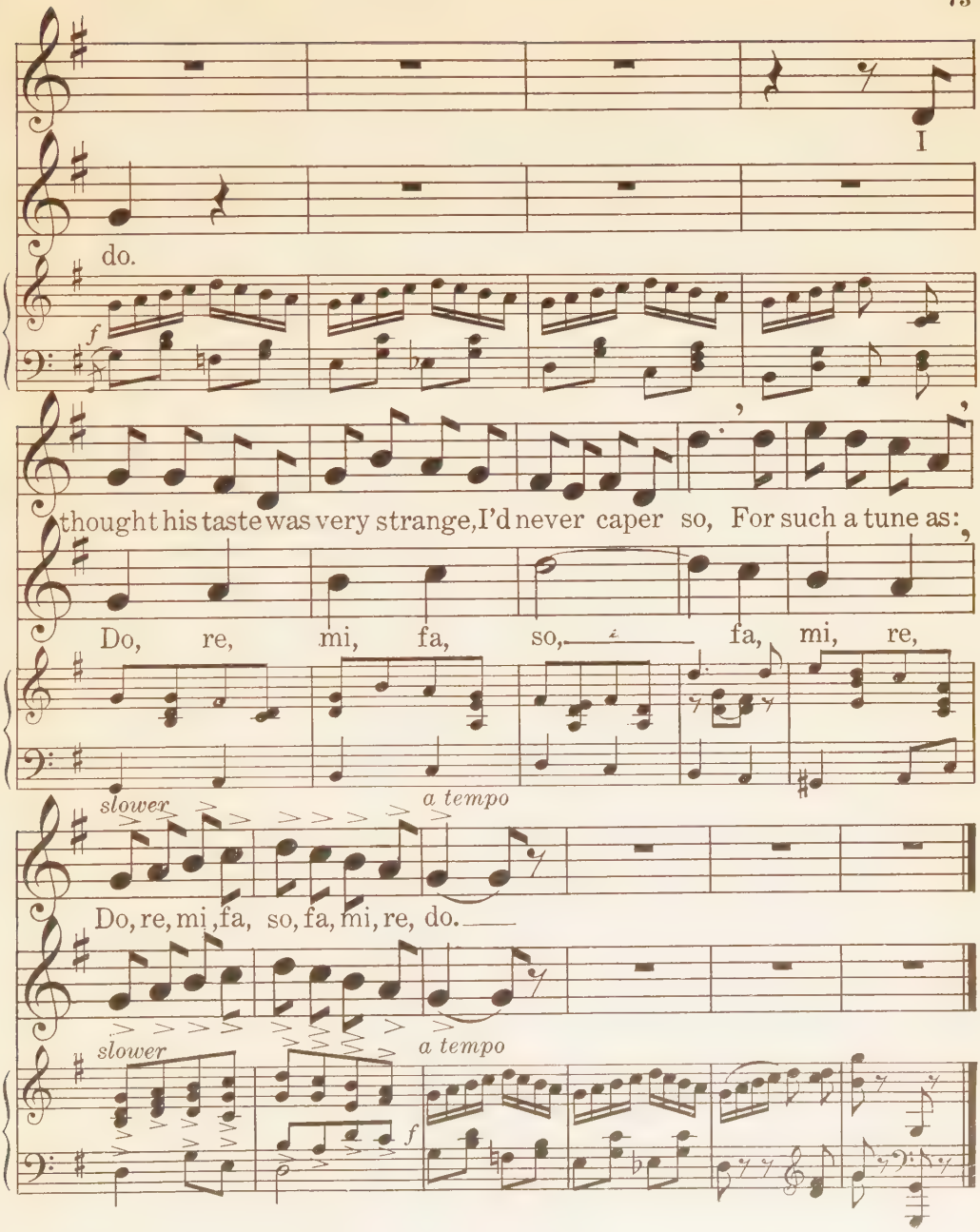


The Musical Mouse

May Morgan

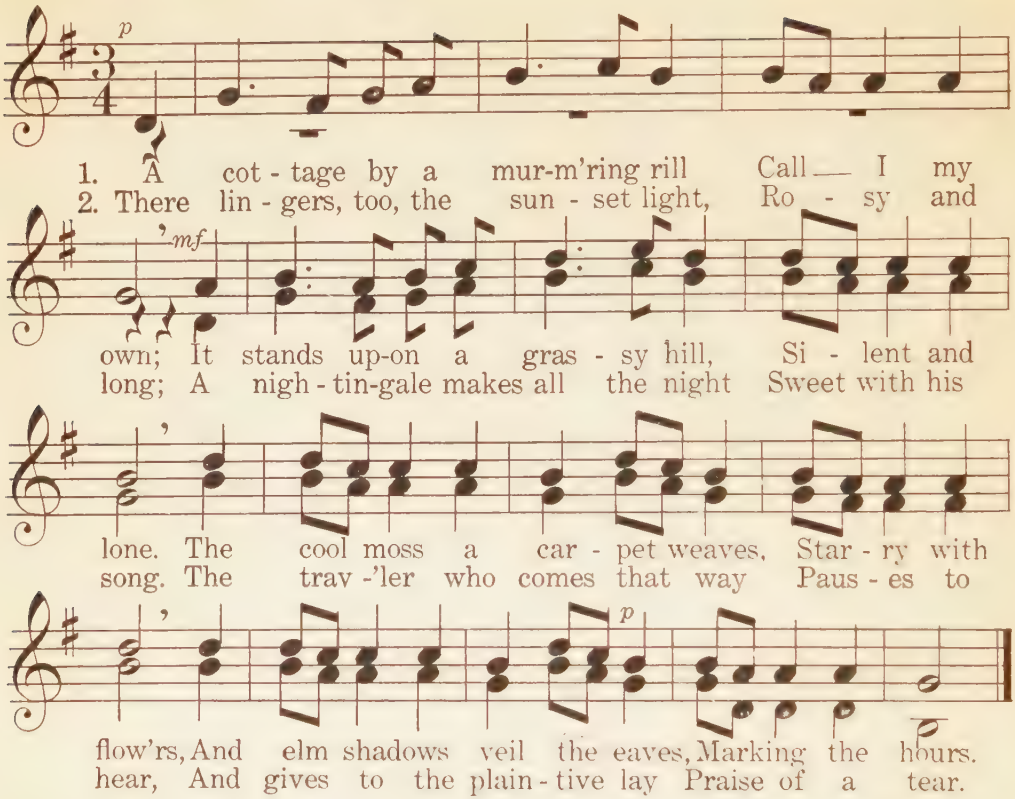
Adolf Weidig




I
do.
f
thought his taste was very strange, I'd never caper so, For such a tune as:
Do, re, mi, fa, so, fa, mi, re,
slower
a tempo
Do, re, mi, fa, so, fa, mi, re, do.
slower
a tempo
f

Solitude

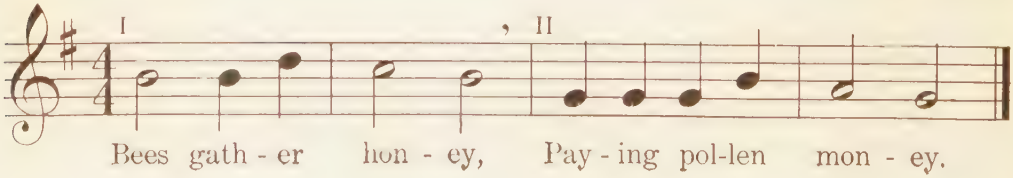
M. Louise Baum — Swabian Folk Song



Honey Bees

TWO-PART ROUND

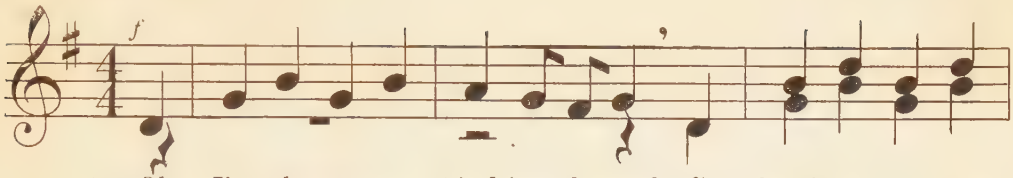
Nellie Poorman — J. J. Schaublin



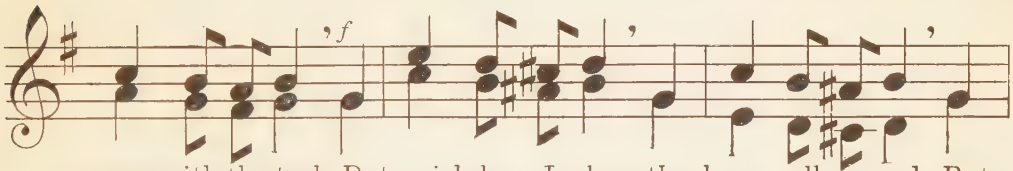
The Cooper

Margaret Aliona Dole
From the German

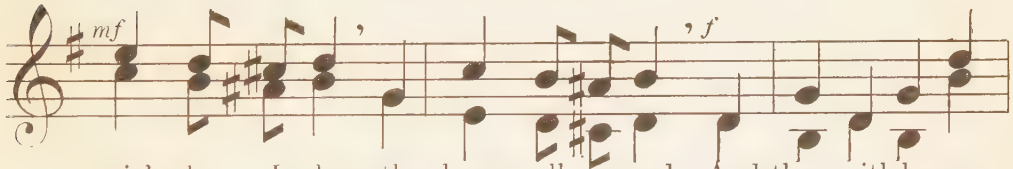
Ernst Schmid



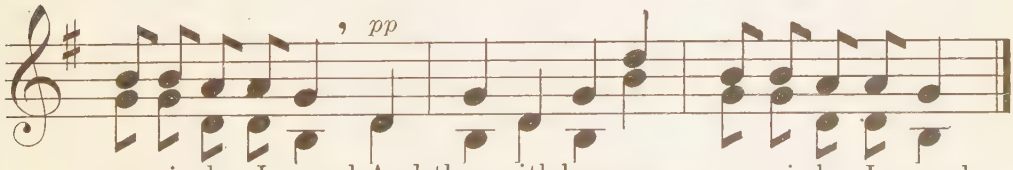
1. Oh, I'm the cooper bind-ing the cask; So hard the work I'm
2. Oh, I'm the cooper bind-ing the cask; I work with joy to
3. Oh, I'm the cooper bind-ing the cask; Each morning gay - ly



warm with the task. But quick-ly I place the hoops all around, But
fin - ish my task. And what if my back feel wea - ry and sore, And
star - ting my task. I'm fond of my work so sing all day long, I'm



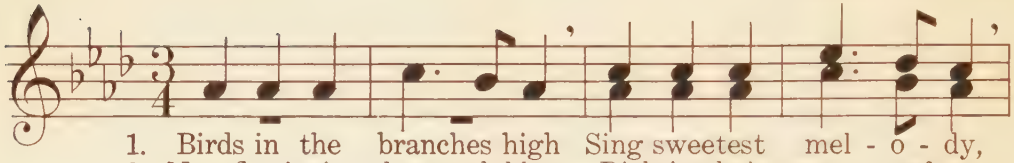
quick - ly I place the hoops all around, And then with hammer
what if my back feel wea - ry and sore, I work still hard-er,
fond of my work so sing all day long, My hammer marks the



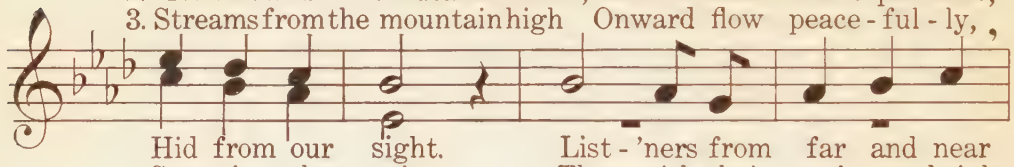
mer-ri - ly I pound, And then with hammer mer - ri - ly I pound.
bending all the more; I work still hard-er, bending all the more.
time of ev -'ry song, My hammer marks the time of ev-'ry song.

Birds in the Branches High

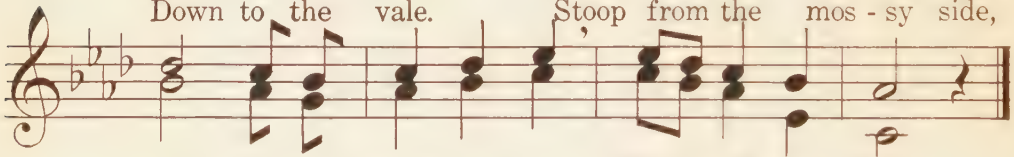
German Folk Song



1. Birds in the branches high Sing sweetest mel - o - dy,
2. Now flow'rs in thousands bloom, Rich in their sweet perfume,
3. Streams from the mountain high Onward flow peace - ful - ly,



Hid from our sight. List - 'ners from far and near
Scen-ting the air. They with their col - ors bright
Down to the vale. Stoop from the mos - sy side,

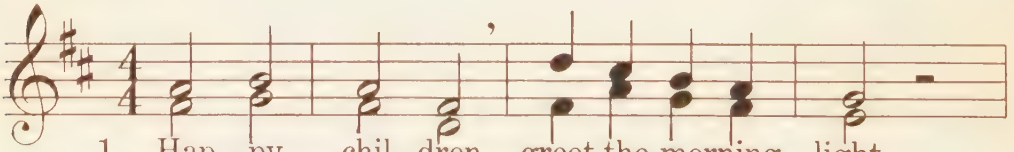


Gath - er their songs to hear, Filled with de - light.
Give to the eye de - light, Spring-ing so fair.
Drink while the wa - ters glide, On thro' the dale.

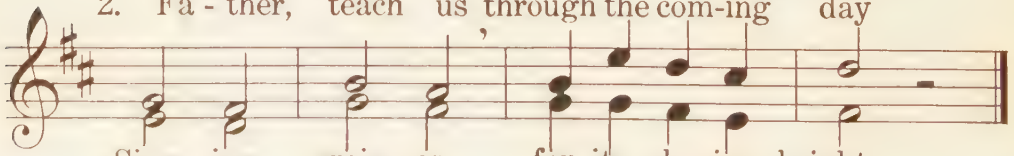
Morning Prayer

Genevieve Fox
From the German

German Folk Song



1. Hap - py chil - dren greet the morning light,
2. Fa - ther, teach us through the com-ing day



Sing - ing prais - es for its glo-ries bright.
How to serve Thee in our work and play.

Planting the Bulbs

Minnie Leona Upton

Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

mf

1. Tuck them in with soft brown earth, Un - til they're snug and
2. Now we'll leave the ba - by plants, And let them go to

mf

p

warm; Lit - tle bulbs must nev-er feel, Lit - tle
sleep; When the springtime bids them wake, When the

p

Lit - tle bulbs must nev - er
When the springtime bids them

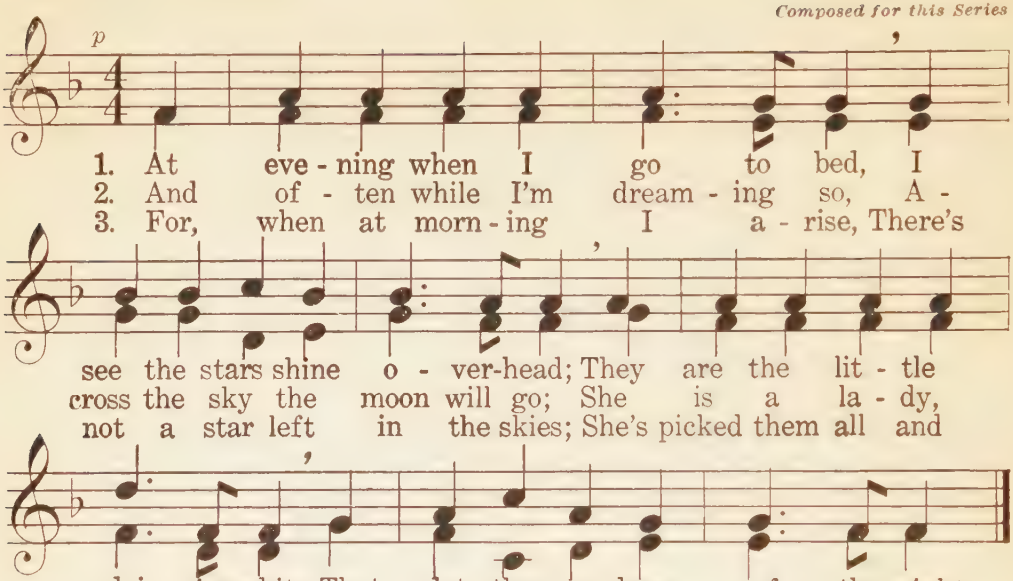
bulbs must nev - er feel The winter's cold and storm.
springtime bids them wake, Thro' frost and snow they'll peep.

feel The winter's cold, the winter's cold and storm.
wake, Thro' frost and snow, thro' frost and snow they'll peep.

Star Daisies

Frank Dempster Sherman

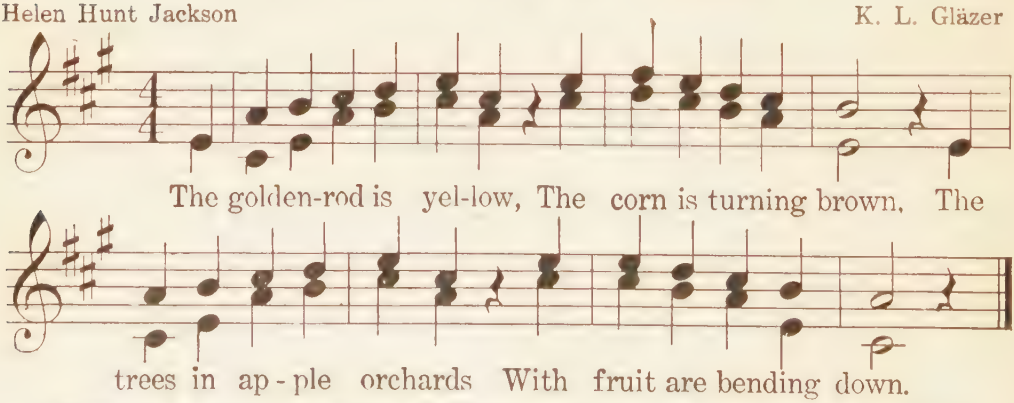
Carl Busch
Composed for this Series



The Goldenrod is Yellow*

Helen Hunt Jackson

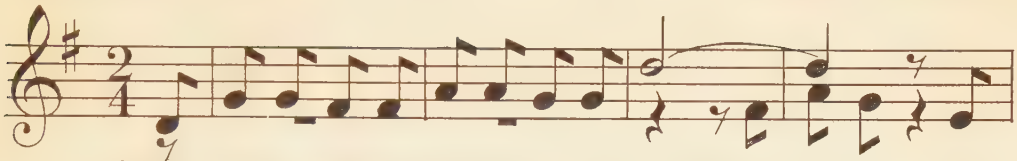
K. L. Gläzer



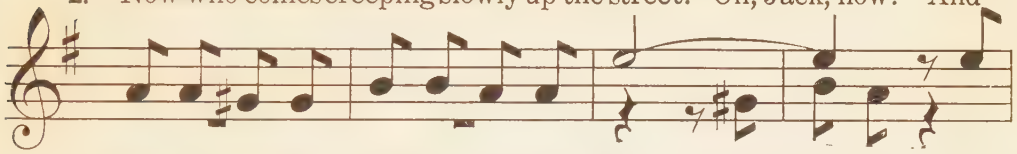
* *From "Poems," by Helen Hunt Jackson, copyright, 1892, by Roberts Brothers*

The Penny

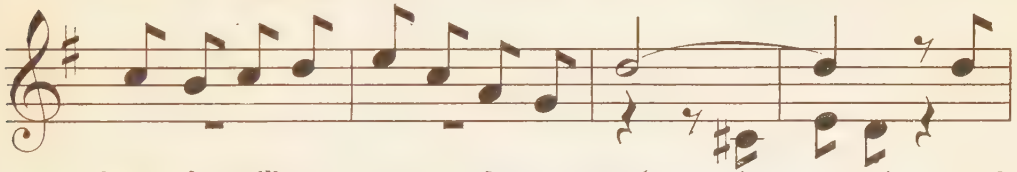
Ann Underhill — Catharina van Rennes



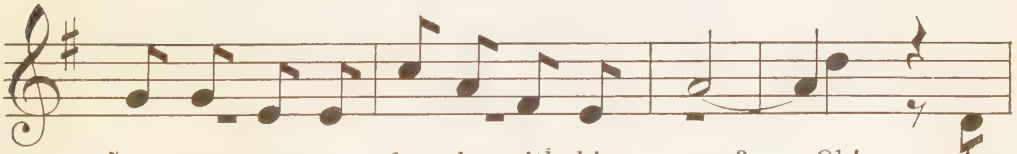
1. Who clatters up the street so fine and grand? Why, Jack, Sir! And
2. Now who comes creeping slowly up the street? Oh, Jack, now! And



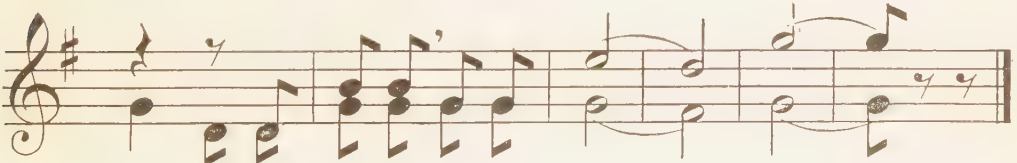
what is that he carries in his hand? A sack, Sir! New
what is dragging limp-ly at his feet? The sack, now! A



boots he will be buying, do you say? A many! And
stick of can-dy he is chew-ing; Fie! The pen-ny? Has



how much mon-ey has he with him, pray? Oh! A
Jack the boots that he went out to buy? No! Not



pen - ny, One penny, Just a pen - ny! ——
a - ny. Not a - ny. No, not a - ny! ——

Slowly Creeping Shadows Fall

RHYTHM STUDY

Abbie Farwell Brown — Adolf Weidig

Slow-ly creeping shadows fall. Darkness gathers o - ver all.

Comes the night, All is still Un-der-neath the stars.

Little Lambs

Ethel B. Howard — Moritz Vogel

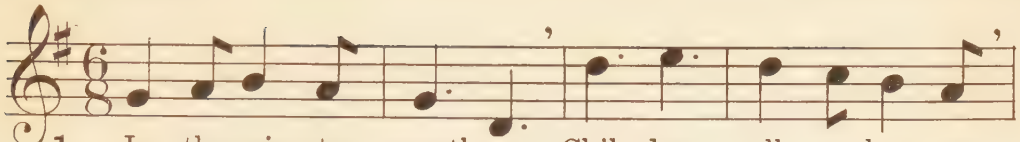
From the German

1. Lit-tle lambs, as white as snow, A-mong the meadow flow'rs,
2. Home they come at close of day, Like children tired of playing;

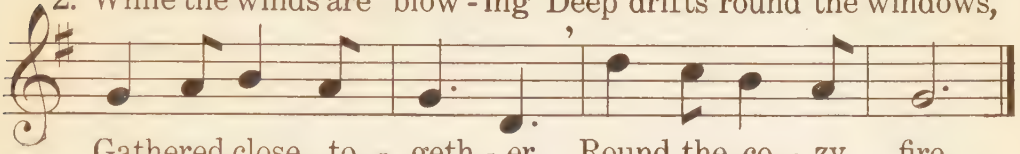
Browse and play and wander slow Thro' all the day's bright hours.
Shepherd shows the eas - y way And keeps his lambs from straying.

Winter Cheer

Nellie Poorman — French Folk Song



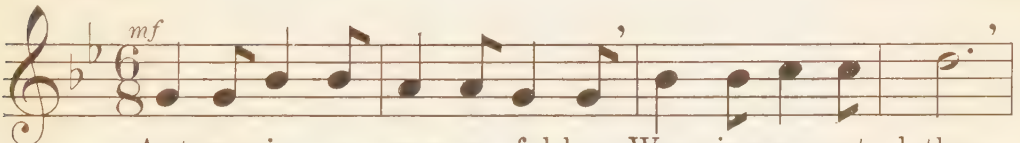
1. In the win - ter weath-er Chil - dren all are hap - py,
2. While the winds are blow - ing Deep drifts round the windows,



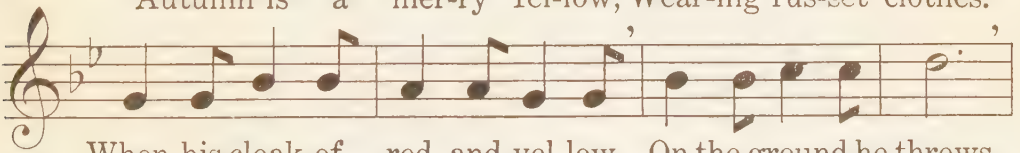
Gathered close to - geth - er, Round the co - zy fire.
Pop-corn flakes are snow - ing By the cheer - y fire.

Merry Autumn

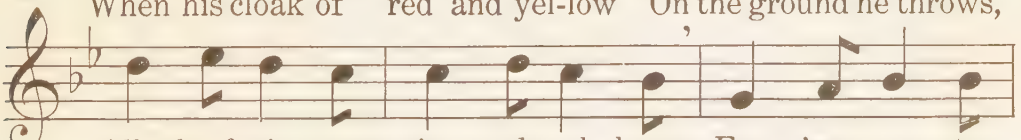
May Morgan — French Folk Song



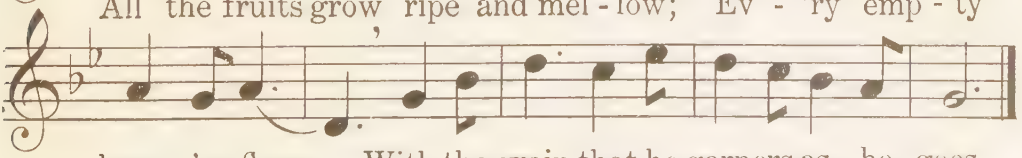
Autumn is a mer-ry fel-low, Wear-ing rus-set clothes.



When his cloak of red and yel-low On the ground he throws,



All the fruits grow ripe and mel - low; Ev - 'ry emp - ty

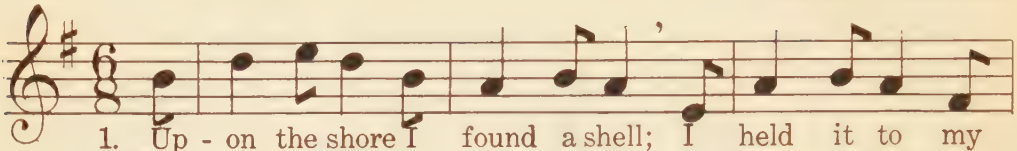


barn o'er-flows — With the grain that he garners as he goes.

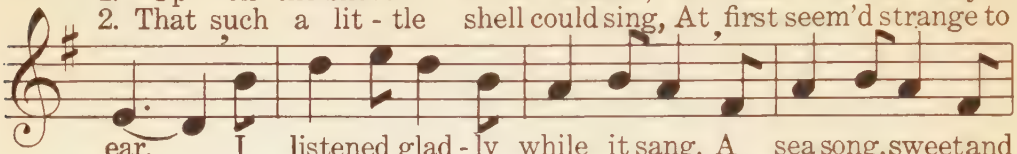
The Shell

Rebecca B. Foresman

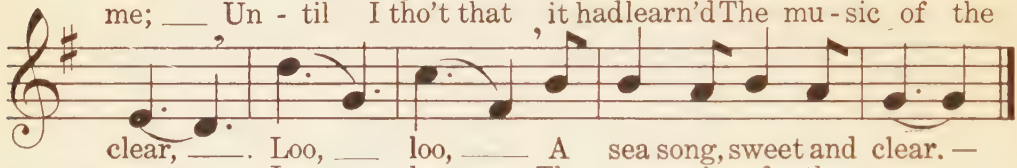
Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series



1. Up - on the shore I found a shell; I held it to my
2. That such a lit - tle shell could sing, At first seem'd strange to



ear. I listened glad - ly while it sang, A sea song, sweet and
me; Un - til I tho't that it had learn'd The mu - sic of the

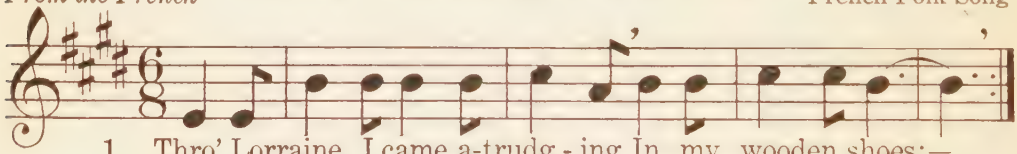


clear, Loo, loo, A sea song, sweet and clear.
sea, Loo, loo, The mu - sic of the sea.

Going Through Lorraine

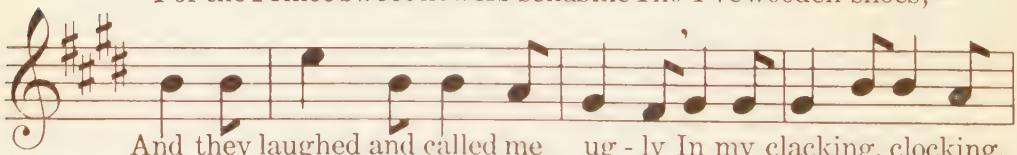
Genevieve Fox
From the French

French Folk Song

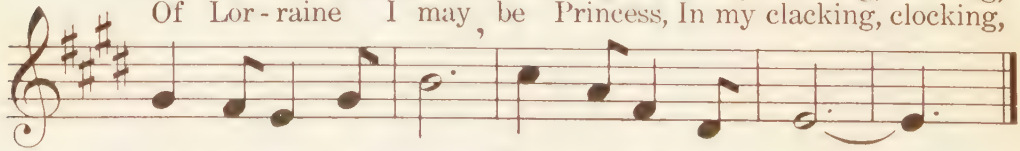


1. Thro' Lorraine I came a-trudg - ing In my wooden shoes;—
Met three captains gayly marching, Oh! my wooden shoes!—

2. Yet per-haps I'm not so ug - ly In my wooden shoes,—
For the Prince sweet flowers sends me Tho' I've wooden shoes;—



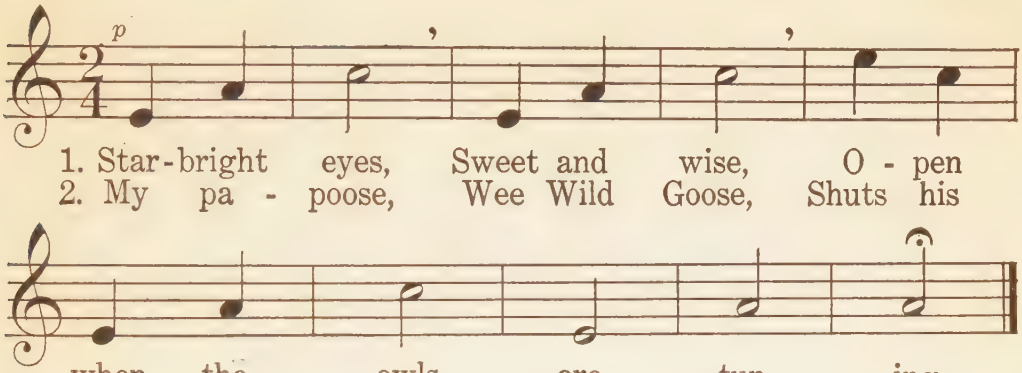
And they laughed and called me ug - ly In my clacking, clocking,
Of Lor - raine I may be Princess, In my clacking, clocking,



clumping wooden shoes, Clumping wooden shoes.

Cherokee Cradle Song

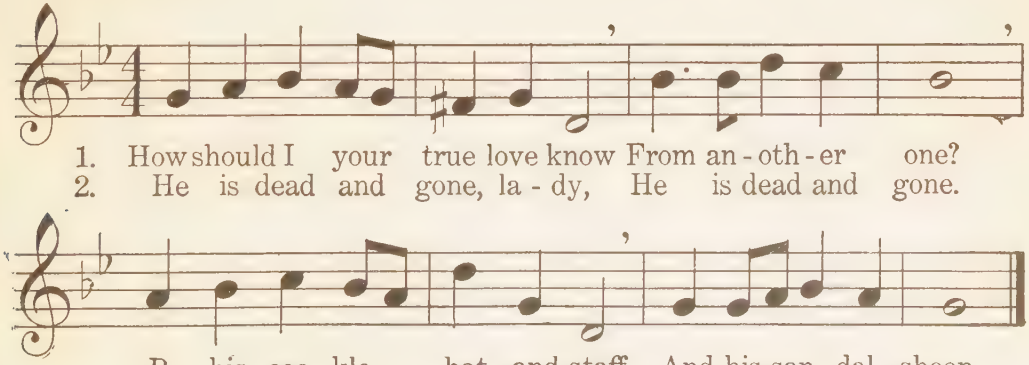
M. Louise Baum — Cherokee Air



How Should I Your True Love Know

William Shakespeare
From *Hamlet*

Old English Song



The Little Tree

Ethel B. Howard
From the German

Ernst Schmid

p *mf*

1. Lit-tle tree, you sad-den me! Withered, old, in the cold,
2. Lit-tle tree, be glad in-stead! With its snows win-ter goes;

Thin-ly clad you seem to be. Leaves so frail, from the gale,
Spring will show you are not dead. She will make life a-wake,

p

Rustling, flutt'ring, wildly flee. How you shiv-er, lit-tle tree!
Bring new leaves and blossoms red, Lit-tle tree, with drooping head!

In the Sleigh

Seymour Barnard
From the French

Swedish Folk Song

mf

1. Hip, hoo-ray! A snug sleigh, And cold be the day!
2. Ear-ly, late, we skate, skate, All ice is the bay!

p

Fingers wring and arms swing To drive frost a-way; In the
When were feet so fleet, fleet, And when lads so gay? In the

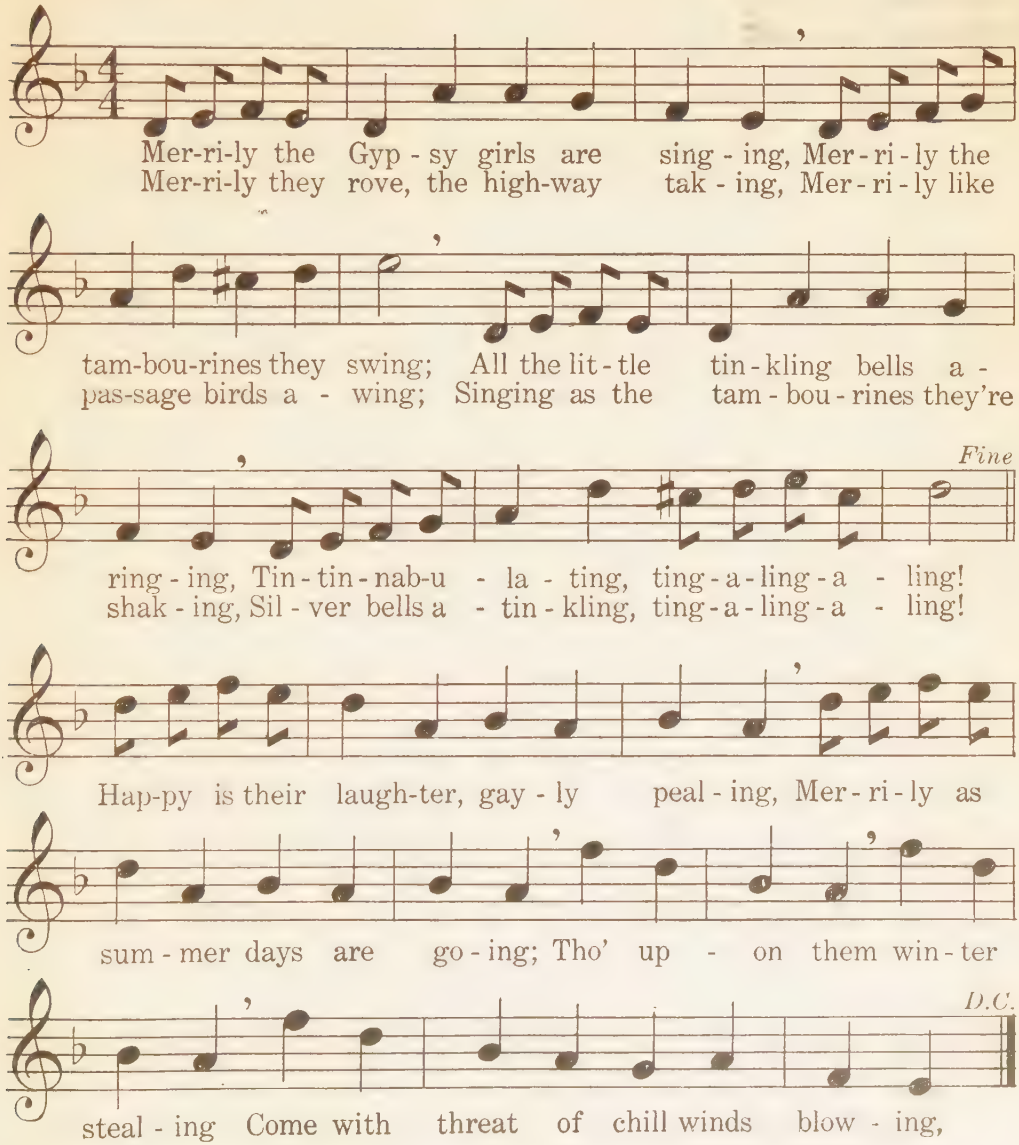
f *a tempo*

cold Nor-way! Hie, Jack Frost, can you beat a sleigh?
cold Nor-way! Hie, Jack Frost, you are miles a-way!

The Tambourines

Frederick C. Martens
From the French

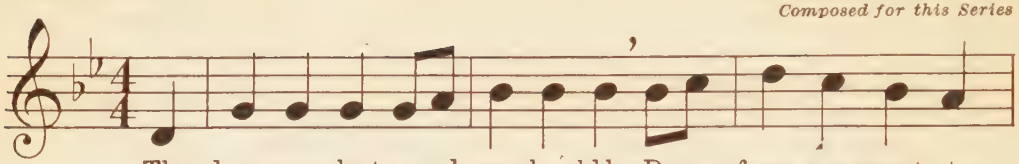
Jean Philippe Rameau



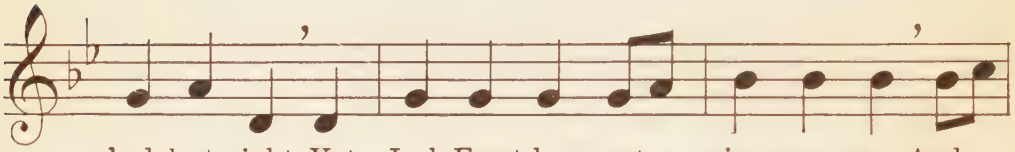
Jack Frost

Gabriel Setoun

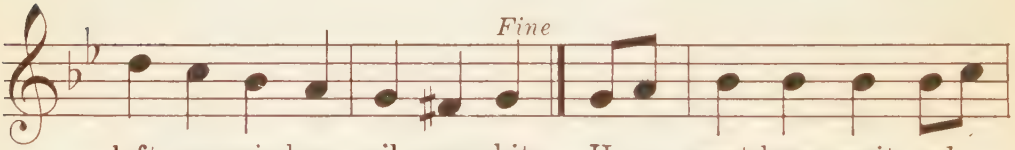
Marshall Bartholomew
Composed for this Series



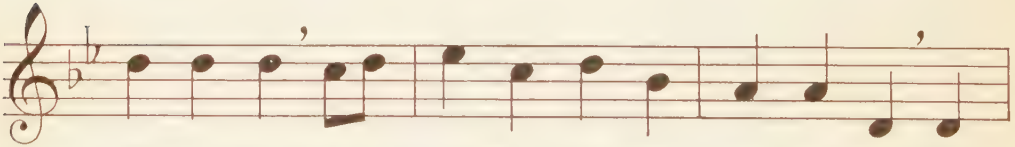
The door was shut, as doors should be, Be - fore you went to
And now you can-not see the hills Nor fields that stretch be-



bed last night; Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see, And
yond the lane; But there are fair - er things than these His



left your window sil - ver white. He must have wait - ed
fingers traced on ev - 'ry pane.



till you slept, And not a sin - gle word he spoke, But

pencilled o'er the panes and crept A - way again be-fore you woke.

The Old Shepherd

M. Louise Baum
From the German

Swiss Folk Song

Slowly
p

1. I heard a shep - herd play - ing, He piped in plain - tive
2. He piped a song of home - land, Where friends were nev - er

mf

tone; His thoughts a - far were stray - ing Where fair - er
cold; Of ver - dant field and wood - land With flow'rs that

p *ritard*

flow'rs had blown. Oh, how the winds in the pine tree moan!
star the mold. Summer is dead and the year is old.

Themes

1. From *The Fourth Symphony*

Robert Schumann

Allegro molto

2. From *The A Major Symphony*

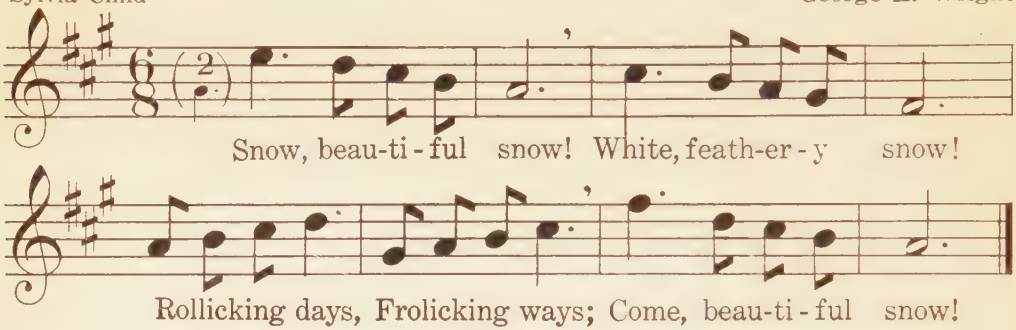
Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

Andante con moto

Snow, Beautiful Snow

RHYTHM STUDY

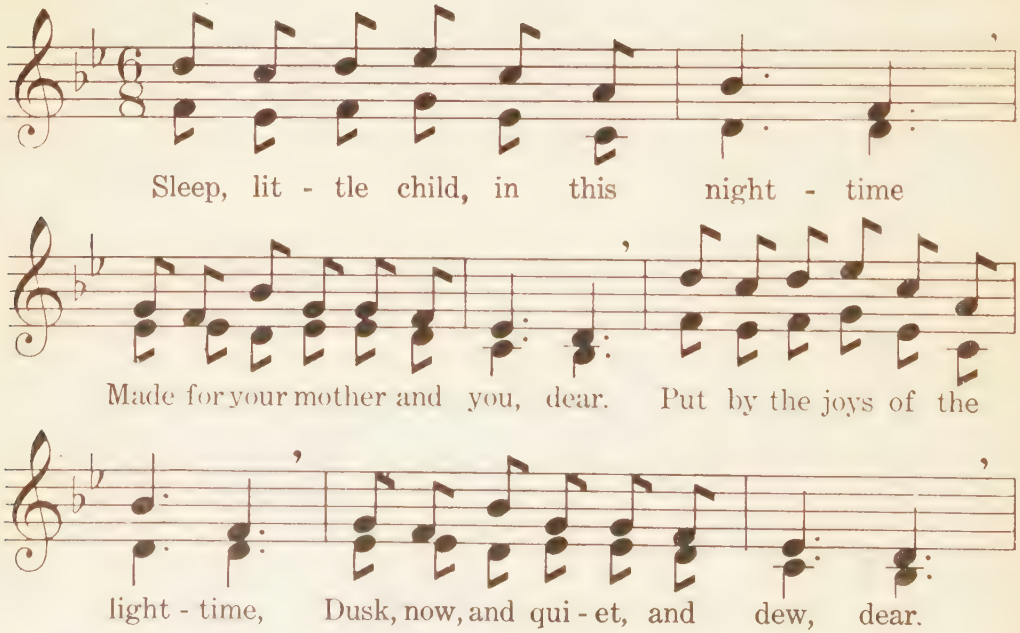
Sylvia Child — George L. Wright

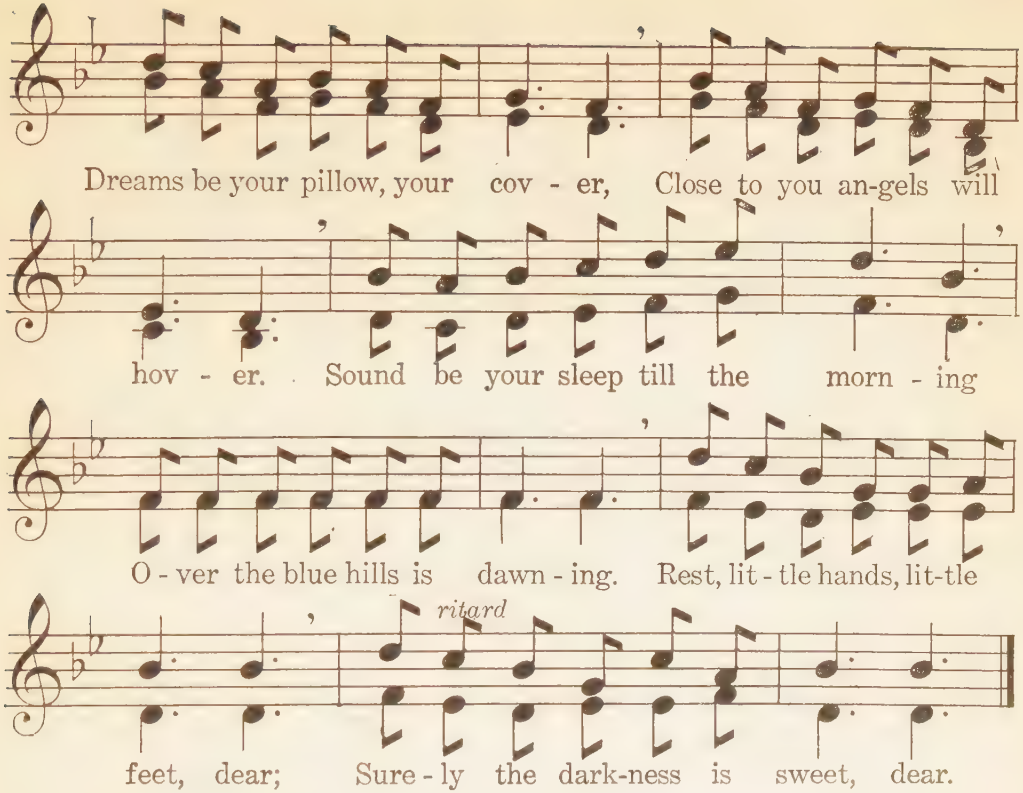


Sleep, Little Child

Nancy Byrd Turner — Italian Folk Song

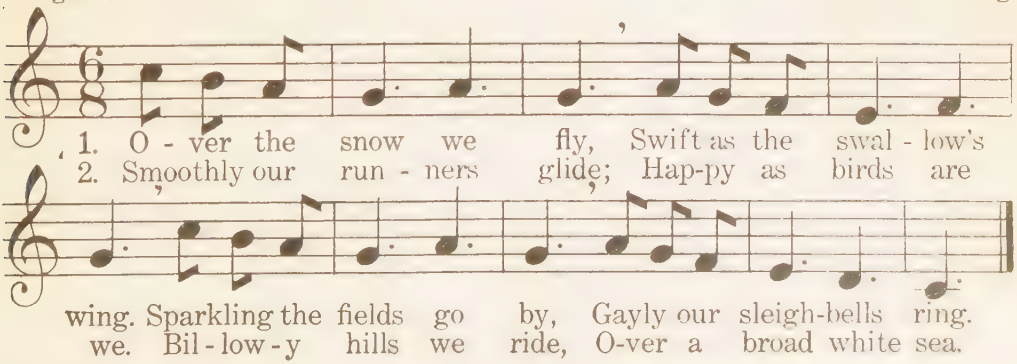
From the Italian





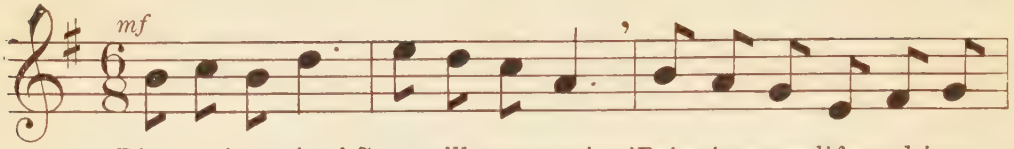
The Sleigh Ride

Margaret Aliona Dole — Canadian Folk Song



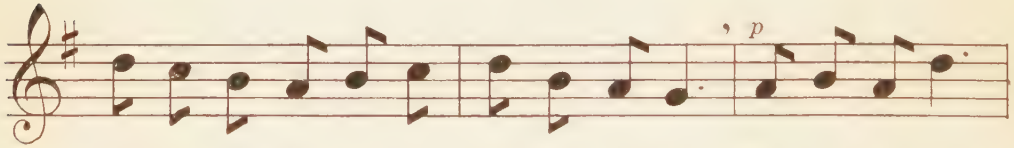
Ring-a-ting Ting

S. M. Rodgers — A. L. Abel



1. Ring-a-ting, ting! Soon will come spring! Bringing new life and joy,
2. But-ter-flies gay, Each sum-mer day, Mak - ing a round of mirth,

Ring - a - ting, ting! Bright sun - ny hours, Sweet gen-tle showers,
Glad-some will play. Chil - dren re - joice, Raise your glad voice;



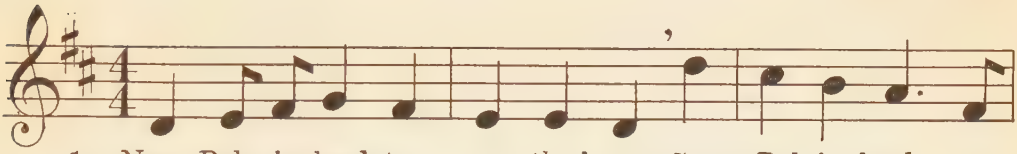
Call-ing to life a - gain Laps full of flow'rs. Ring-a-ting, ting!
Spring is so beau - ti - ful, Chil-dren re - joice! Ring-a-ting, ting!

Ring-a-ting, ting! Ring-a-ting, ring-a-ting, ting! Ring-a-ting, ting!

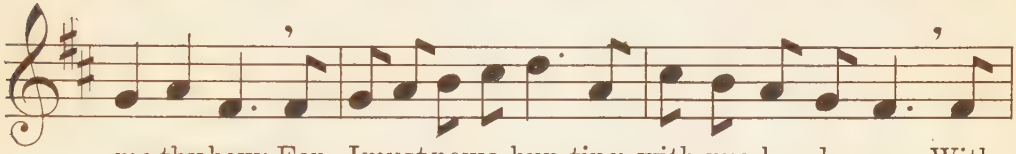
Ring - a - ting, ting! Ring - a - ting, ring - a - ting, ting!

Now, Robin, Lend to Me thy Bow

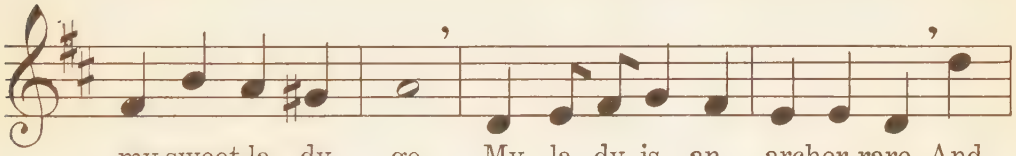
Old English Ballad



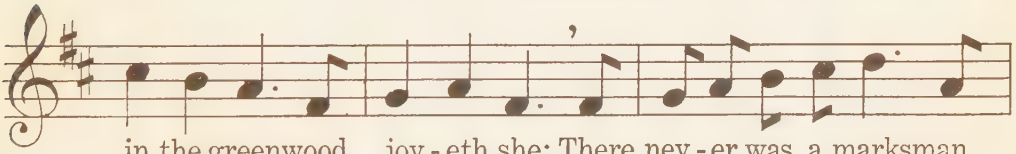
1. Now, Rob - in, lend to me thy bow; Sweet Rob-in, lend to
2. Her mas - ter in the archer's craft, A lit - tle wing - ed



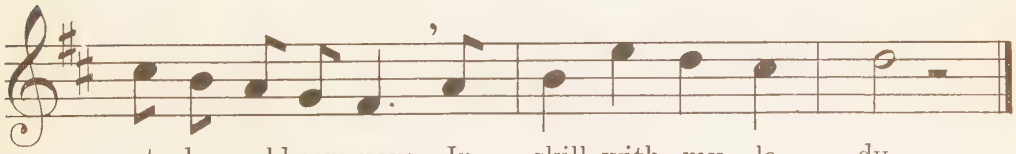
me thy bow; For I must now a-hun-ting with my la - dy go, With
boy is he. And winged, too, the hart must be that 'scapes the shaft Of



my sweet la - dy go. My la - dy is an archer rare, And
my be-lov'd la - dy. He teaches many a maid his art, And



in the greenwood joy - eth she; There nev - er was a marksman
nev-er asks for gift or fee; But none that e'er took aim with

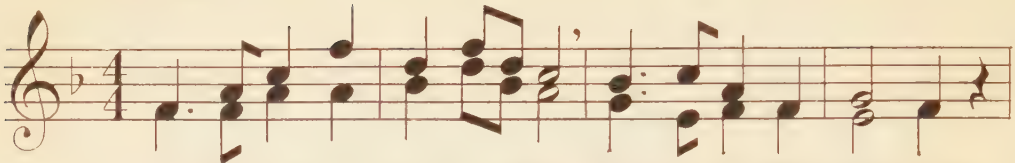


yet who could com-pare In skill with my la - dy.
Cupid's pierc-ing dart Could match with my la - dy.

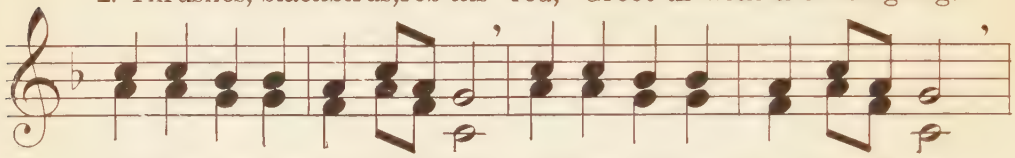
The Birds' Return

George Jay Smith
From the German

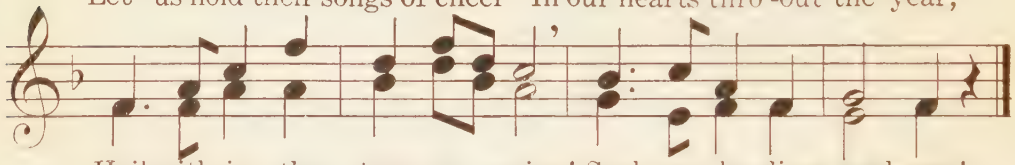
German Folk Song



1. All the birds will come a - gain, Bringing with them glad-ness;
2. Thrushes, blackbirds, rob-ins red, Greet us with their sing-ing.



How they twitter, whis-tle, sing, Piping, trill-ing, chat - ter - ing;
Let us hold their songs of cheer In our hearts thro'-out the year;

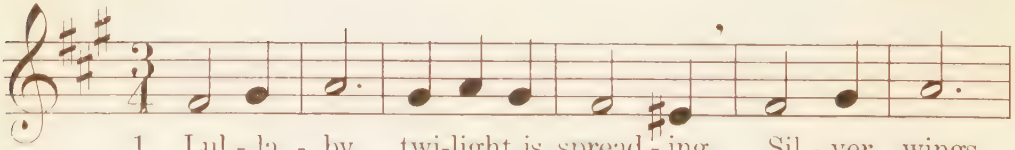


Hail with joy the hap - py spring! Such me - lo - dious mad-ness!
And, when fields are dead and sear, Keep their songs still ring-ing.

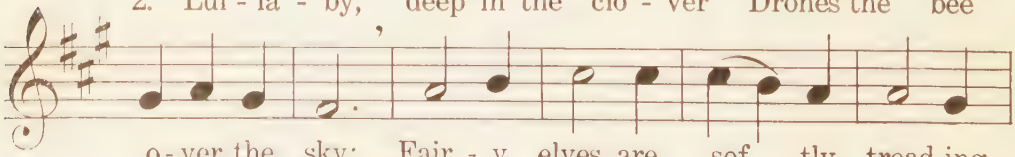
A Basque Lullaby

Florence Hoare

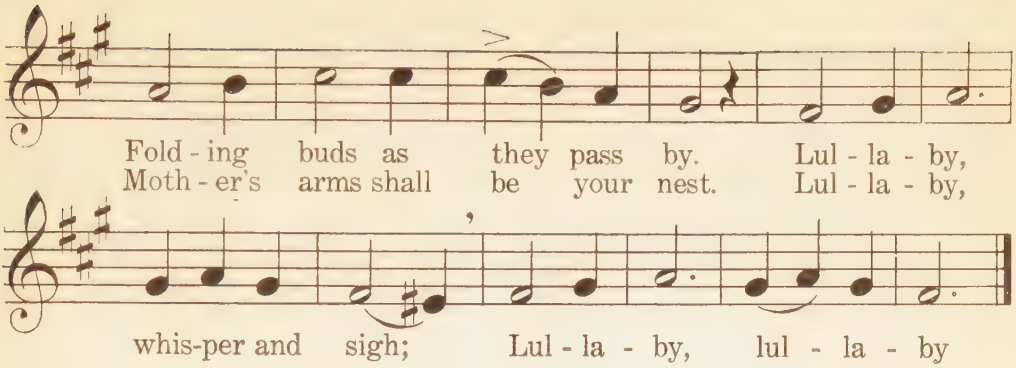
Basque Air



1. Lul - la - by, twi-light is spread - ing Sil - ver wings
2. Lul - la - by, deep in the clo - ver Drones the bee

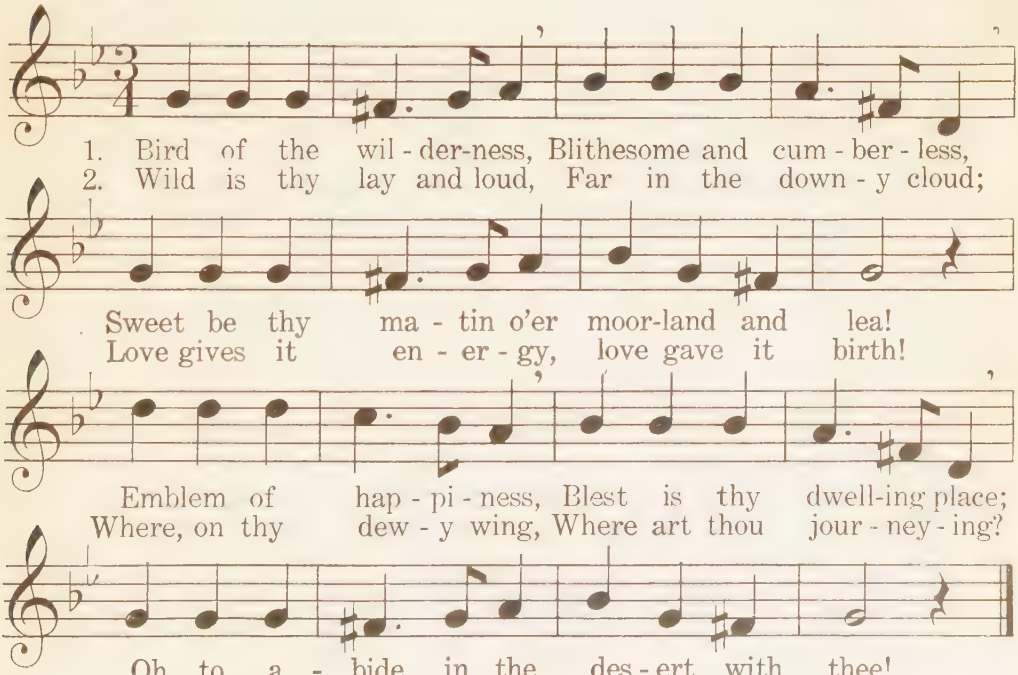


o - ver the sky; Fair - y elves are sof - tly tread-ing,
sof-tly to rest; Close white lids your dear eyes o - ver,



The Skylark

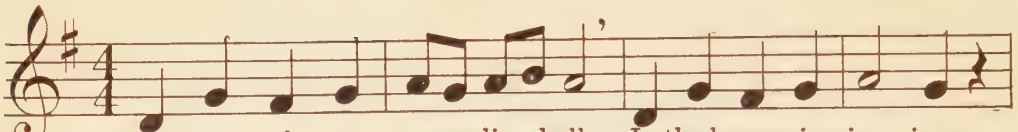
James Hogg — Swedish Folk Song



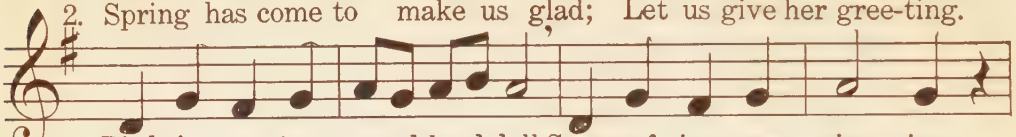
A Song for Spring

Thomas Phillipson

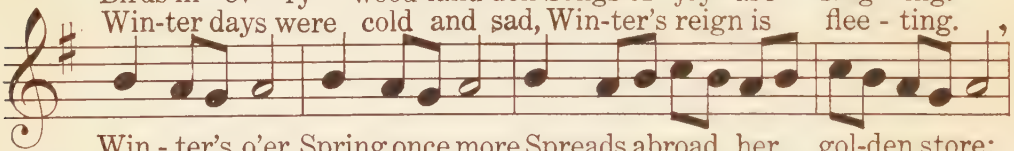
English Folk Song



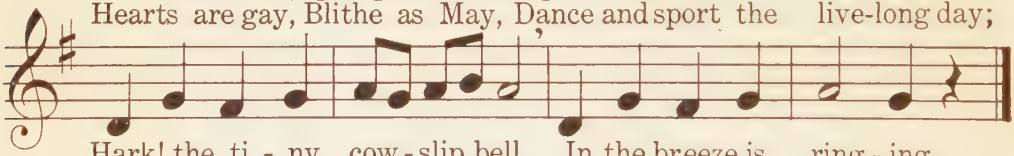
1. Hark! the ti - ny cow-slip bell In the breeze is ring - ing;
2. Spring has come to make us glad; Let us give her gree-ting.



Birds in ev - 'ry wood-land dell Songs of joy are sing - ing.
Win-ter days were cold and sad, Win-ter's reign is flee - ting.



Win - ter's o'er, Spring once more Spreads abroad her gol-den store;
Hearts are gay, Blithe as May, Dance and sport the live-long day;

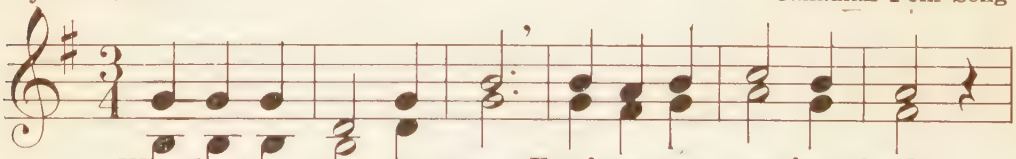


Hark! the ti - ny cow - slip bell In the breeze is ring - ing.
Spring has come to make us glad; Let us give her gree - ting.

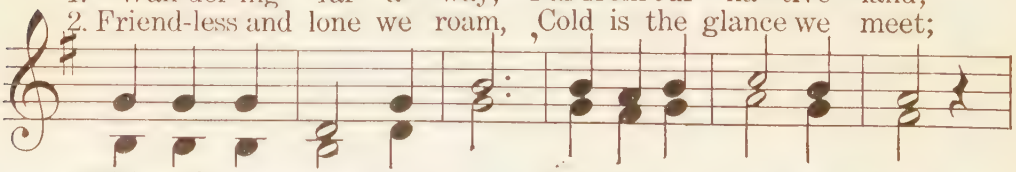
Wandering

Seymour Barnard

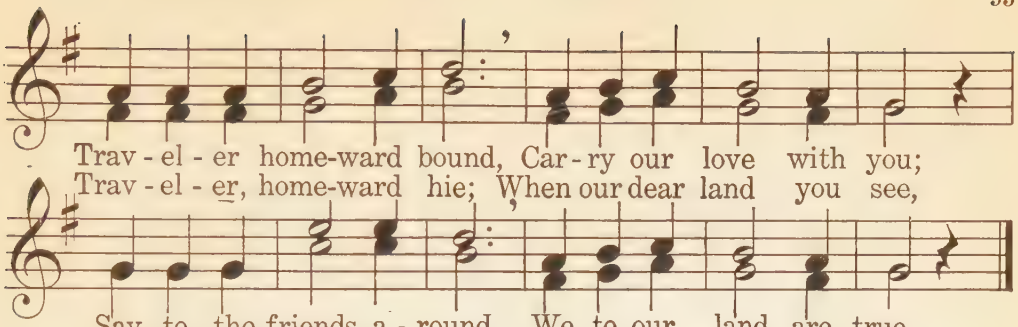
Canadian Folk Song



1. Wan-der-ing far a - way, Far from our na - tive land;
2. Friend-less and lone we roam, Cold is the glance we meet;



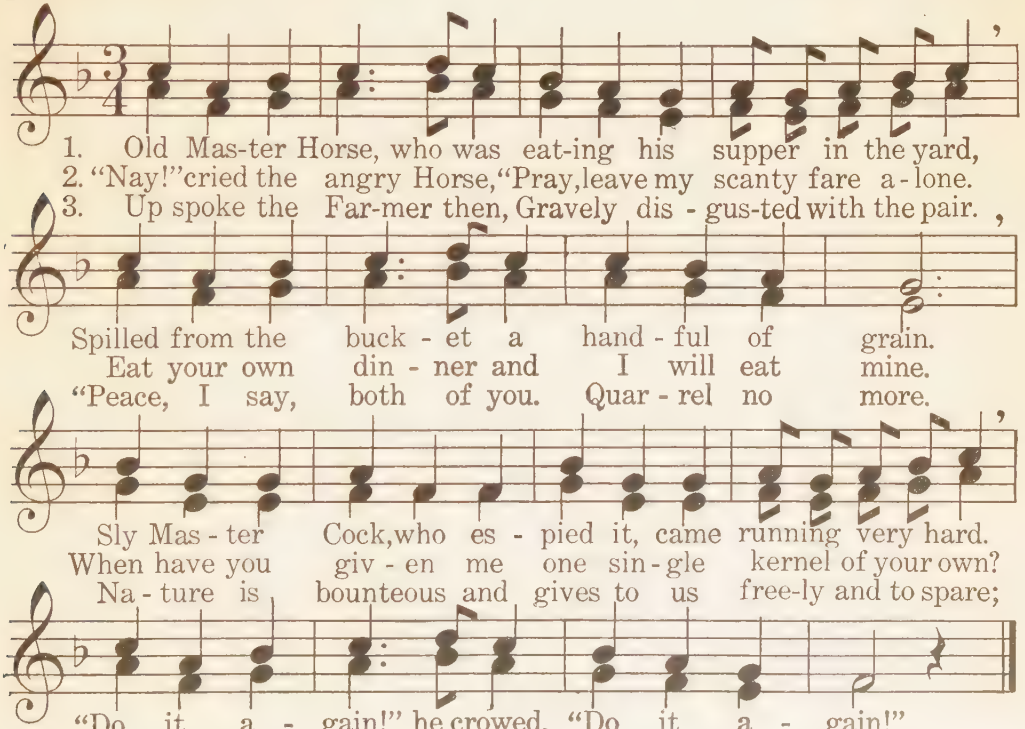
With each suc - ceed - ing day, Further our dis - tant strand.
Ah, for the van-ished home! Ah, for our land so sweet!



Horse and Cock

Abbie Farwell Brown — French Folk Song

From the French



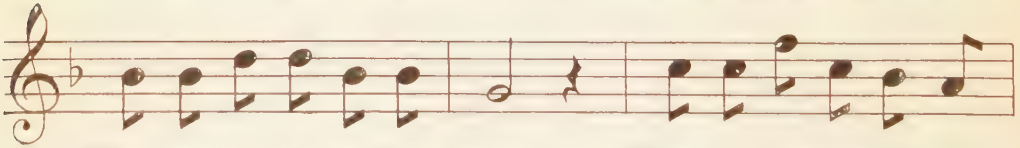
The Fairies

Rebecca B. Foresman W. W. Gilchrist

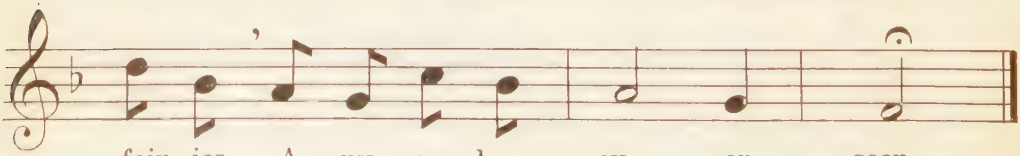
1. Once I longed to see the fair - ies, So I rose be-fore the
2. Some were bu - sy blow-ing bub-bles; Some in cob-web hammocks

sun, For I knew that with the sun-light They would
swung; Oth - ers gath-ered dain - ty rose leaves, On which

vanish, ev - 'ry one. So I chose the proper mo-ment;
lit-tle dew-drops hung. If you want to see the fair - ies



There, a-danc-ing on the green, Were the dear-est lit - tle
At their mer-ry lit - tle tricks You must rise up ve - ry

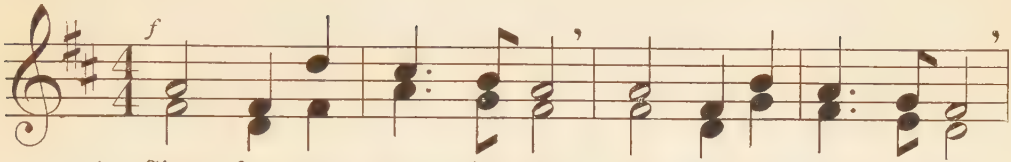


fair - ies A - ny - one has ev - er seen.
ear - ly, Long be - fore the clock strikes six.

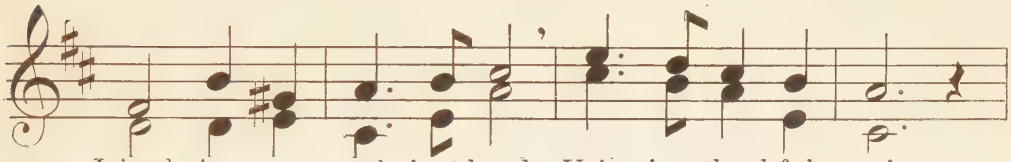
Patriot's Song

Ethel B. Howard
From the German

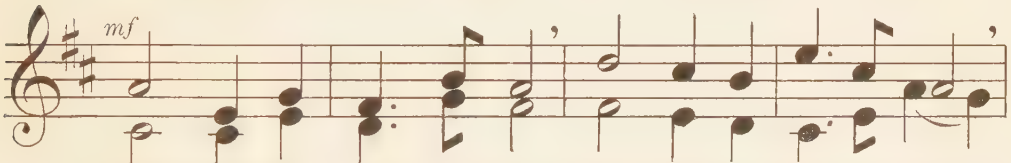
Franz Lachner



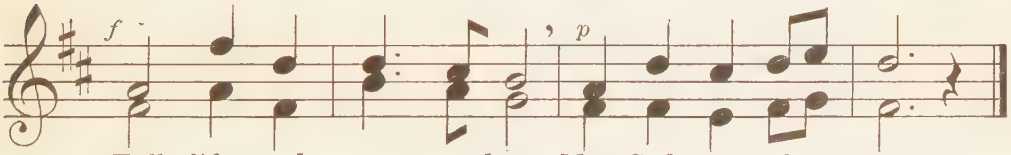
1. Sing for our na - tive land! Let us, her peo - ple, stand
2. World-wide, in ev - 'ry zone, Well is her ban-ner known,



Joined in a val - iant band, Voic - ing thankful praise.
Yet not for might a - lone Love we most our land.



Strong arms her fields to reap, Brave hearts her homes to keep,
Hon - or, un - stained and bright, Free-dom, a ho - ly light,

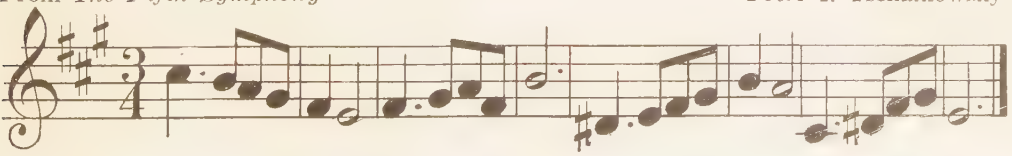


Full life and cour-age deep, May God grant al - ways.
Strong ar - dor for the right; These our love com - mand.

Theme

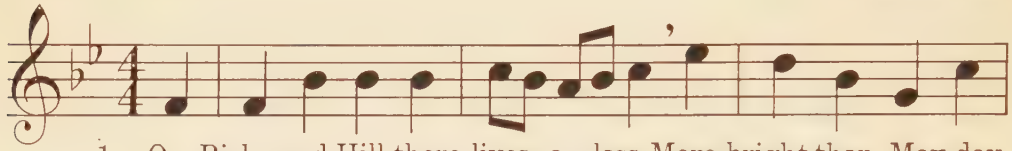
From *The Fifth Symphony*

Peter I. Tschaikowsky

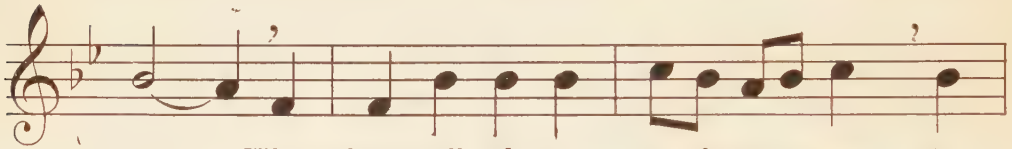


The Lass of Richmond Hill

Leonard MacNally — James Hook

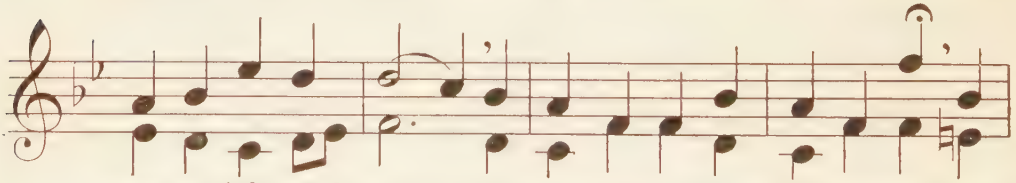


1. On Richmond Hill there lives a lass More bright than May-day
2. Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air, And wan-ton thro' the
3. How hap-py will the shepherd be Who calls this nymph his

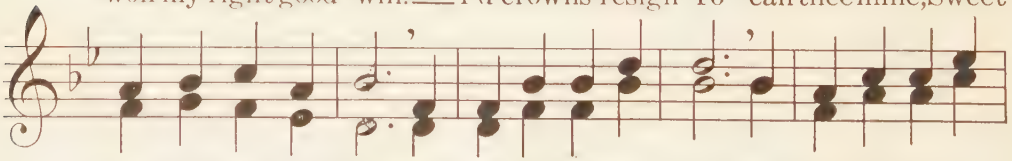


morn, ___ Whose charms all oth - er maids sur - pass, A
grove, ___ Oh, whis - per to my charm-ing fair, "I'd
own! ___ Oh, may her choice be fixed on me! Mine's

rose with-out a thorn.
die for her I love." } This lass so neat, With smiles so sweet, Has
fix'd on her a - lone.



won my right good will. ___ I'd crowns resign To call thee mine, Sweet



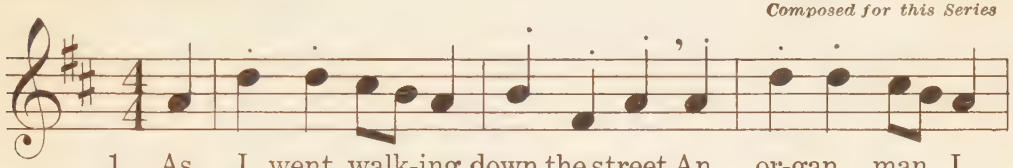
lass of Richmond Hill, Sweet lass of Richmond Hill, Sweet lass of Richm'd

Hill; I'd crowns resign To call thee mine, Sweet lass of Richm'd Hill.

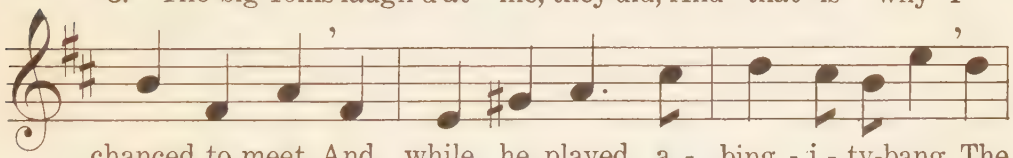
An Adventure

Wilhelmina Seegmiller

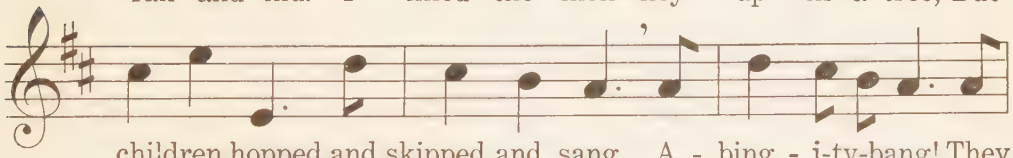
Adolf Weidig
Composed for this Series



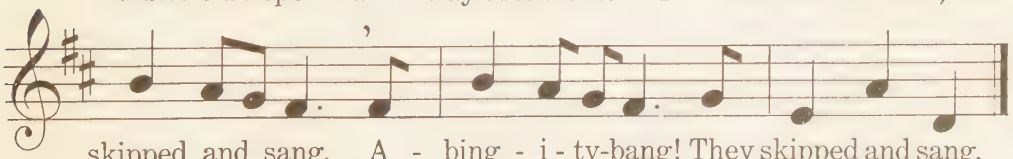
1. As I went walk-ing down the street An or-gan man I
2. The mon-key wore up - on his head Quite jaun - ti - ly a
3. The big folks laugh'd at me, they did, And that is why I



chanced to meet, And while he played, a - bing - i - ty-bang, The
cap of red. 'Twas fun to see him climb up a tree, But
ran and hid. I liked the mon - key up in a tree, But



children hopped and skipped and sang. A - bing - i-ty-bang! They
when he held that cap to me, It spoiled all the play; I
wish he'd kept a - way from me. I had not a cent; A-



skipped and sang. A - bing - i - ty-bang! They skipped and sang.
ran a - way. It spoiled all the play; I ran a - way.
way I went. I had not a cent; A - way I went!

The Cavalier

Sir Walter Scott — English Folk Song

1. While the dawn on the mountain was mis - ty and gray, My
2. He has doff'd the silk doub-let, the breastplate to bear; Has

true love has moun - ted his steed, and a - way, O - ver
placed the steel cap o'er his long, flow - ing hair; From his

hill, o - ver val - ley, o'er dale and o'er down; Heav'n
belt to his stir - rup his broadsword hangs down; Heav'n

shield the brave Gal - lant that fights for the Crown!

A Prayer for Little Children

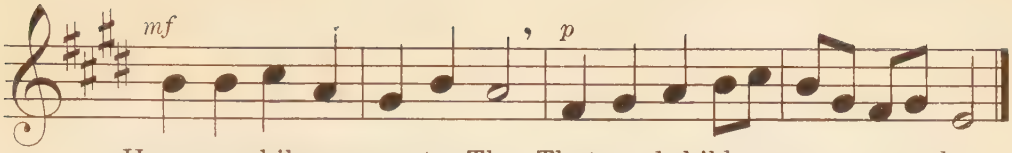
Edith C. Rice — E. R. Kroeger

Composed for this Series

p

Help us, Lord, to be to-day Ve-ry kind in ___ all our play.

Make us helpful, make us strong; Show us what is right or wrong.

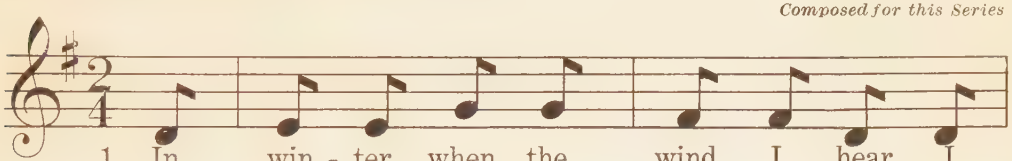


Hear us while we pray to Thee That good children we may be.

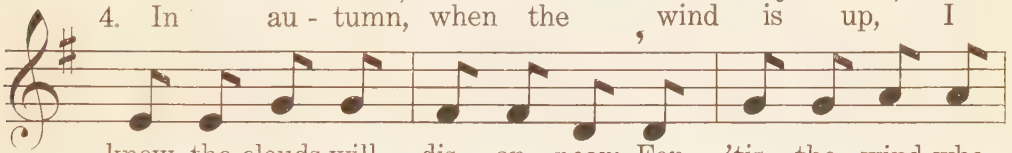
The Four Winds

Frank Dempster Sherman

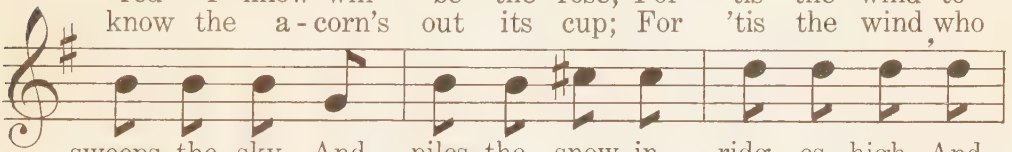
Adam Geibel
Composed for this Series



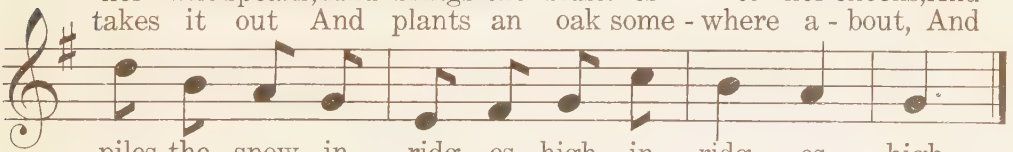
1. In win - ter, when the wind I hear, I
2. In spring, when stirs the wind, I know That
3. In sum - mer, when it sof - tly blows, Soon
4. In au - tumn, when the wind is up, I



know the clouds will dis - ap - pear; For 'tis the wind who
soon the cro - cus buds will show; For 'tis the wind who
red I know will be the rose; For 'tis the wind to
know the a - corn's out its cup; For 'tis the wind who



sweeps the sky And piles the snow in ridg - es high, And
bids them wake And in - to pret - ty blos-soms break, And
her who speaks, And brings the blush - es to her cheeks, And
takes it out And plants an oak some - where a - bout, And

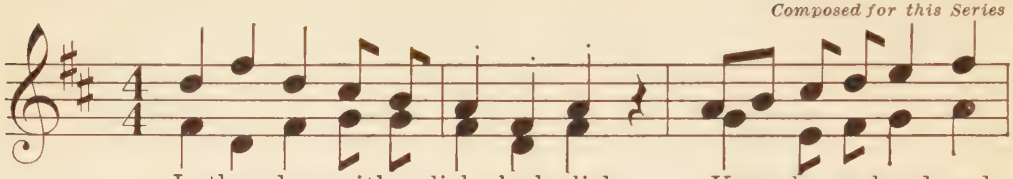


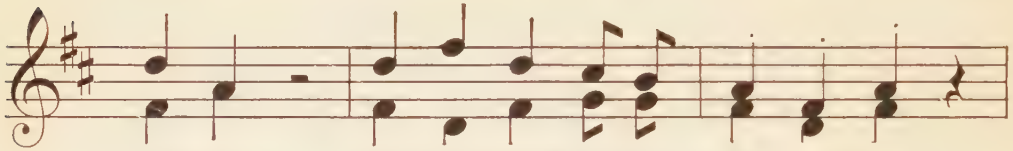
piles the snow in ridg - es high, in ridg - es high.
in - to pret - ty blos-soms, pret - ty blos - soms break.
brings the blush - es, brings the blush - es to her cheeks.
plants an oak some - where a - bout, some-where a - bout.

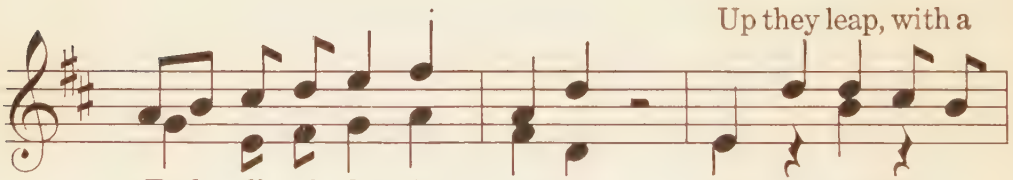
Pop Corn Song

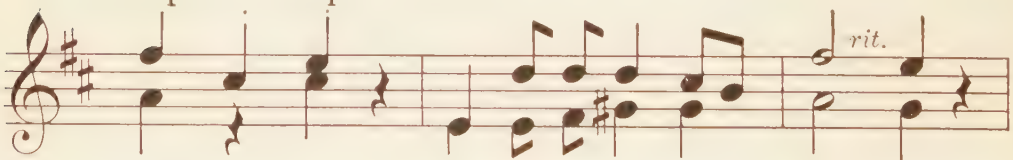
Sophia T. Newman

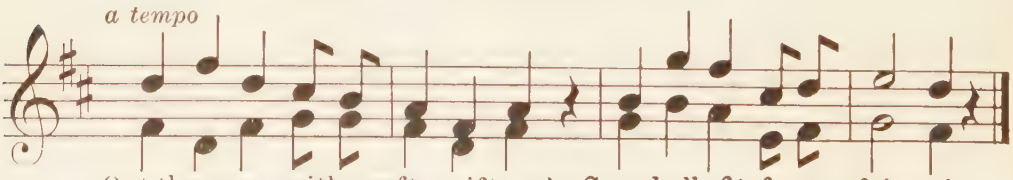
W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series







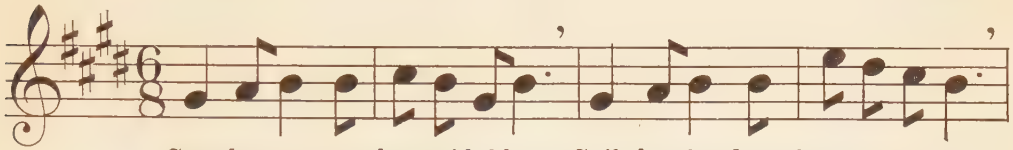




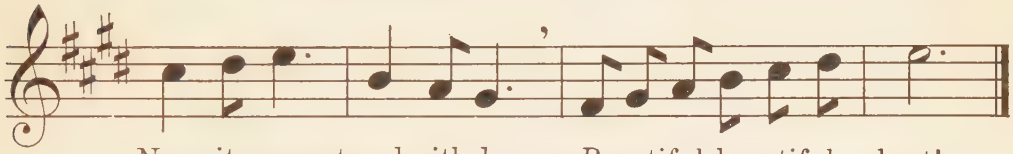
See the Moon

RHYTHM STUDY

Abbie Farwell Brown — Fr. H. Mayer



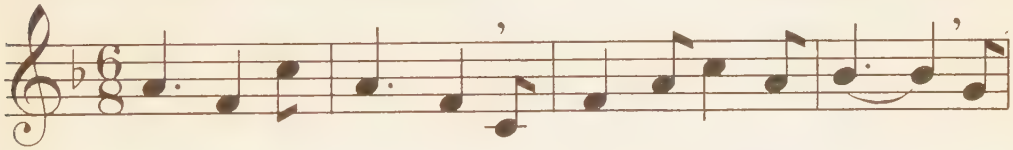
See the moon, a beautiful boat, Sail the clouds and merrily float.

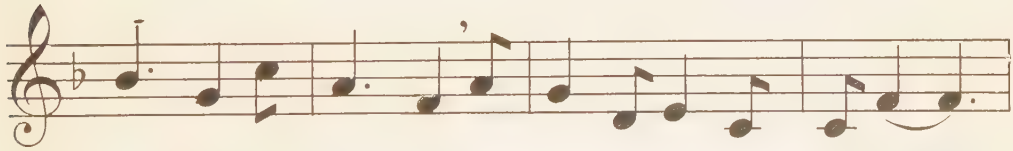


Now it seems stored with dreams; Beautiful, beautiful boat!

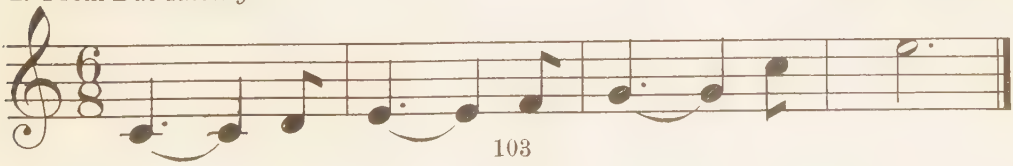
Themes

1. From *The Sixth (Pastoral) Symphony* — Ludwig van Beethoven





2. From *Das Rheingold* — Richard Wagner



The Merry-go-round

Florence C. Fox

Edward Elgar
Composed for this Series

Allegretto ♩= 96

mf

1. "Come ride, come ride," The
2. "My bars are long, My

p

p

wind-mill cried, "This mer - ry - go-round is free; Come
bolts are strong, As round and a-round we go! We

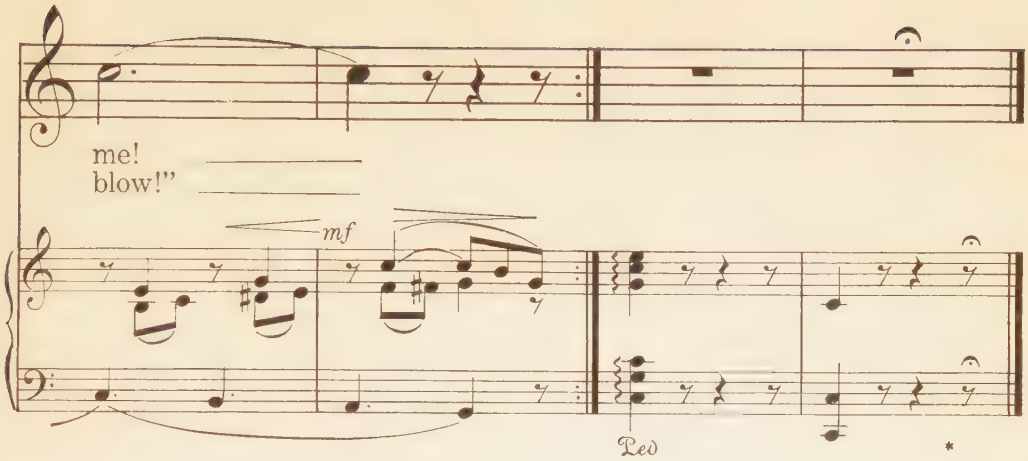
rit.

a tempo

breez - es all, Both great and small, Oh, come and ride with
ride, we ride," The wind - mill cried, "As long as winds shall

rit.

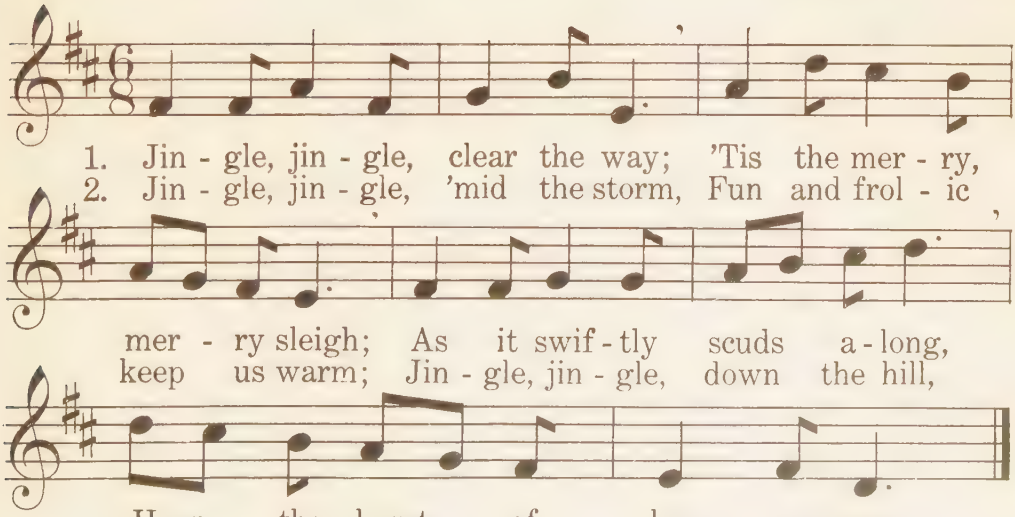
a tempo



Sleigh Song

G. W. Pettee

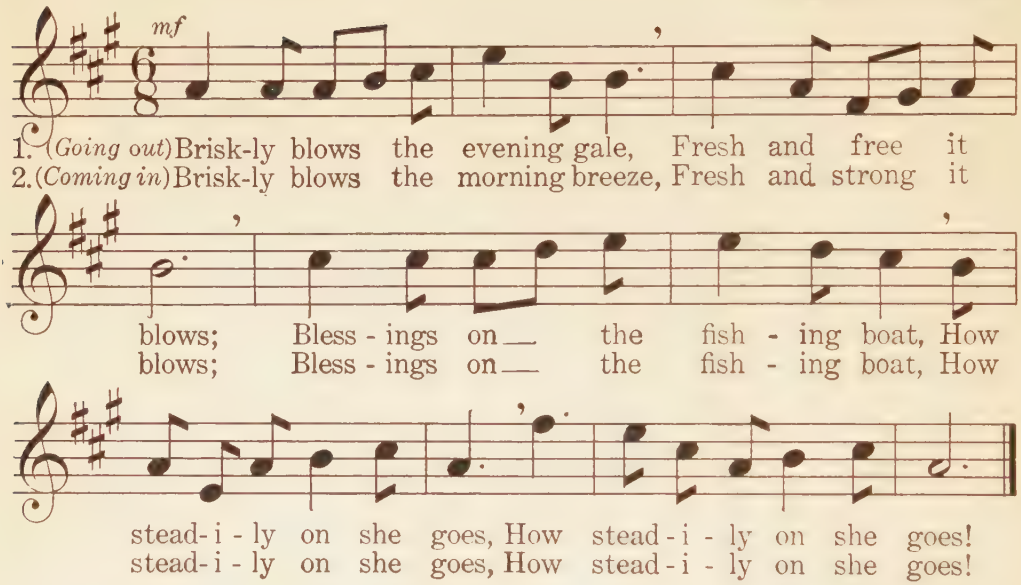
George B. Nevin
Composed for this Series



The Fishing Boat

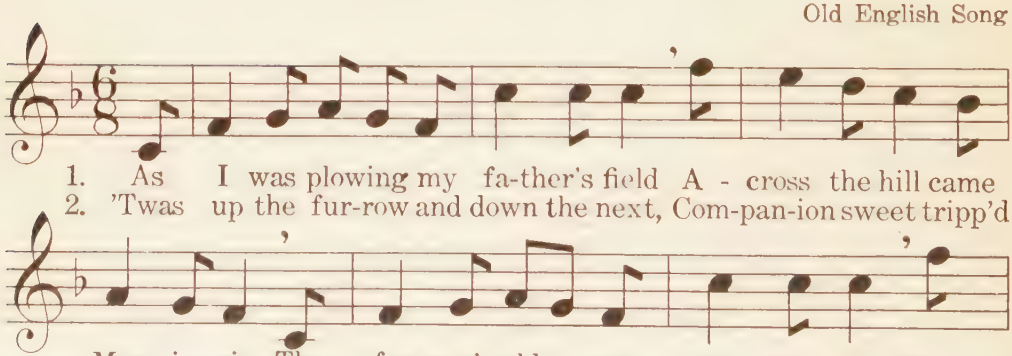
Mary Howitt

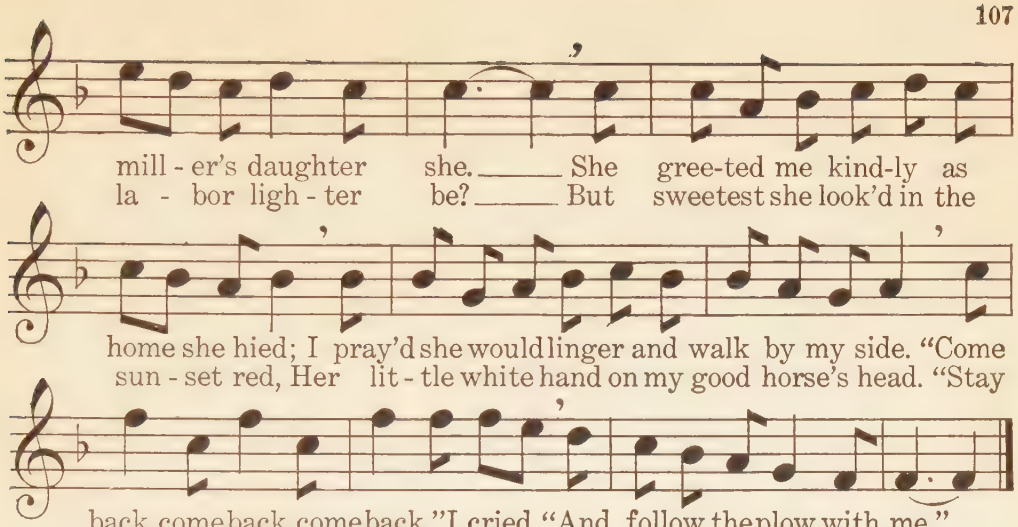
Felix Borowski
Composed for this Series



Follow the Plow with Me

Old English Song

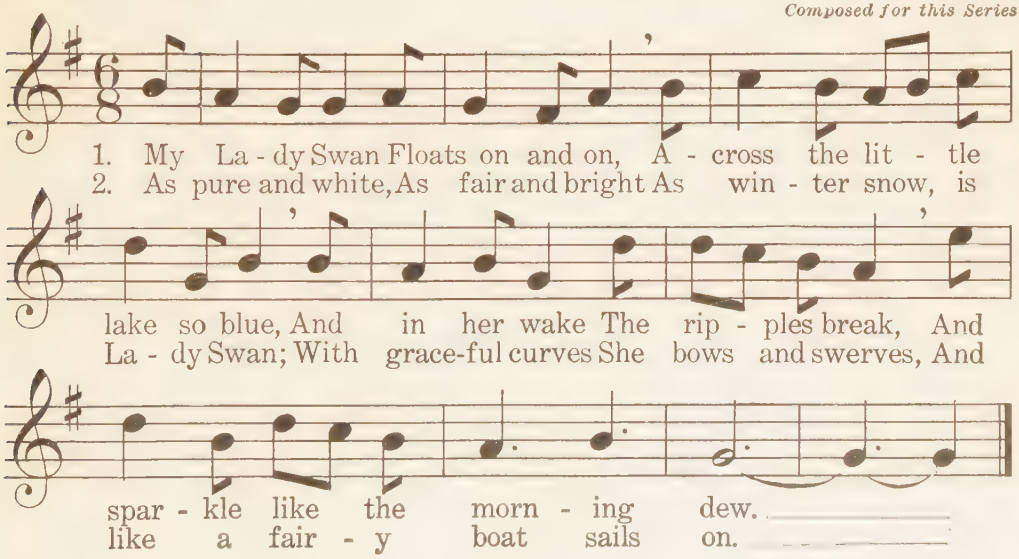




My Lady Swan

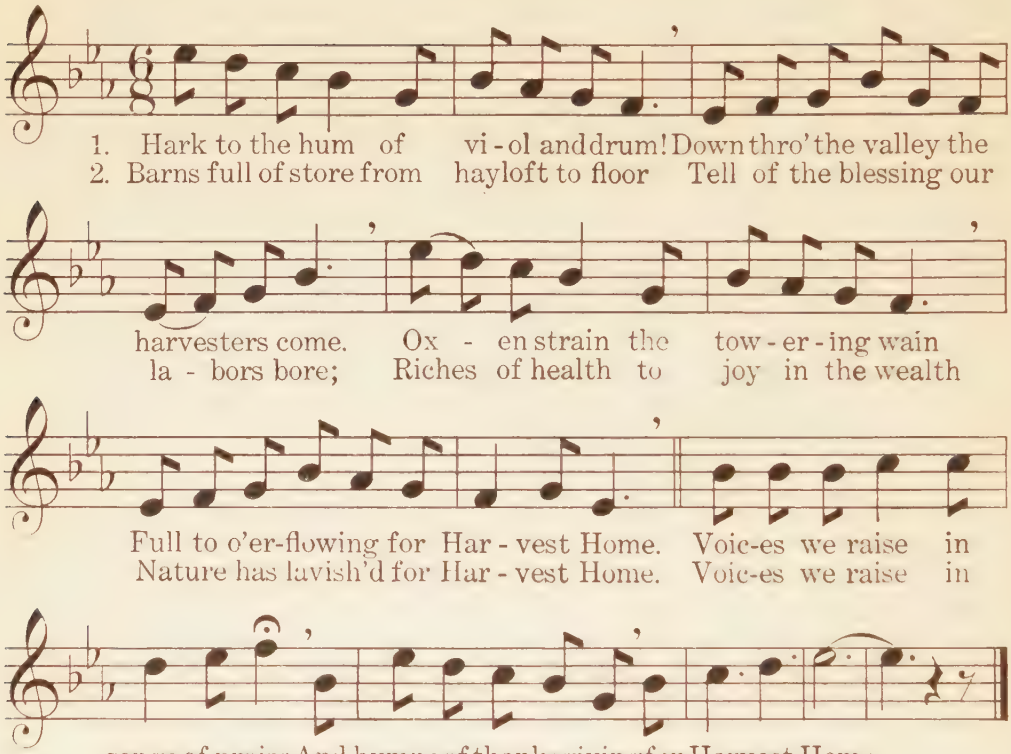
Minnie L. Upton

Mary Turner Salter
Composed for this Series



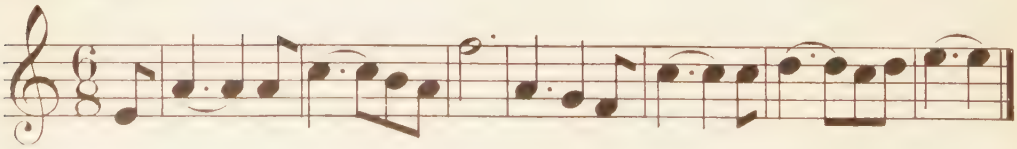
Harvest Home

Mary Root Kern — Mary Root Kern



Theme

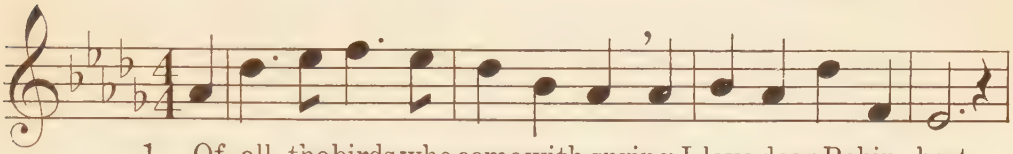
From *Siegfried* — Richard Wagner



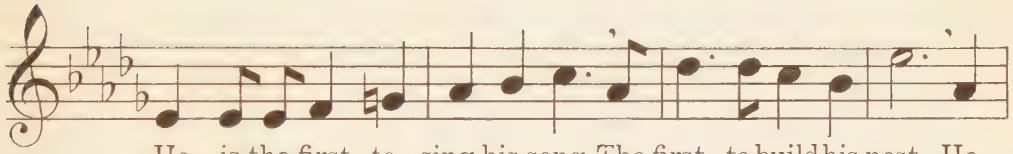
Master Robin

Zitella Cocke

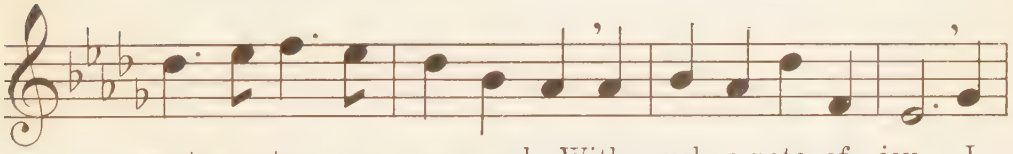
Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series



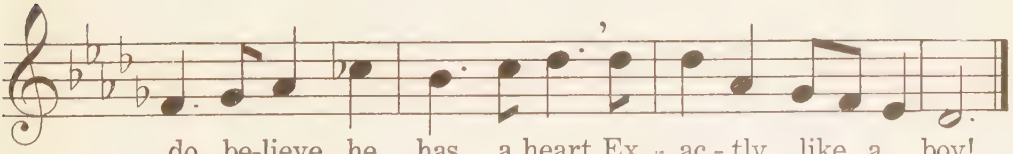
1. Of all the birds who come with spring, I love dear Robin best.
2. He's not a cow-ard, no, not he; He nev-er takes a dare,
3. He steps quite like a dan-dy gay When out on dress pa-rade,



He is the first to sing his song, The first to build his nest. He
But if there's a-ny fun around, He's sure to take his share. Be-
And tho' Jack Frost is watching him, He's not a bit a-fraid. But



greets you, too, as you pass by With such a note of joy, I
sides, he is a gen-tle-man, Who's always nicely dressed In
in - de-pen-dent as you please, He heeds no-bo-dy's call, And



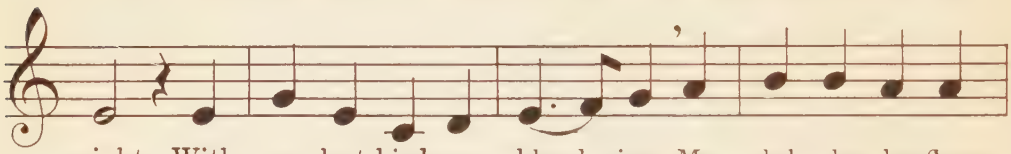
do be-lieve he has a heart Ex - ac - tly like a boy!
quite a sty - lish swal-low-tail And ve - ry hand-some vest.
sings just when he has a mind, In springtime or in fall.

Peaceful Night

M. Louise Baum
From the German

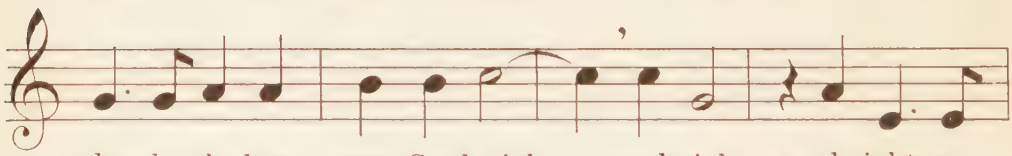
August Bungert

1. From hills of rest de - scend - ing Now comes the peace-ful
2. The cra - dle goes a - sway - ing, The night moths are a -

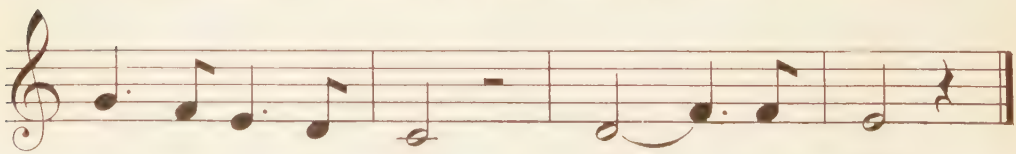


night. With one last bird song blend - ing, My lul - la - by flows
wing, And God's own hand is lay - ing His peace on ev - 'ry -

light. Play-things at last in qui - et ___ lie, Where
thing. An - gels who love my lit - tle ___ child Their



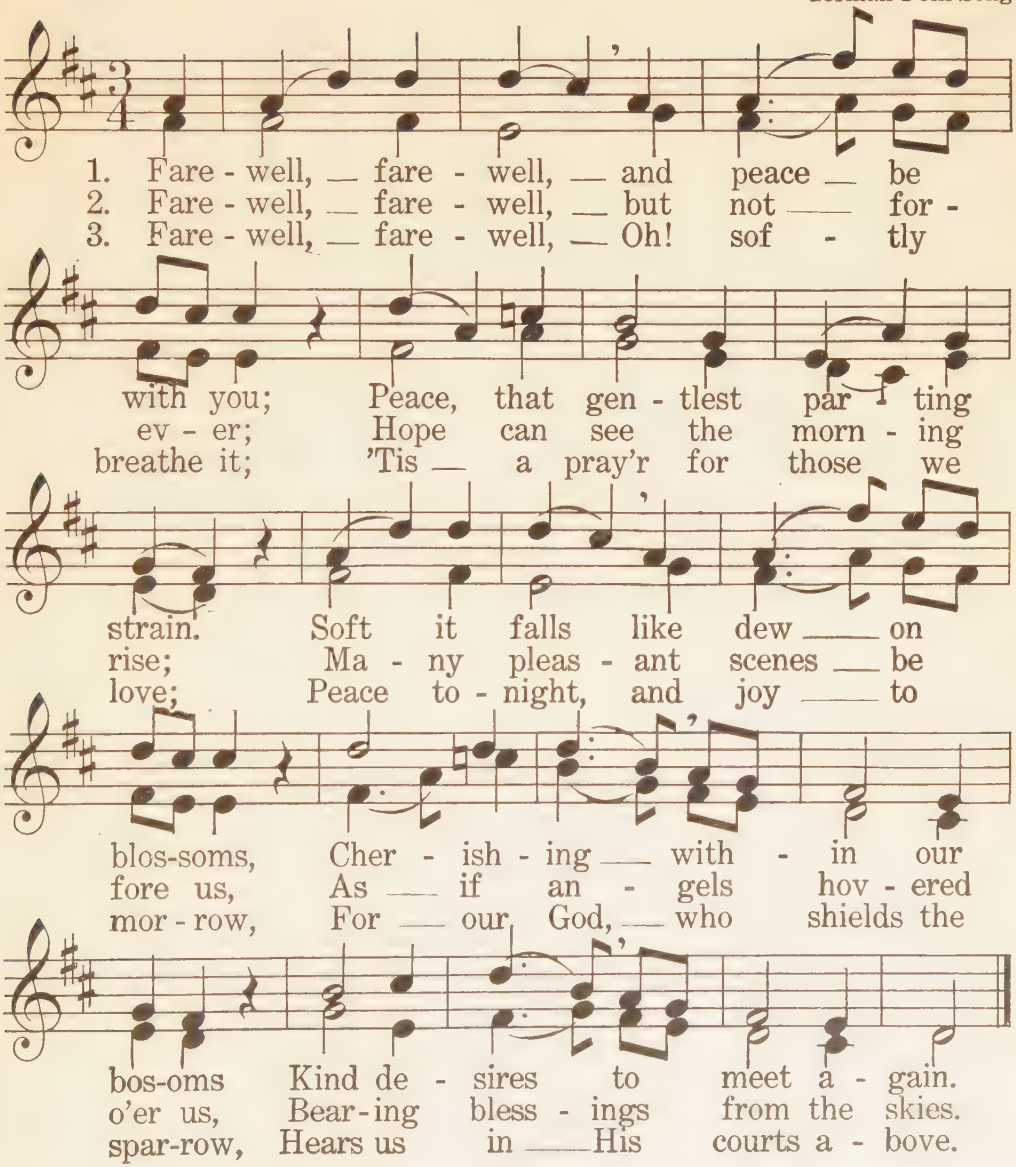
dus - ky shadows creep. Good night, ___ good night, good night, my
watch o'er him will keep. Good night, ___ good night, good night, my



child, and hap - py sleep, Hap - py sleep.
child, and hap - py sleep, Hap - py sleep.

Farewell

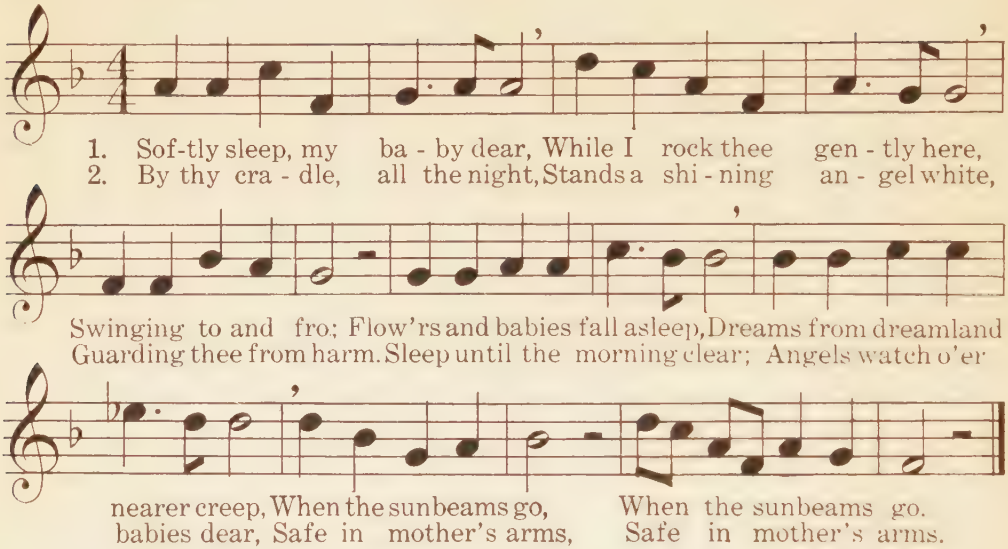
German Folk Song



Slumber Song

Ethel B. Howard
From the German

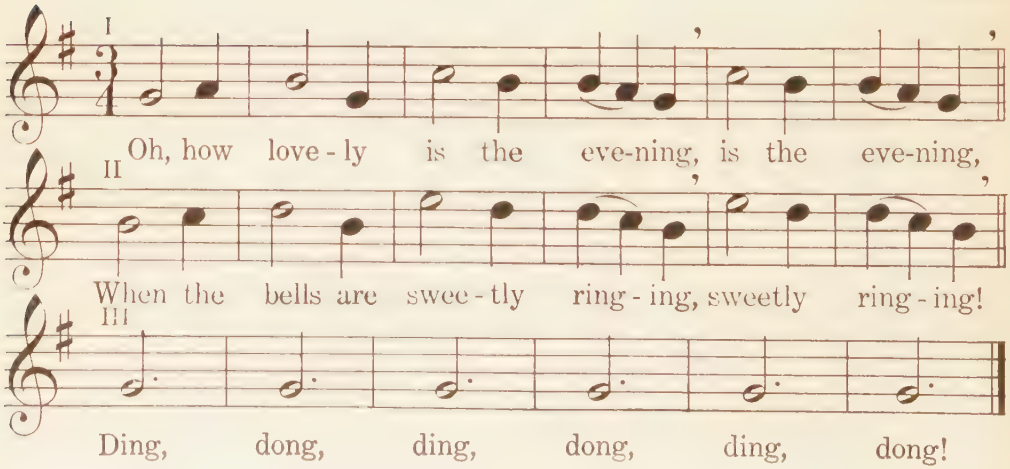
Julius Hey



Lovely Evening

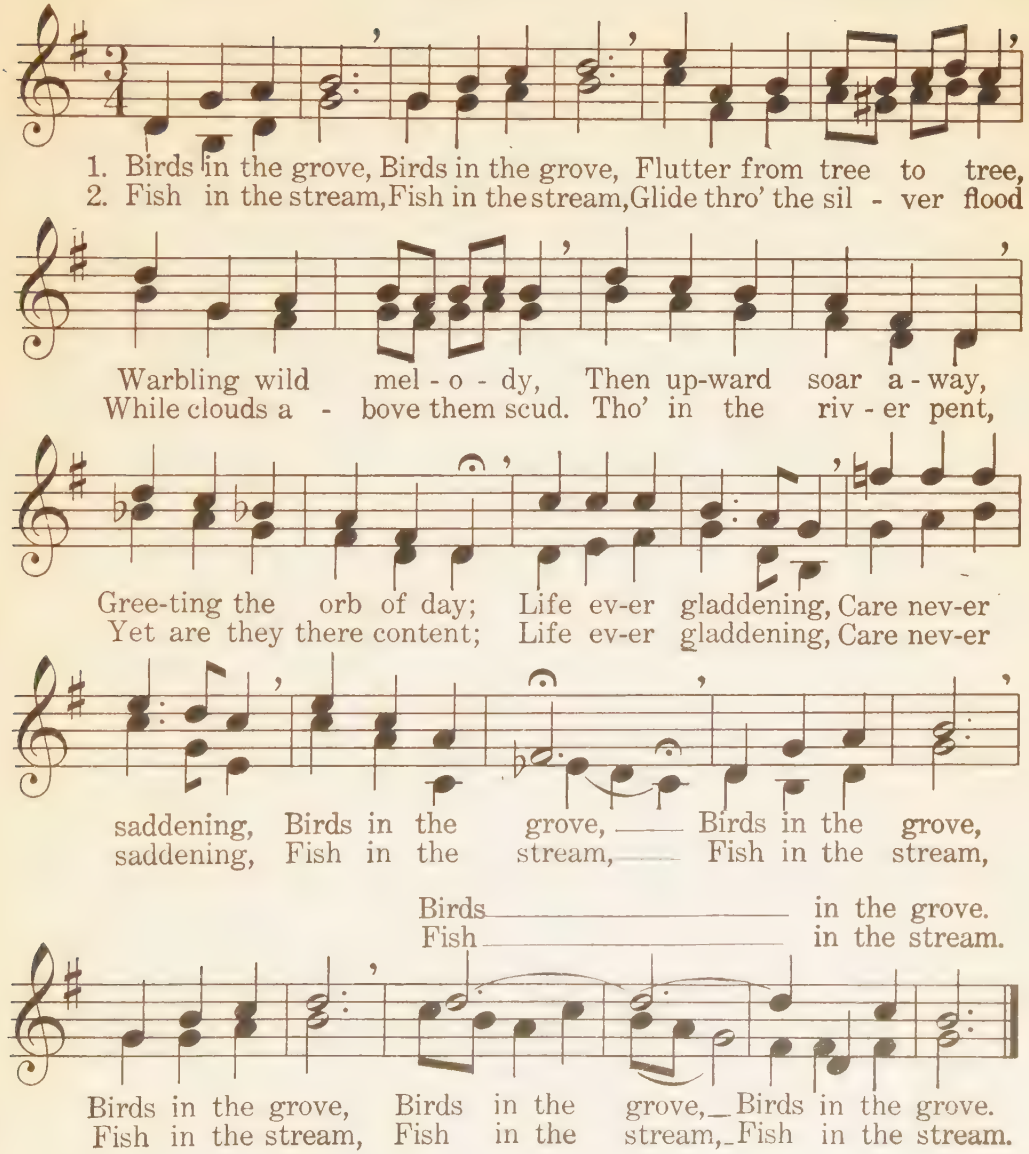
THREE-PART ROUND

C. Schulz



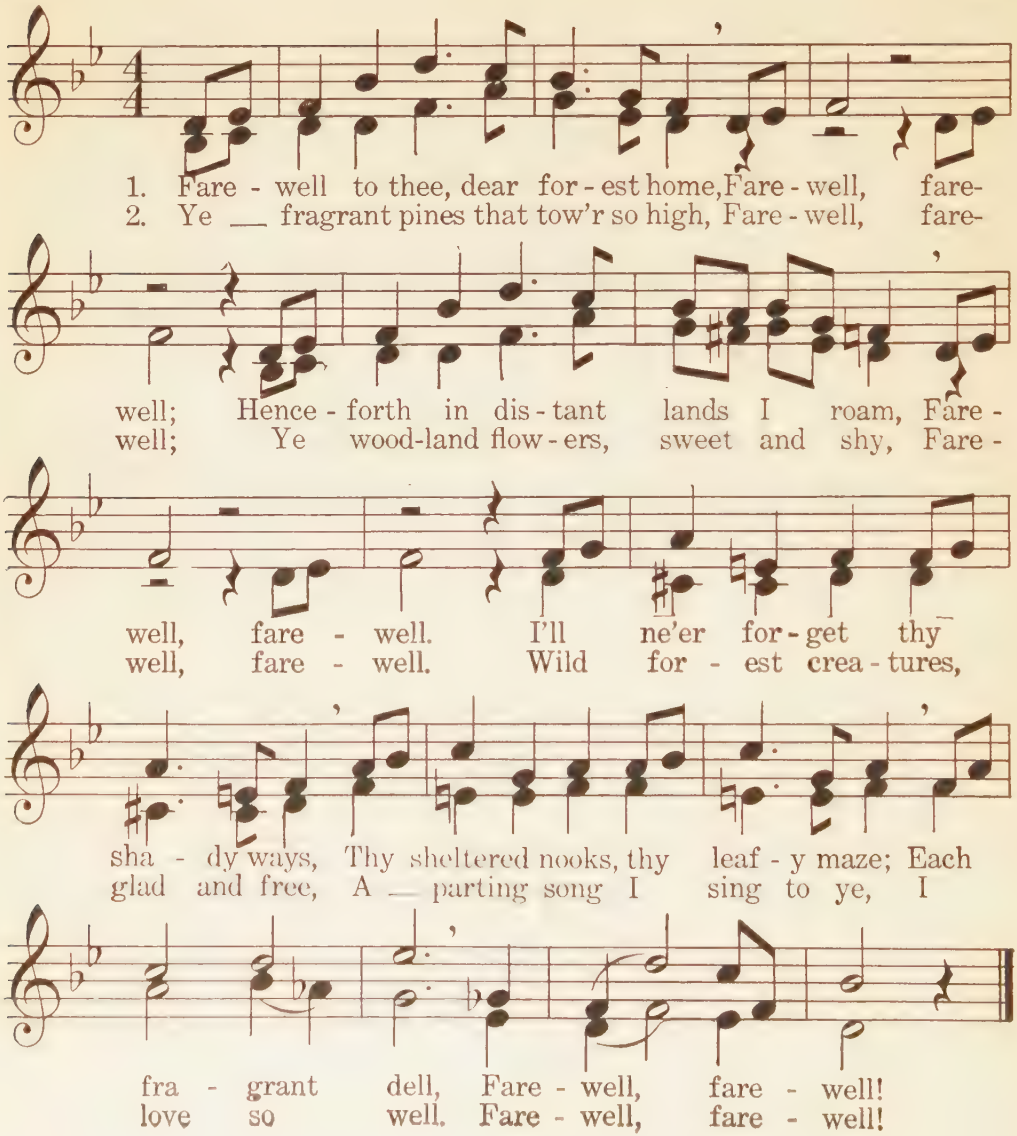
Birds in the Grove

A. J. Foxwell



Farewell to the Woods

Nellie Poorman — H. Esser



Dripping Rain

RHYTHM STUDY

Abbie Farwell Brown — Fr. H. Mayer

With a drip, drip, drip, And a drop, drop, drop, See the
rain on the pane; Will it stop, stop, stop? With a wink, wink, wink, And a
blink, blink, blink, Will the sun shine a-gain, Do you think?

Lords and Ladies

William Brighty Rands — Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

1. Lords and la - dies, red and white, By the riv - er grow - ing,
2. I will be a lord to-day. (Round the world is go - ing.)
3. "I will be your la - dy fair If you will show du - ty."

Red and white is my de-light, When the stream is flow-ing.
Will you be a la - dy gay? (Ro - ses, ro - ses blow-ing.)
I will love be - yond compare, You shall be my beau - ty.

(Repeat first stanza)

Indeed it is True

Kate Greenaway — Horatio Parker

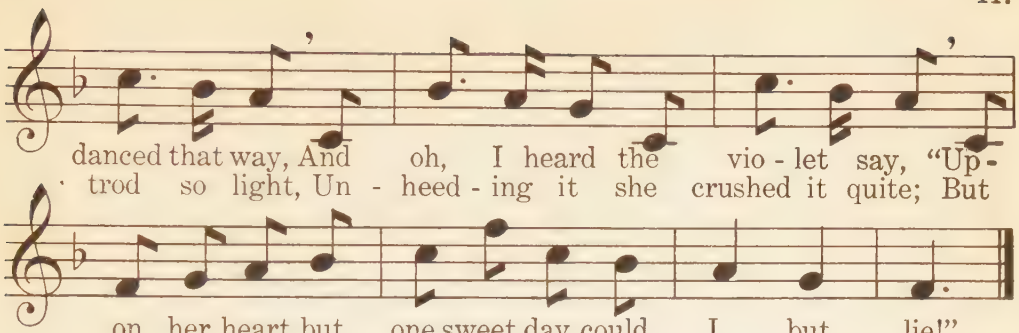
In - deed it is true, it is per - fec - tly true. Be -
lieve me, in-deed, I am play - ing no tricks. An old
man and his dog bide up there in the moon, And he's
cross as a bun - dle of sticks.

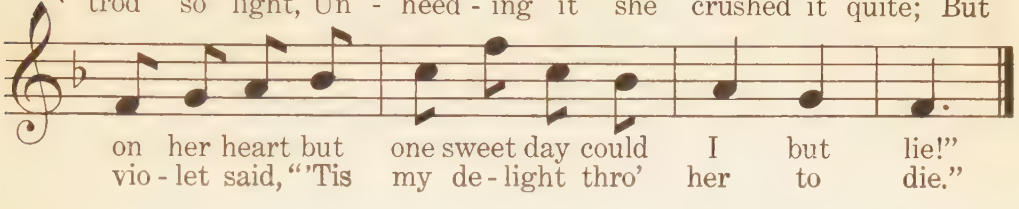
The Violet

M. Louise Baum
From the German

J. F. Reichardt

1. With - in a gras-sy mea-dow grew A vio - let, mod-est,
2. The maid drew nearer, fair to see, And vio - let, trembling,
fair, and blue. (It was a love - ly vio - let.) A pret-ty maid-en
thought: "O me, Perhaps she'll pluck and wear me." As past the flow'r she

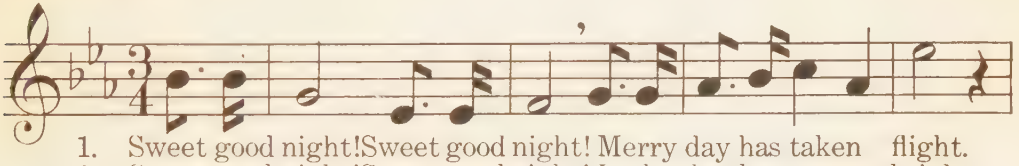


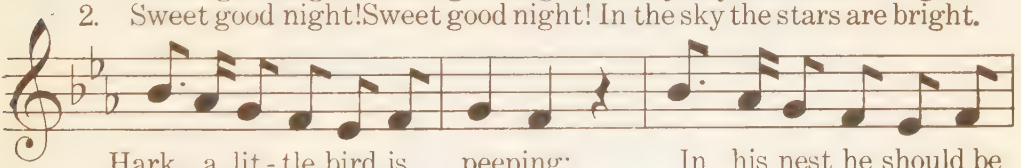


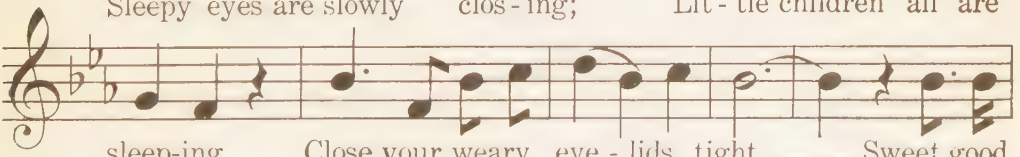
Good Night

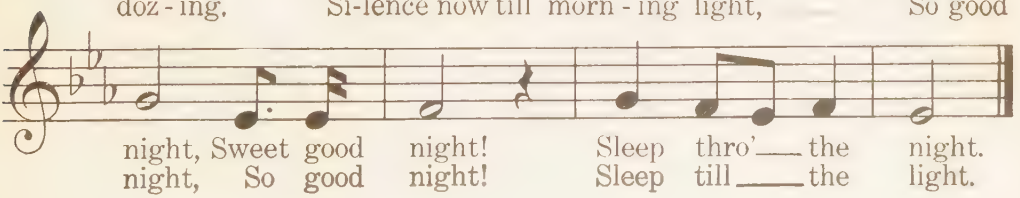
Abbie Farwell Brown
From the French

H. G. Nägeli



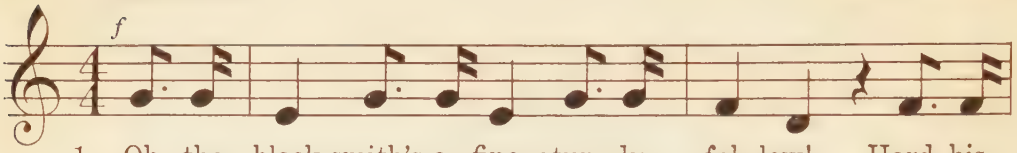




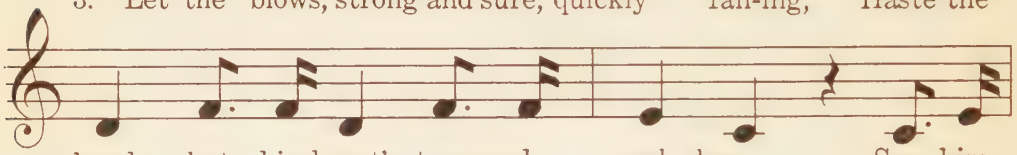


The Sturdy Blacksmith

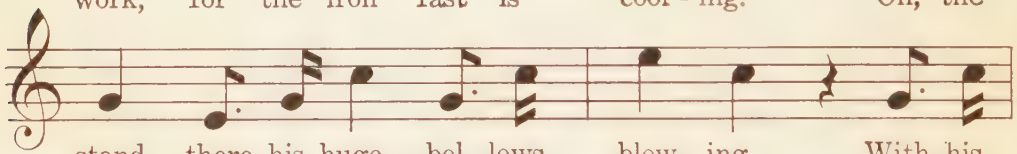
W. A. Mozart



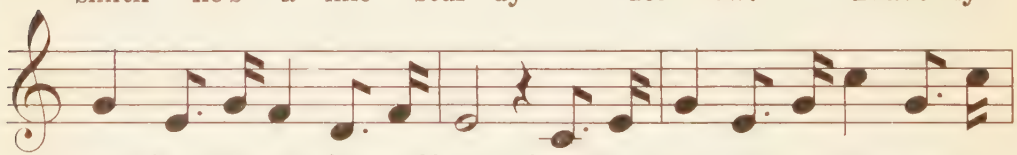
1. Oh, the black-smith's a fine stur-dy fel-low! Hard his
2. Blow the fire, stir the coals, heaping more on; Till the
3. Let the blows, strong and sure, quickly fall-ing, Haste the



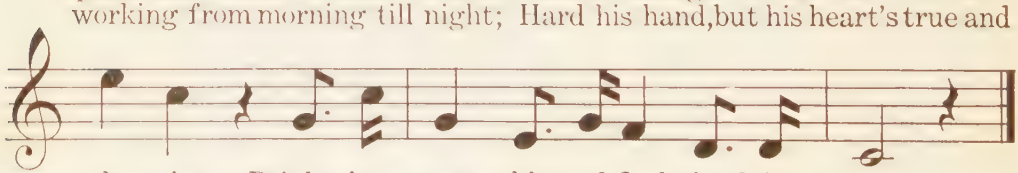
hand, but his heart's true and mel-low. See him
iron's all a-glow, let it roar on! While the
work, for the iron fast is cool-ing. Oh, the



stand there, his huge bel-lows blow-ing, With his
smith high his ham-mer's a - swing-ing, Fi-'ry
smith he's a fine stur-dy fel-low! Brave-ly



strong brawny arms free and bare. See the fire in the furnace a-
sparks fall in show'rs all a-round. And the sledge on the an-vil is
working from morning till night; Hard his hand, but his heart's true and

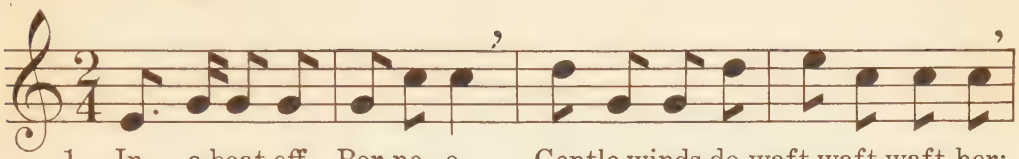


glow-ing; Bright its spar-kle and flash, loud its roar.
ring-ing; Fills the air with its loud clanging sound.
mel-low; Like his an-vil, he stands for the right.

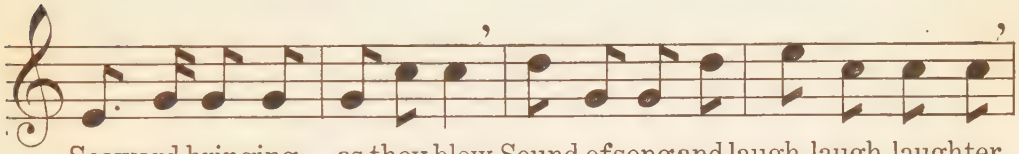
Borneo

Seymour Barnard
From the French

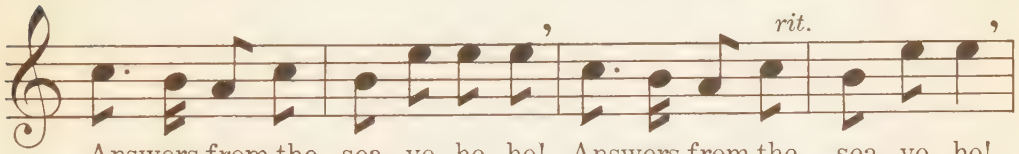
P. Lacôme



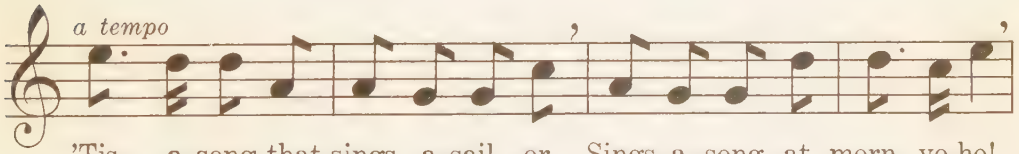
1. In a boat off Bor-ne - o, Gentle winds do waft, waft, waft her;
2. Up the trees in Bor-ne - o, Monkeys make com-mo-mo-mo-tions;



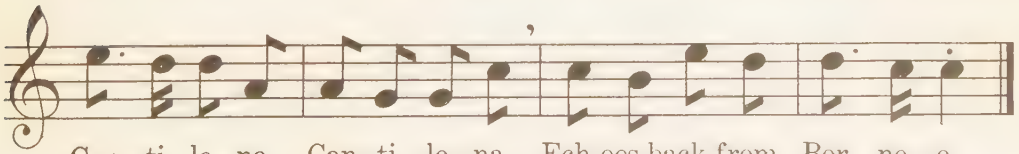
Seaward bringing, as they blow, Sound of song and laugh, laugh, laughter.
Tricks we've heard of, or we know, Suit these monkey no - no - no-tions.



Answers from the sea, yo - ho - ho! Answers from the sea, yo - ho!
Fun-ny friends, like you, you, you, you, We could clamber too, too, too,



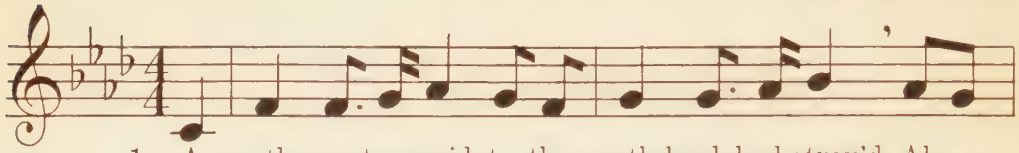
'Tis a song that sings a sail - or, Sings a song at morn, yo-ho!
If we all had tails as you have, Tails as you have, for we know



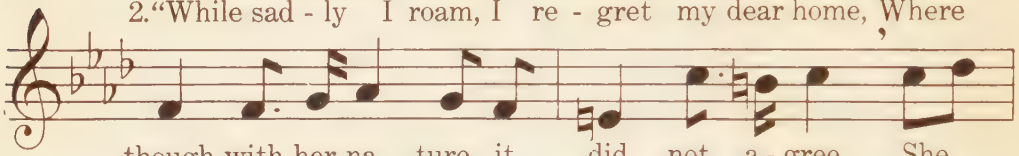
Can - ti - le - na, Can - ti - le - na, Ech-oes back from Bor - ne - o.
With what you have, We could too have Climb'd the trees of Bor - ne - o.

Oh, the Oak and the Ash

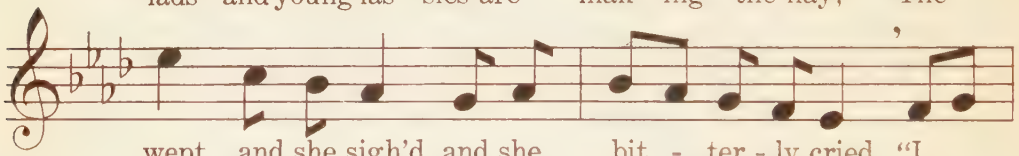
English Folk Song



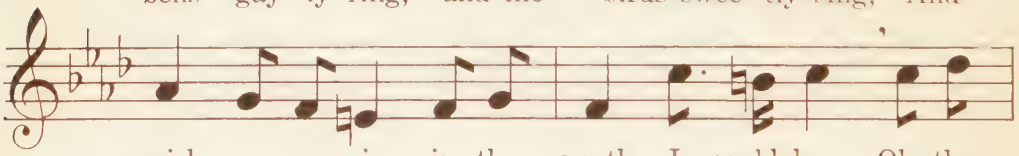
1. A north-country maid to the south-land had stray'd, Al -
2. "While sad - ly I roam, I re - gret my dear home, Where



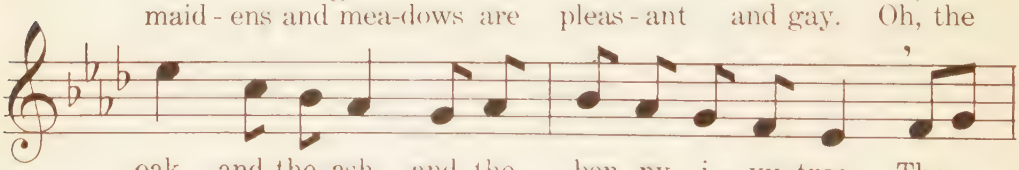
though with her na - ture it did not a - gree. She
lads and young las - sies are mak - ing the hay; The



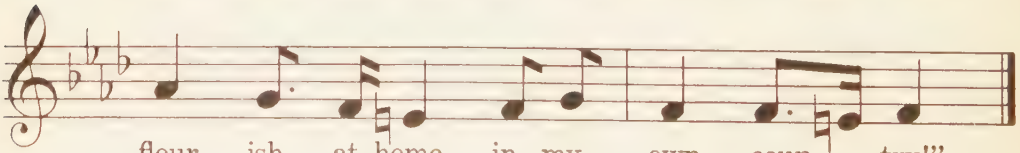
wept, and she sigh'd, and she bit - ter - ly cried, "I
bells gay - ly ring, and the birds swee - tly sing, And



wish once a - gain in the north I could be. Oh, the
maid - ens and mea-dows are pleas - ant and gay. Oh, the



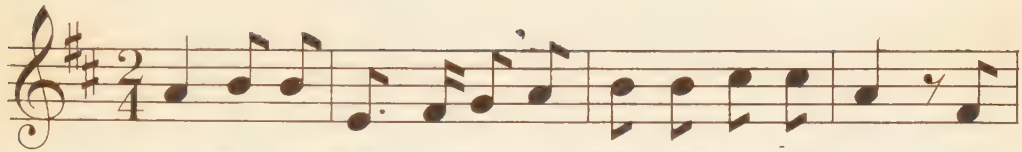
oak, and the ash, and the bon - ny i - vy tree, They



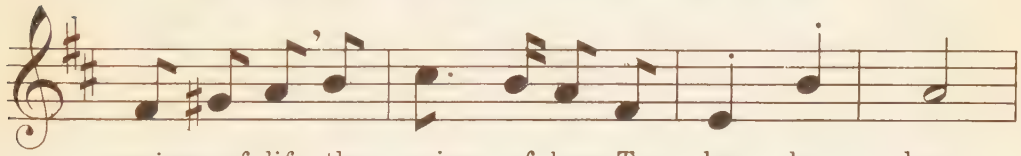
flour - ish at home in my own coun - try!"

April

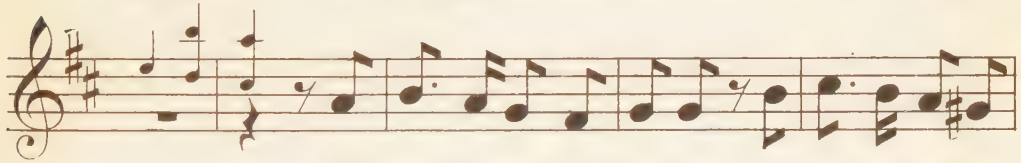
May Morgan — Catharina van Rennes



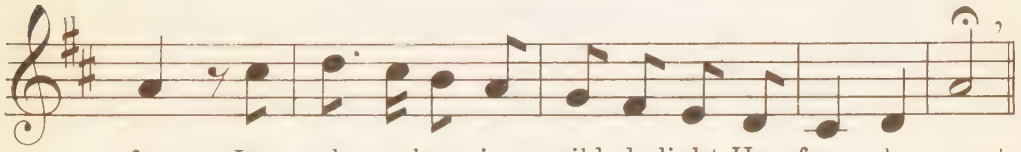
A - pril has come again With sweet perfume and song; The



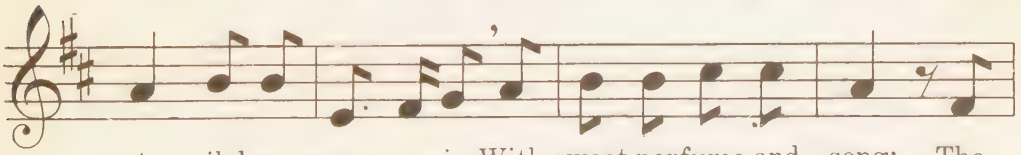
springs of life, the springs of love To her be - long.



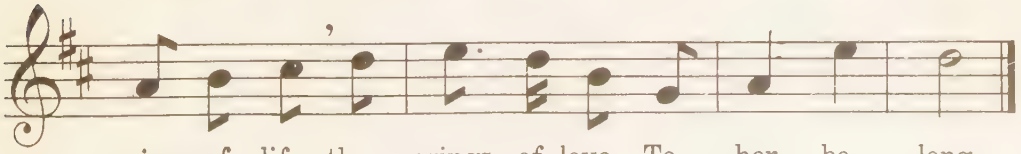
She sets the world to dancing On glad and ea-ger



feet; Its puls - es leap in wild de-light Her face to greet.



A - pril has come again With sweet perfume and song; The

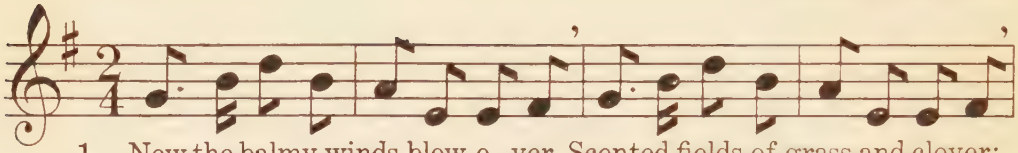


springs of life, the springs of love, To her be - long.

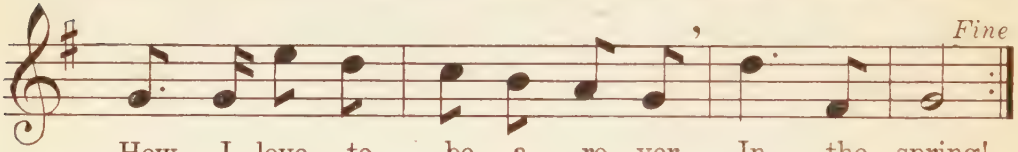
Spring

Wilhelmina Seegmiller

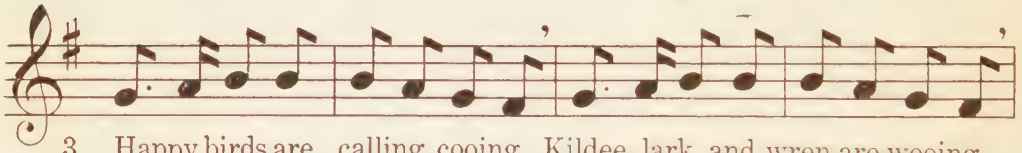
Felix Borowski
Composed for this Series



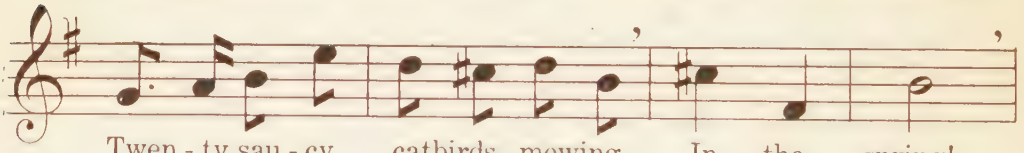
1. Now the balmy winds blow o - ver Scented fields of grass and clover;
2. Waters glance thro' reeds and rushes, In and out among the bushes;
4. Bright the world at time of Maying, Blue the sky, no sign of graying;



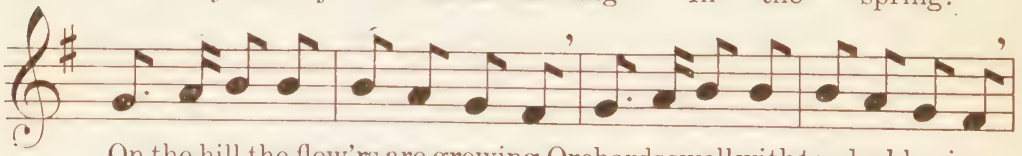
How I love to be a ro - ver In the spring!
Sweet the wood with song of thrushes In the spring!
Hap - py time for hap - py play - ing, In the spring!



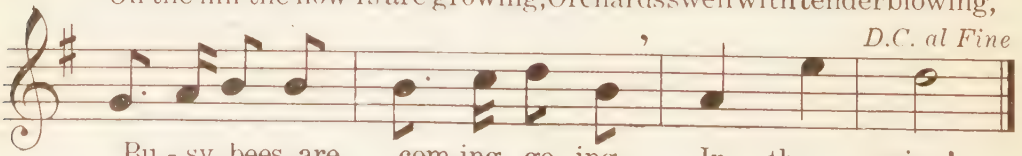
3. Happy birds are calling, cooing, Kildee, lark, and wren are wooing,



Twen - ty sau - cy catbirds mewing In the spring!



On the hill the flow'rs are growing, Orchards swell with tender blowing,



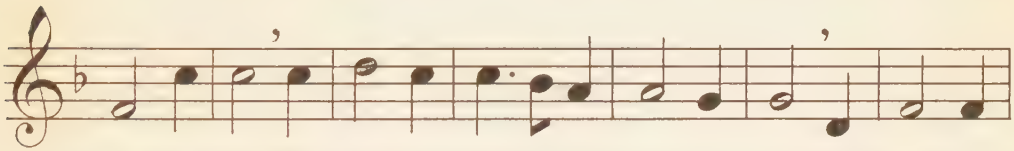
Bu - sy bees are com-ing, go - ing, In the spring!

Happy Birds

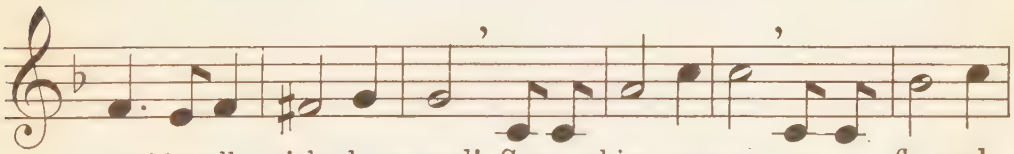
George Jay Smith
From the German

Wilhelm Müller

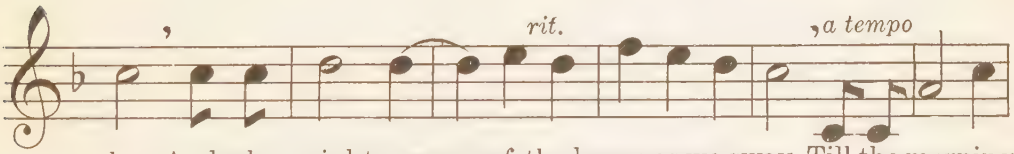
We birds live mer - ri - ly all day long! In leaf - y branches we



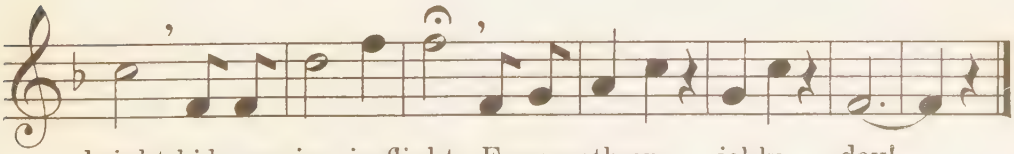
sing our song! We're well and happy with tree for bed, And earth for



ta-ble all rich - ly spread! So we chirp a-way as we fly and



play, And when night comes sof-tly dream as we sway, Till the morning

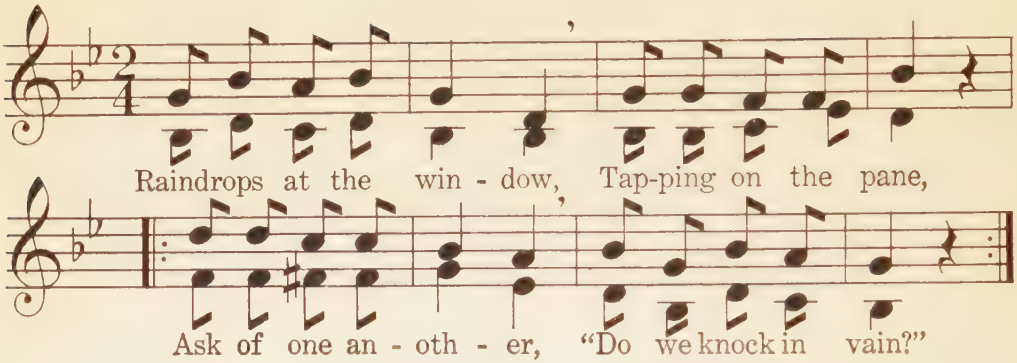


bright bids us rise in flight For an-oth-er jol-ly day! —

The Raindrops

Margaret Aliona Dole

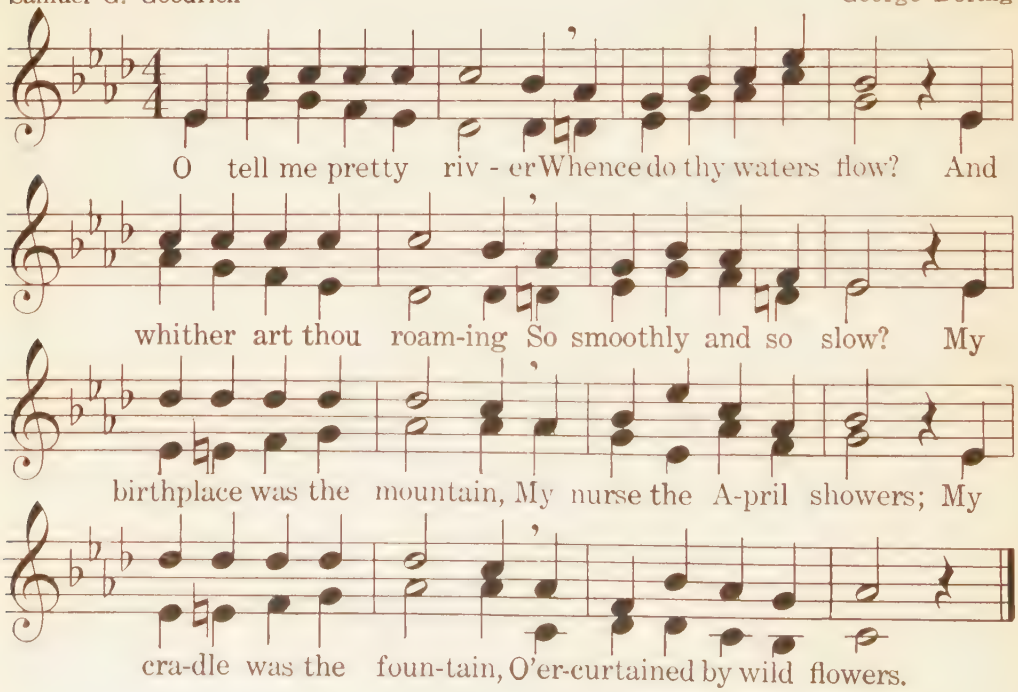
Russian Folk Song



The River

Samuel G. Goodrich

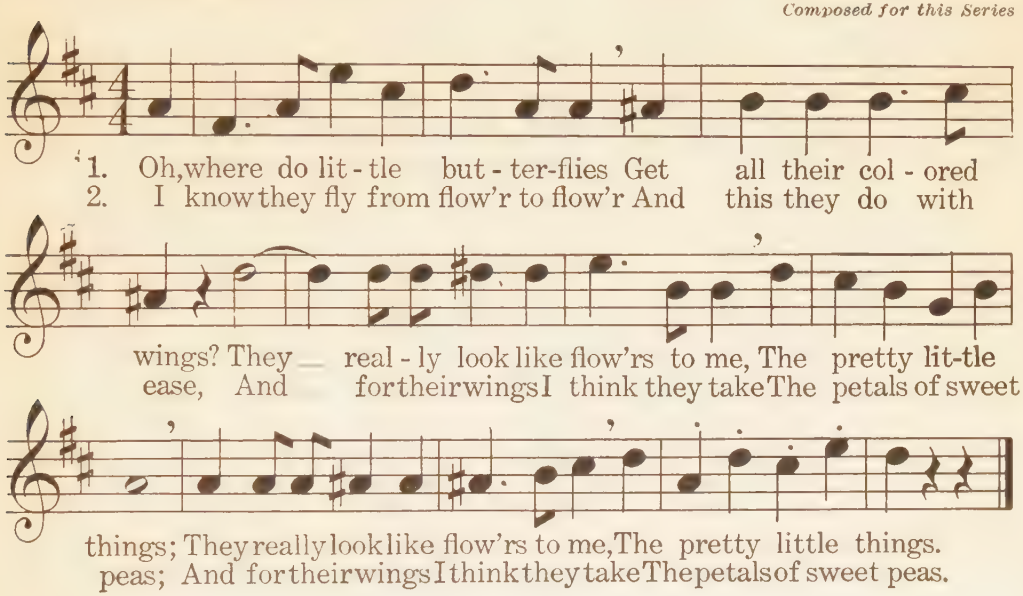
George Döring



The Butterflies' Wings

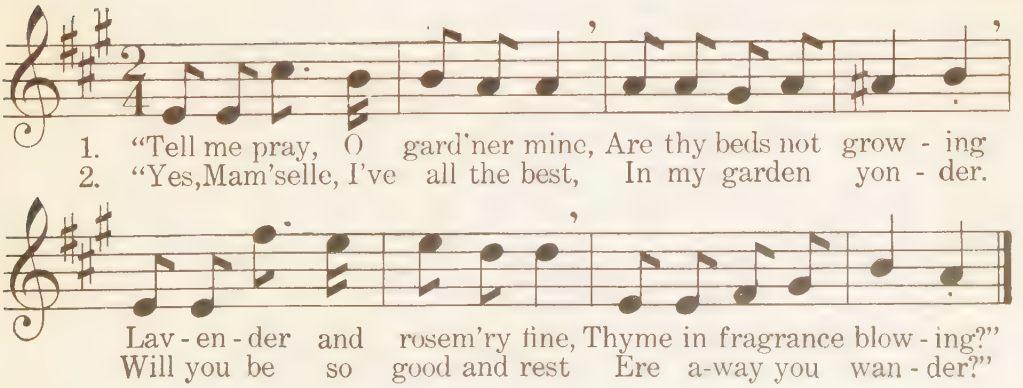
From *Primary Education*

Fr. Gernsheim
Composed for this Series



Tell Me Pray

Silesian Folk Song



Sunshine After Clouds

Nellie Poorman K. v. Woyna

p

1. What a sad A - pril day! Dri-ving tem - pest, drenching
2. Au-tumn weath-er is gray, And the earth seems worn and

show-ers; Twisting trees, breaking flowers; Branches all swing and
wea - ry; Leaden skies are so drear-y; Hear the wind's mournful

cresc.

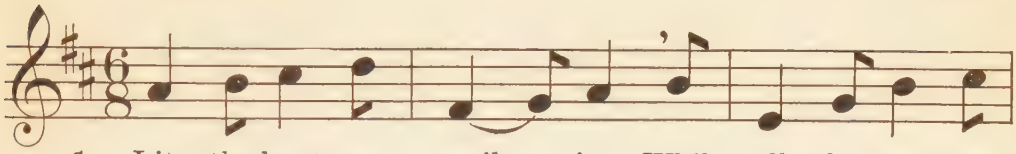
sway. Daf - fo - dills now sadly drooping, Stately lil - ies low are
lay. Then re - mem-ber that De-cem - ber Follows af - ter bleak No-

stooping. Then the sun shines in glo - ry And drives the clouds a-
vember, Bringing Christmas Day mer - ry, To drive our gloom a-

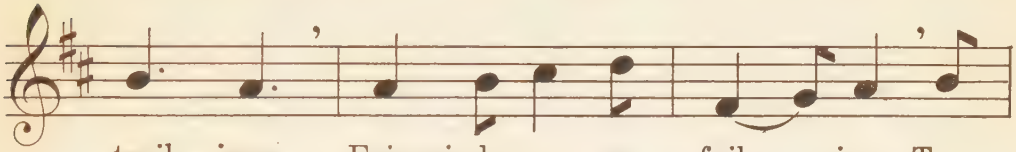
way; Then the sun shines in glory And drives the clouds a - way.
way; Bringing Christmas Day merry, To drive our gloom a - way.

Go, Little Boat

Maud Wilder Goodwin — A. Danhauser

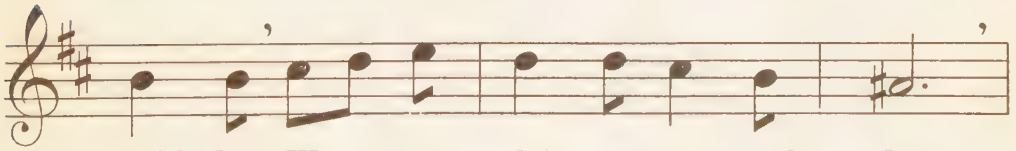


1. Lit - tle boat, go sail - ing, While all the nets are
2. Lit - tle boat, go skip - ping, Thy sails with salt spray

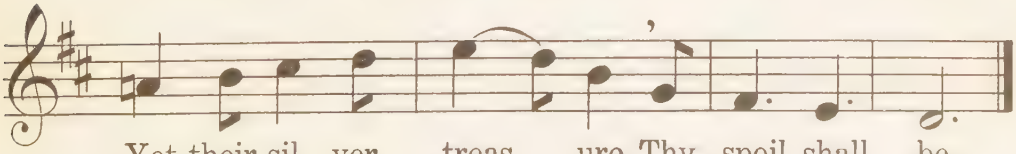


trail - ing; Fair winds nev - er fail - ing To
drip - ping; Like a swal-low dip - ping, Spread

bear thee o'er the slumbering sea. While rip - ples
forth thy wings to fav - or - ing gales. Sweet wel - come



wi - den, Wa - ry fish - es turn and flee;
waits thee; Now the lands-man blithe-ly hails;



Yet their sil - ver treas - ure Thy spoil shall be.
Soon with-in the har - bor Will rest thy sails.

Early Morning in May

Seymour Barnard — Ludwig van Beethoven

1. Ear - ly morn - ing in May! All a - round — are blossoms
2. Ear - ly morn - ing in May! Lit - tle birds — a-wake and

blowing; Ah, what bright flow-ers they! Pet-als spread as tho' to
winging; Ah, what bright wings have they! Blue and crim-son, brown and

fly. Lit - tle blue bud, What are you, bud? Are you
gold. Lit - tle blue bird, What are you, bird? Are you

bird without its wings or true bud? Are you bird with - out
blossom on the wing or true bird? Are you blos - som with

wings, Lit - tle blue — bud, or a true bud? Are you
wings, Lit - tle blue — bird, or a true bird? Are you

bird with - out wings, On the mea - dow left to lie?
blos - som that sings, Lit-tle blue — bird, bright and bold?

A Little Philosopher

Margaret E. Sangster
From *Little Knights and Ladies,*
Copyright, 1895, by Harper & Brothers

Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series

p

1. The days are short and the nights are long, And the wind is nip-ping cold; The tasks are hard and the sums are wrong, And the teach - ers of - ten scold. But John - ny Mc - Cree, oh, what cares he, As he whis-tles a-long the way? *As he whis-tles a - long the way. "It will all come right By to- mor-row night," Says Johnny Mc-Cree to - day.
2. The plums are few and the cake is plain, And the shoes are out at toe; For coins you look in the purse in vain; They were all spent long a - go. But John - ny Mc - Cree, oh, what cares he, As he whis-tles a-long the street? As he whis-tles a - long the street.—"Would you have the blues For a pair of shoes? You still have a pair of feet."

f

* *Boys may whistle the phrase in small type*

Foreign Children

Robert Louis Stevenson

Victor Herbert
Composed for this Series

mf

Lit-tle Indian, Sioux or Crow, Lit-tle fros-ty Es - ki - mo,

Lit-tle Turk or Jap - a - nee, Oh, don't you wish that you were me, that

f *p*

you were me, that you were me? — You have seen the scar - let trees

And the li - ons o - ver seas; You have eat-en ostrich eggs, And

rit.

turned the turtles off their legs. Such a life is ve - ry fine, But it's not as

a tempo

nice as mine. You have curious things to eat, I am fed on prop-er meat;

ritard

You must dwell be - yond the foam, But I am safe and live at home.

a tempo

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow, Little fros-ty Es - ki - mo,

Lit-tle Turk or Jap - a - nee, Oh, don't you wish that

f *ritard*

you were me, that you were me, that you were me? ___

Wishing

Alice V. L. Carrick

Frank van der Stucken
Composed for this Series

mf

1. I'd like a gun, I'd like to run A-way and be a pi - rate; To
2. A rob-ber bold, I'd like to hold A cav - ern in a mountain; But

sail a- cross the foaming seas, And have big ships, big ships to fire
I would like the best to have A so - da - wa-ter,

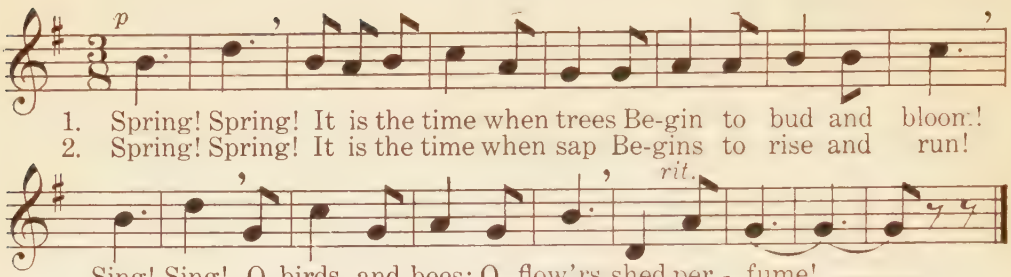
at.

so - da - wa - ter foun - - tain.

An Arbor Day Song

Susie M. Best

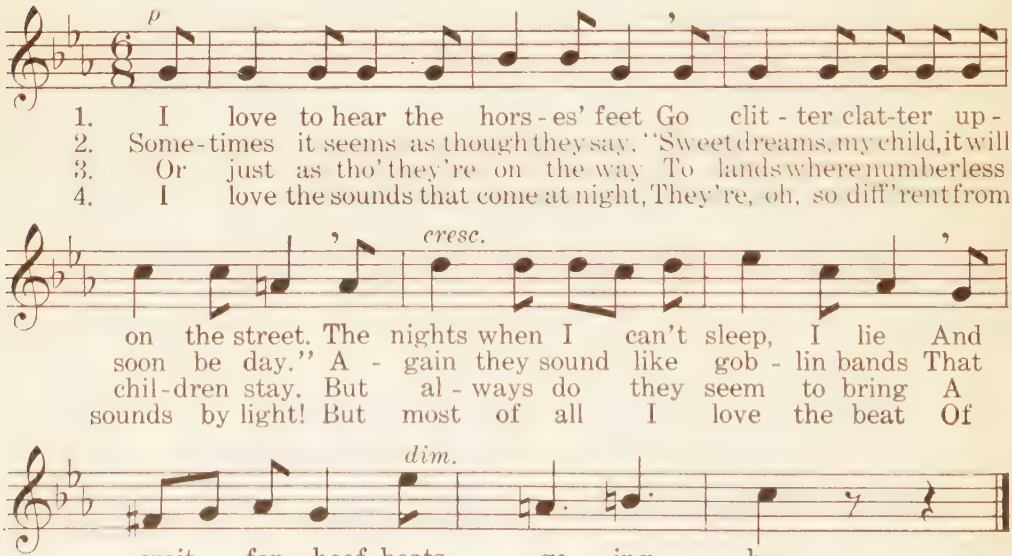
Carl Busch
Composed for this Series



Hoof Beats

Louise Ayres Garnett

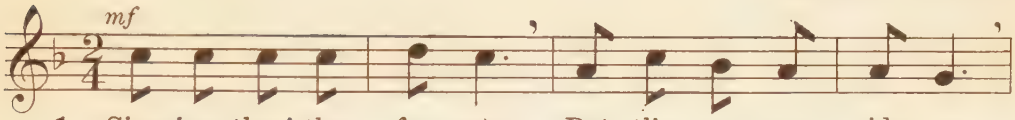
Arthur Farwell
Composed for this Series



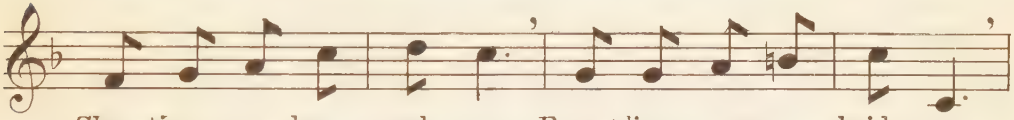
Rhyme of the Rail

J. G. Saxe

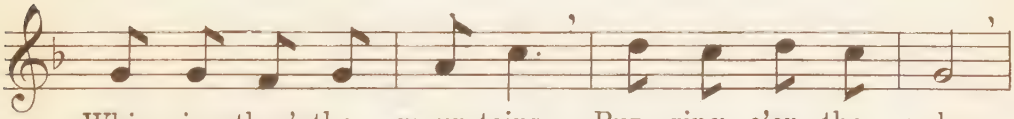
George W. Chadwick
Composed for this Series



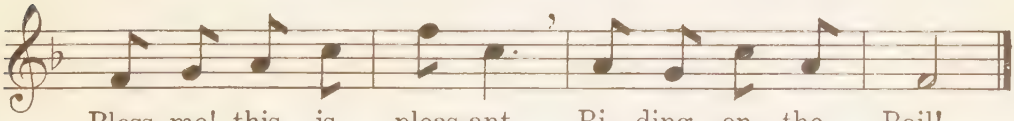
1. Sing-ing thro' the for-ests, Rat-tling o-ver ridg-es,
2. High and low-ly peo-ple, Birds of ev-ry feath-er,
3. Trav-'ler on my right hand, Look-ing ve-ry sun-ny,
4. Mar-ket wom-an care-ful Of the precious cas-ket,
5. Sing-ing thro' the for-ests, Rat-tling o-ver ridg-es,



Shoo-ting un-der arch-es, Rum-bling o-ver bridg-es,
On a com-mon lev-el, Trav-el-ing to-geth-er.
Ev-i-den-tly read-ing Some-thing ve-ry fun-ny.
Know-ing eggs are cos-tly Tigh-tly holds her bas-ket.
Shoo-ting un-der arch-es, Rum-bling o-ver bridg-es,



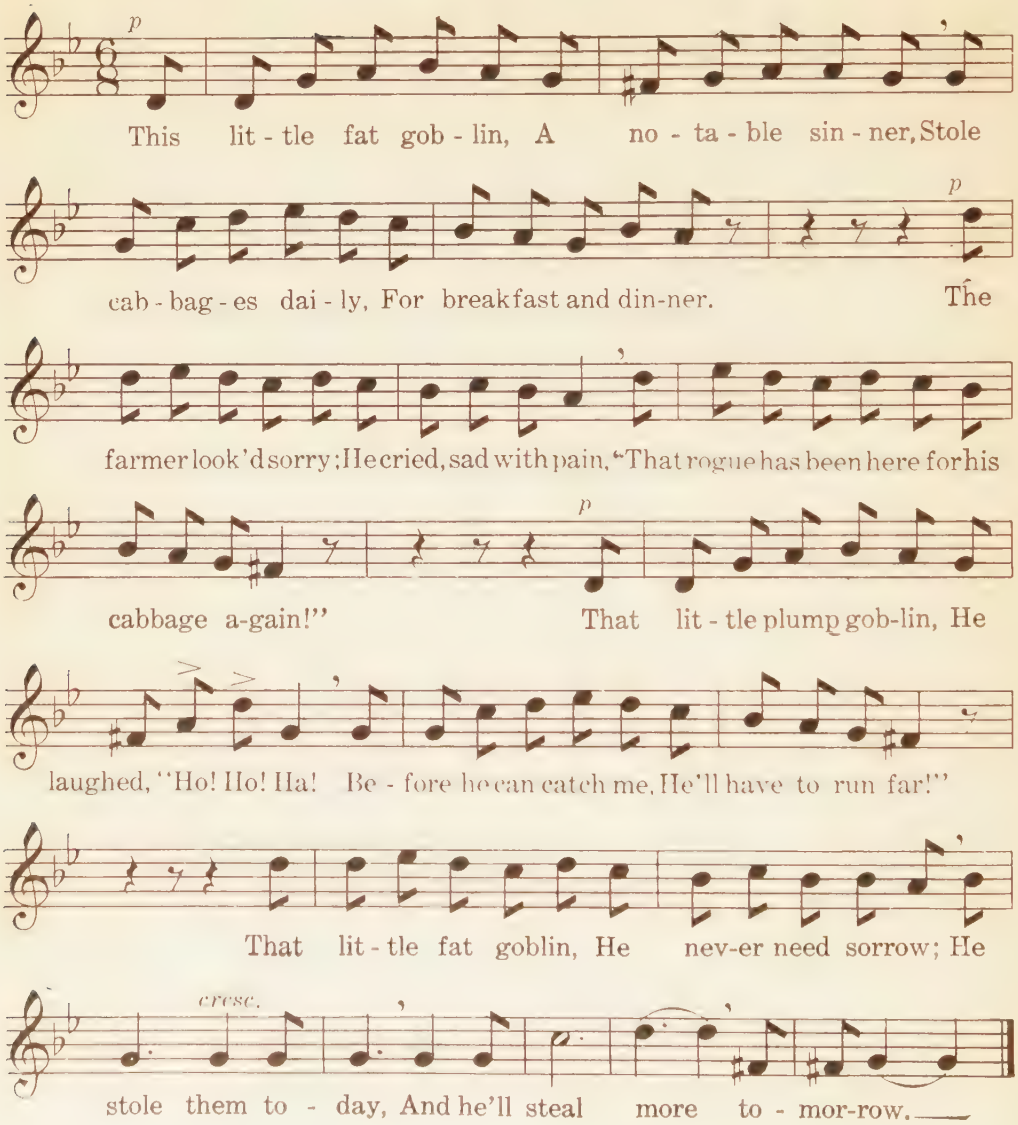
Whiz-zing thro' the moun-tains, Buz-zing o'er the vale,—
Men of dif-f'rent "sta-tions" In the eye of fame
An-cient maid-en la-dy Ask-ing for the news;
Wom-an with a ba-by, Sit-ting vis-a-vis;
Whiz-zing thro' the moun-tains, Buz-zing o'er the vale,—



Bless me! this is pleas-ant, Ri-ding on the Rail!
Here are ve-ry quick-ly Com-ing to the same.
Black-ap-par-eled stran-ger In a fit of blues.
Ba-by keeps a-squal-ling, Wom-an looks at me.
Bless me! this is pleas-ant, Ri-ding on the Rail!

This Little Fat Goblin

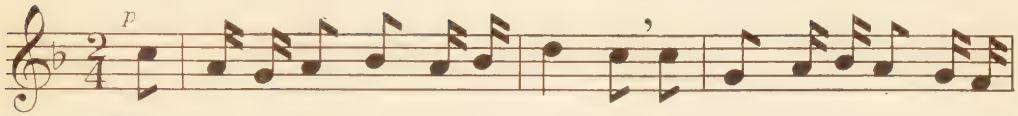
Kate Greenaway — Horatio Parker



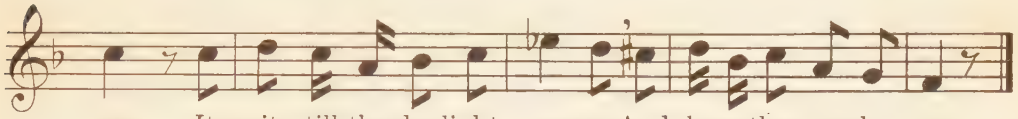
The Daisy

Sir Rennell Rodd

Vincent d'Indy
Composed for this Series



1. With lit-tle white leaves in the gras-ses, Spread wide for the smile of the
2. "Pray, why do you close thus at e - ven?" I know what it wan-ted to

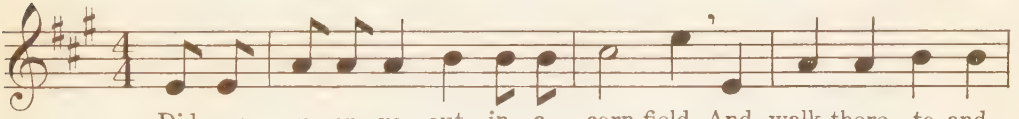


sun, It waits till the daylight passes And closes them one by one.
say: "The stars shine all night in heaven, And I'm the bright star of day."

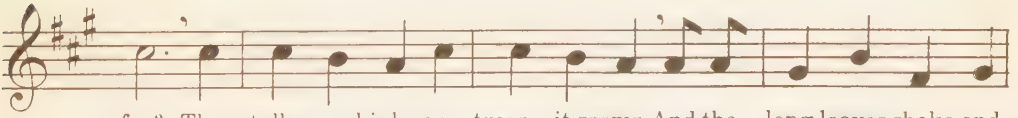
In the Cornfield

Maude M. Grant

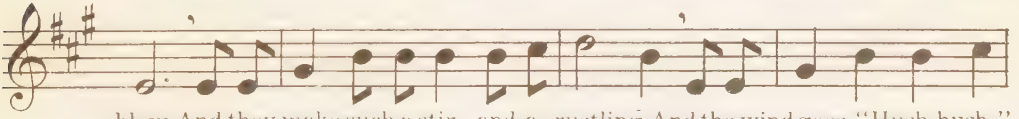
Adolf Weidig
Composed for this Series



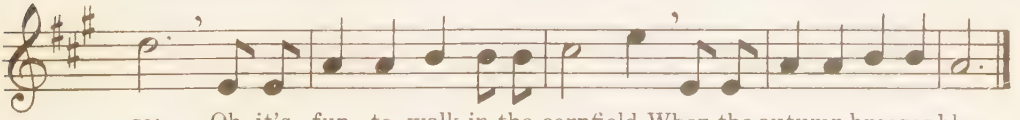
Did you ev - er go out in a corn-field, And walk there to and



fro? The stalks are high as trees, it seems, And the long leaves shake and



blow. And they make such a stir and a rustling, And the wind goes, "Hush, hush,"

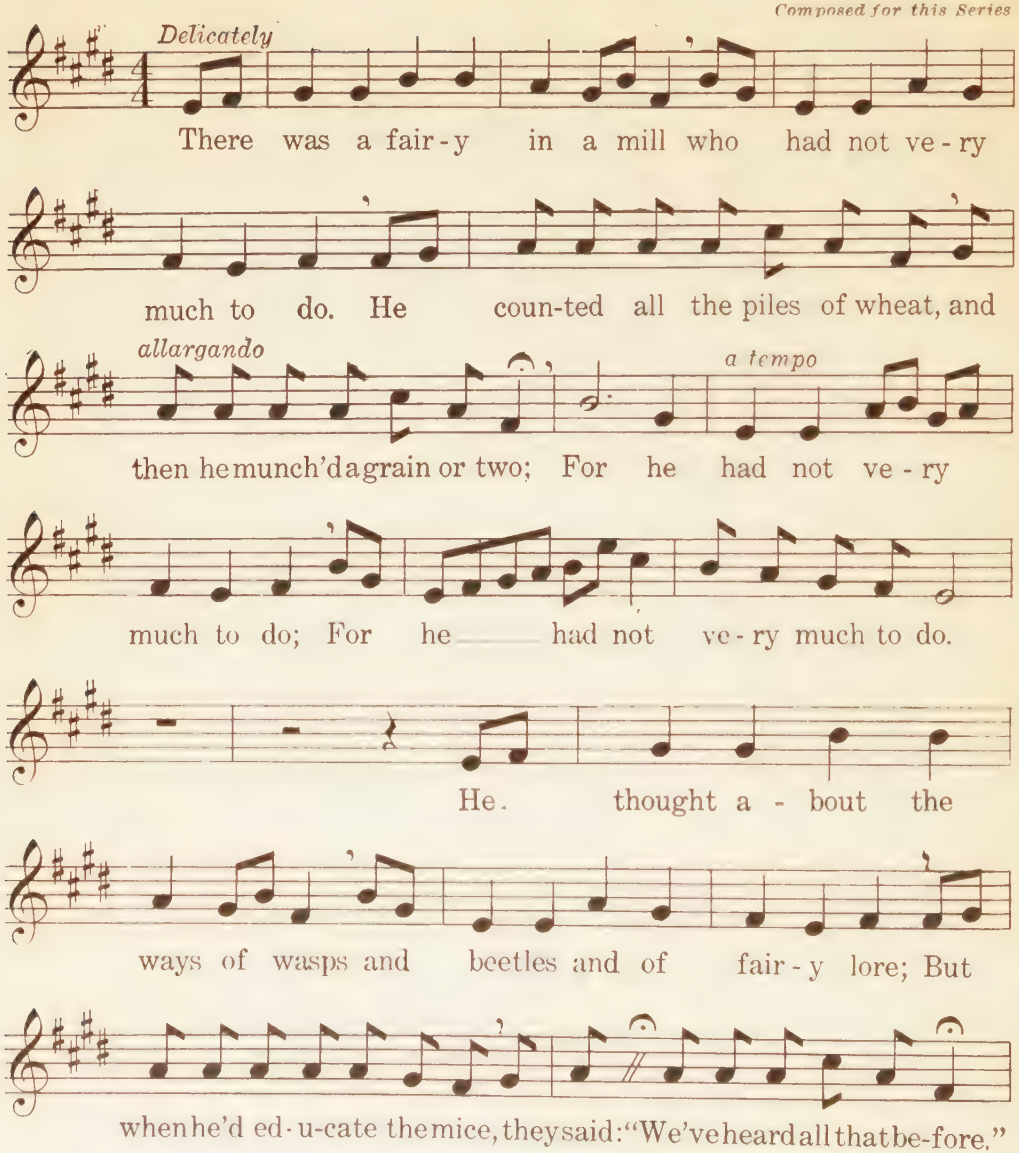


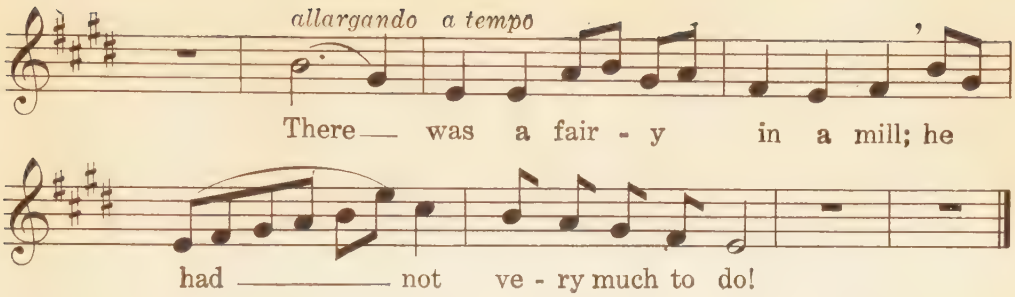
so; Oh, it's fun to walk in the cornfield, When the autumn breezes blow.

The Mill Fairy

H. D.

Walter Morse Rummel
Composed for this Series

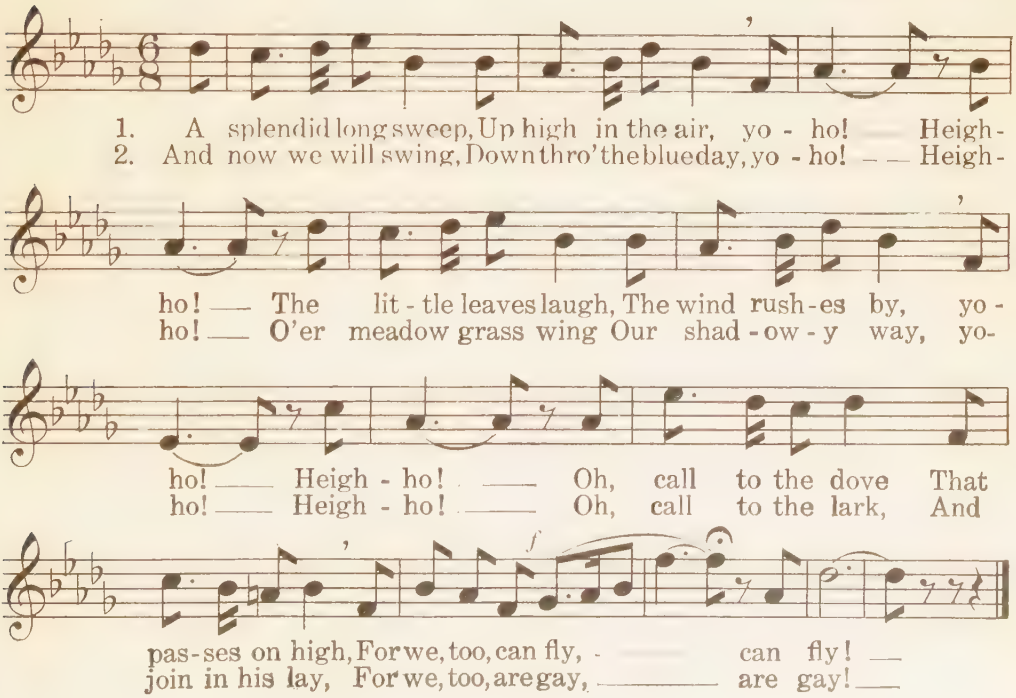




The Swing

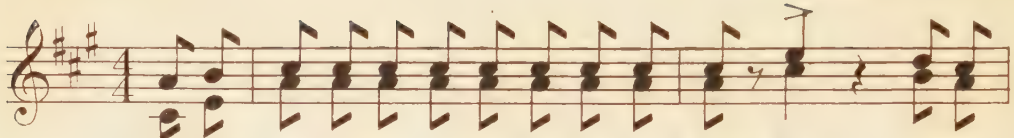
Emily Fox Grinnell

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series

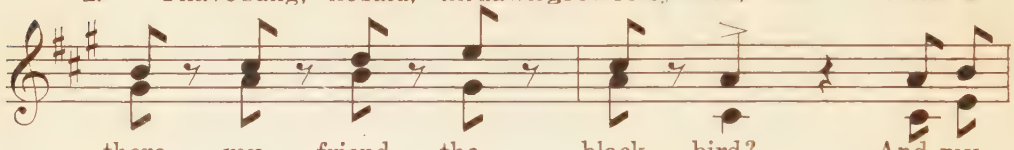


The Blackbird

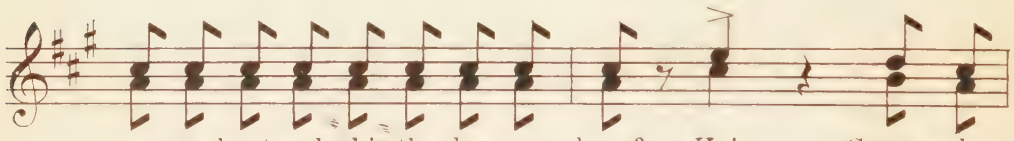
M. Louise Baum — Italian Folk Song



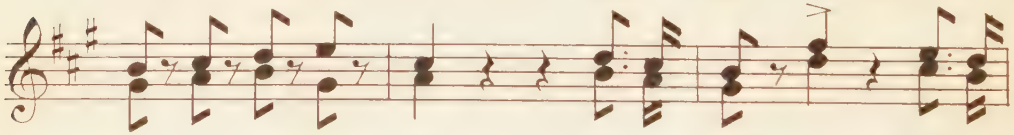
1. Thro' the field I went a whistling loud and clear; Ho! Are you
2. "I have sung," he said, "till dawn grew ro-sy red, Ho! Then I



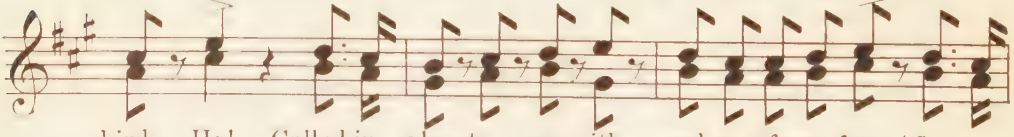
there, my friend, the black - bird? And my
set the cocks a - crow - ing, Next I



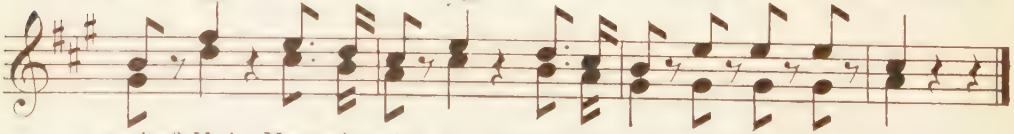
mer-ry shout and whis-tle do you hear? Ho! Come, wake
whistled all the children out of bed, Ho! And I



up for there's the sun. Then I heard, Ho! How the
put the mill at work. Nestling each, Ho! That I



bird, Ho! Called in glee to me with ech-o of my fun. "I a-
teach, Ho! Reads the skies as wise as a-ny weather clerk. Look a-



wake? Ho! You mis take, Ho! For my day's work's half way done!
live, Ho! They who thrive, Ho! While the sun shines, nev-er shirk."

The Kite

Charles Keeler

Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

Allegretto
mf

Blow, wind, blow, wind, fly, kite, fly! On and on you

Fine

go, wind, Up, kite, high! 1. Out sweeps your tail, kite, Tug on the
2. Would I were like you, One snowy
3. Swift would I sail, kite, Up to the

cresc. *D.C.*

string; Far a-way you sail, kite; Proud - ly you swing.
wing; Noth-ing else to do but Tug on the string.
moon; Down the milk-y way, then, Slide homeward soon.

A Spring Guest

Kate Louise Brown

G. A. Grant-Schaefer
Composed for this Series

La-dy Ap-ple Blos-som, Just arrived in town, Wears a bright green

bon-net, With a snow-y gown. The pretty frock is - What do you

think? Five white pe-tals Just touched with pink.

A Meadow Song

Laura E. Richards

Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series

Fast

1. Red-top, tim-o-thy, June grass, and clover, Sing the merry meadow song
2. Red-top, tim-o-thy, herd's grass and daisy, Hear the merry meadow's song

o - ver and o - ver. Bobolinks a - trill-ing thro' it, Little breez - es
laughing and la - zy! Grasshoppers a - chir-ring thro' it, Jolly quak-ers

f

thrill-ing to it; Just to-day, Care a-way, And I'll be a ro - ver.
whir-ring thro' it; Midges small, O-ver all, Just dance till they're crazy.

Frost Fairies

May Morgan

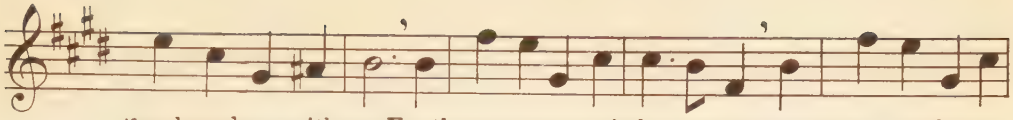
W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series

Sprightly

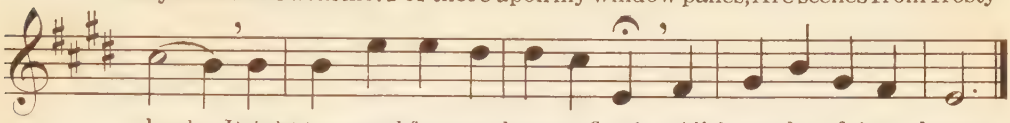
On winter nights when I'm asleep, All snugly tuck'd in bed, Across my room the

fairies creep, And stand beside my head. Tho' not a footstep do I hear, Tho'

not a face I see, When morn-ing comes I know full well That



they have been with me. For there upon my window panes, Are scenes from frosty

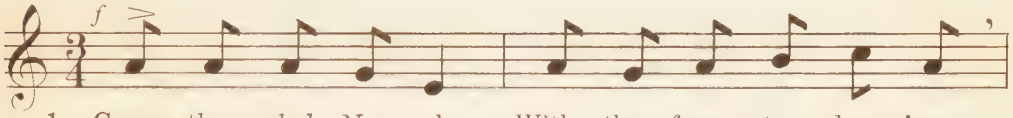


lands; Bright trees and ferns and starry flow'rs, All drawn by fairy hands.

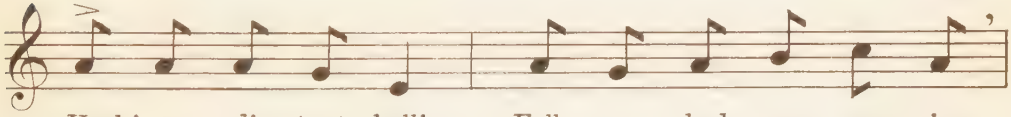
Noel

Seymour Barnard
From the French

French Folk Song

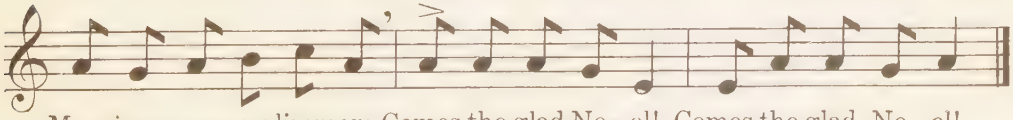


1. Comes the glad No - el With the fros - ty dawn-ing;
2. 'Tis a migh - ty bough On the hearth we're fling - ing;
3. At this mer - ry time Old and young are mee-ting;



Hark! a dis - tant bell! Folk a - bed are yawn - ing.
Dead and dull till now, Warmth and glad - ness bring - ing.
Troll the an - cient rhyme, Lus - ti - ly give gree - ting.

Light the candles, thou, For the stars grow dimmer; O - ver eastward now
Nim - ble feet and old Stamp the mer - ry measure; Till the hearth is cold,
Till the stars a - gain No - el lights shall kindle, And the candles wane,



Morning comes a-glimmer: Comes the glad No - el! Comes the glad No - el!
Reigneth joy and pleasure: In the glad No - el! In the glad No - el!
Flick-er, then, and dwindle, Speed the glad No - el! Speed the glad No - el!

The Brass Band

Charles Keeler

Henry Hadley
Composed for this Series

f Merrily

It makes me feel so fine and gay When drums are beat and

bugles play; I think I'd like to be a king And rule the earth and

ev-'ry-thing. The big bass drum Goes dum, dum, dum, The horns go tweedledee

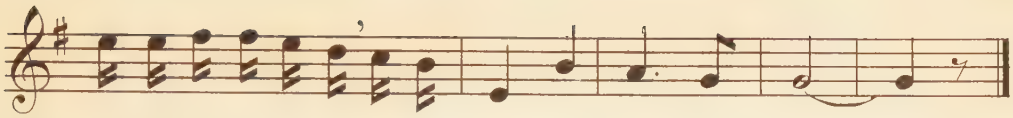
dee, And ev-'ry toot and ev-'ry beat Just catches hold of my two feet, And

makes them run a - way with me. And this is what I hear them say, As

down the street they march a - way: Te dum rat-ta dum rat-ta

dum dum dee! Te dum rat - ta dum, Come shout with me. Tweedle,

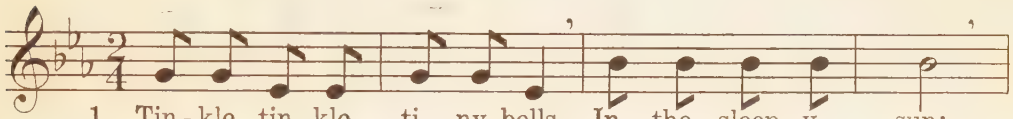
twee, twee, twee, twee - dle a - ny - thing you can, For I'm



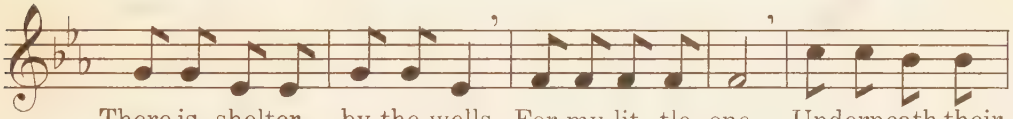
going to be a soldier when I get to be a man.

Algerian Lullaby

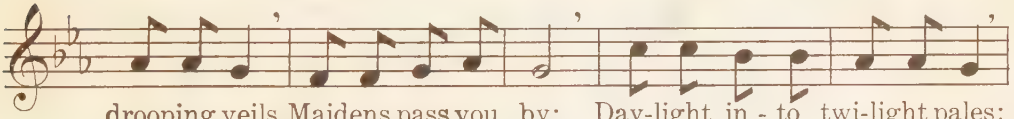
Frederick G. Bowles — Mary Root Kern



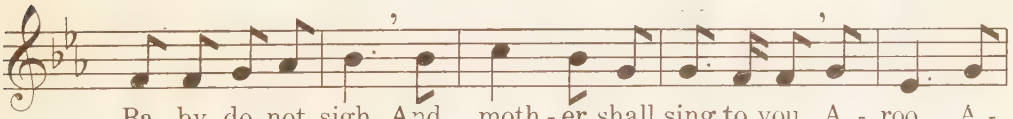
1. Tin - kle, tin - kle, ti - ny bells, In the sleep - y sun;
2. Sof - tly, sof - tly, cam - el bells, Sleep has closed her eyes;



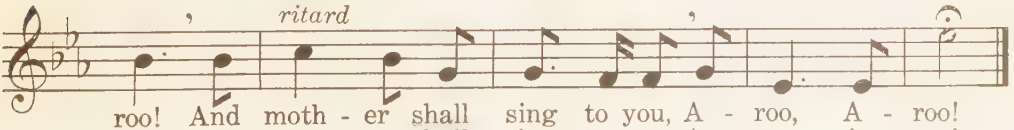
There is shelter by the wells For my lit - tle one. Underneath their
Ba - by in her dreamland dwells Ere the daylight dies. And within the



drooping veils, Maidens pass you by; Day-light in - to twi-light pales;
orange grove Drowsy birds sing low; Nev - er such a lit - tle love



Ba - by, do not sigh, And moth - er shall sing to you, A - roo, A -
Did I ev - er know. And moth - er shall sing to you, A - roo, A -

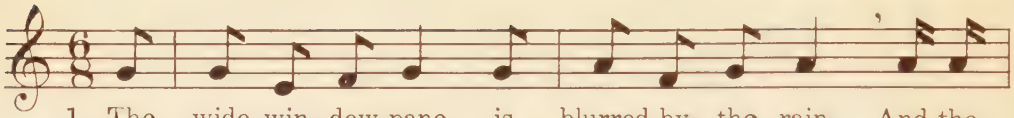


roo! And moth - er shall sing to you, A - roo, A - roo!
roo! And moth - er shall sing to you, A - roo, A - roo!

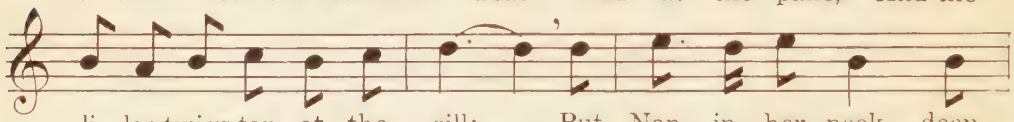
Fairyland

Alice V. L. Carrick

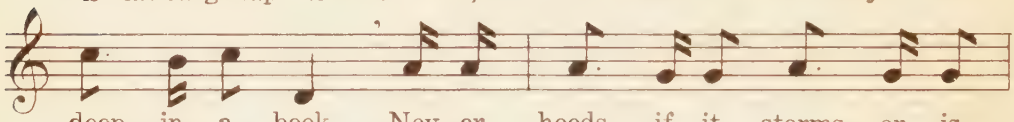
Fanny Snow Knowlton
Composed for this Series



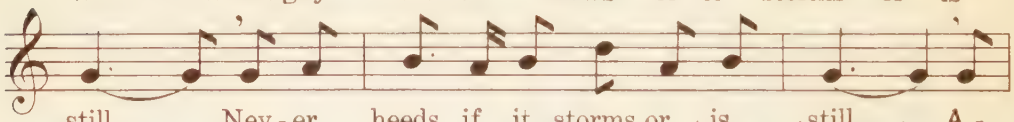
1. The wide win - dow-pane is blurred by the rain, And the
2. There Snow-White she meets, Prince Charm - ing she greets, Sees Red
3. So let the cold rain beat loud at the pane, And the



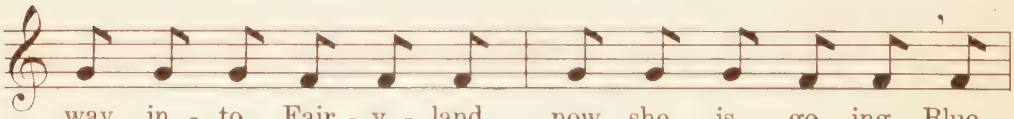
li - lac twigs tap at the sill; But Nan in her nook, deep,
Ri-ding Hood wander the wood; To Puss - in-Boots talks, and
li - lac twigs tap at the sill; For Nan - nie a - way in



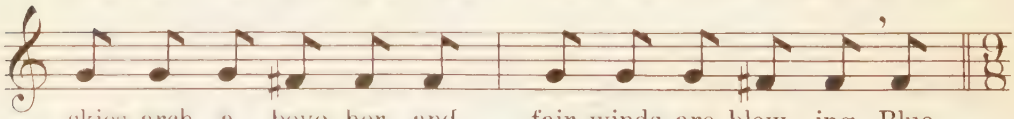
deep in a book, Nev - er heeds if it storms or is
whis - pers and walks With dear Beau - ty, so gen - tle and
Won - der-World gay Nev - er knows if it storms or is



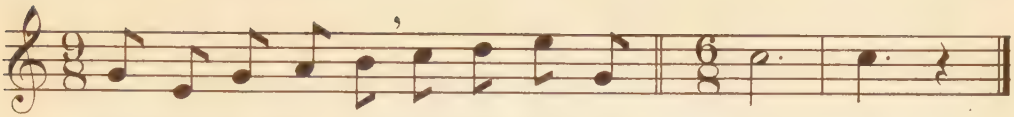
still, Nev - er heeds if it storms or is still. A -
good, With dear Beau - ty so gen - tle and good. Far,
still, Nev - er knows if it storms or is still. Oh,



way in - to Fair - y - land now she is go - ing, Blue
far in the for - est the Sap - phire Bird's sing -ing, And
who for the wind and the rain can be car - ing, When



skies arch a - bove her, and fair winds are blow - ing, Blue
high in the heav - ens the Wild Swans are wing - ing, And
off in - to Fair - y - land she can go far - ing, When

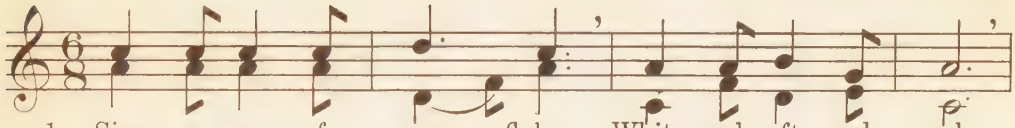


skies arch a - bove her, and fair winds are blow - ing.
high in the heav-ens the Wild Swans are wing - ing.
off in - to Fair - y - land she can go far - ing?

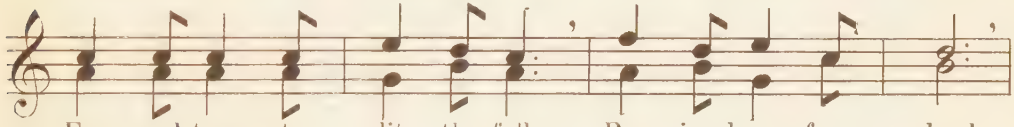
A Snowy Day

Anna M. Pratt

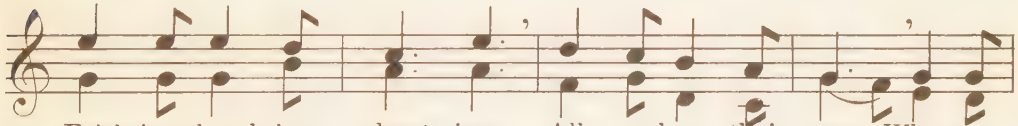
Gabriel Pierné
Composed for this Series



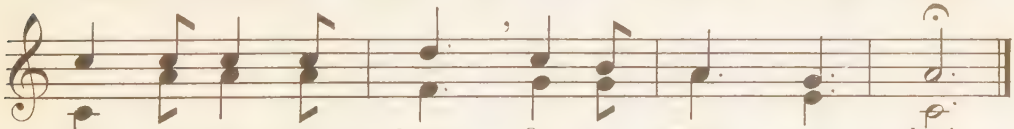
1. Sing a song of snow - flakes, White and soft and cool;
2. Sing a song of snow - flakes, Ro - sy cheeks and chins;
3. Fol - low-ing the lead - er, On the chil - dren run;



Four and twen - ty lit - tle folk Run-ning home from school.
When the snow-balls fly a-round, Mer - ry war be - gins.
Plung-ing thro' the deep - est drifts, Fall - ing down in fun.



Frisk-ing, laugh-ing, shout - ing, All a - long their way—What a
Frisk-ing, laugh-ing, shout - ing, Hap - py chil - dren play; What a
Frisk-ing, laugh-ing, shout - ing, All a - long their way – What a



jol - ly time they have On a snow - y day!
jol - ly time they have On a snow - y day!
jol - ly time they have On a snow - y day!

The Month of March

From *The Youth's Companion*

Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series

f Lively

1. Play, wind, play! It is a cold March day, But there is sun-shine
2. Blow, wind, blow! Tho' hats a - roll - ing go; For we don't mind if
3. Race, wind, race! Give us a mer - ry chase All hel - ter-skel - ter
4. Sing, wind, sing! And make the branches swing, And choose your ve - ry

all a-bout, And troops of children now run out. Play, wind, play!
you are bold, And sting our cheeks and ears with cold. Blow, wind, blow!
down the street; Ho! you're a playmate strong and fleet. Race, wind, race!
gay-est tune, We'll dance to it this af - ter-noon. Sing, wind, sing!

From the Starry Heavens High

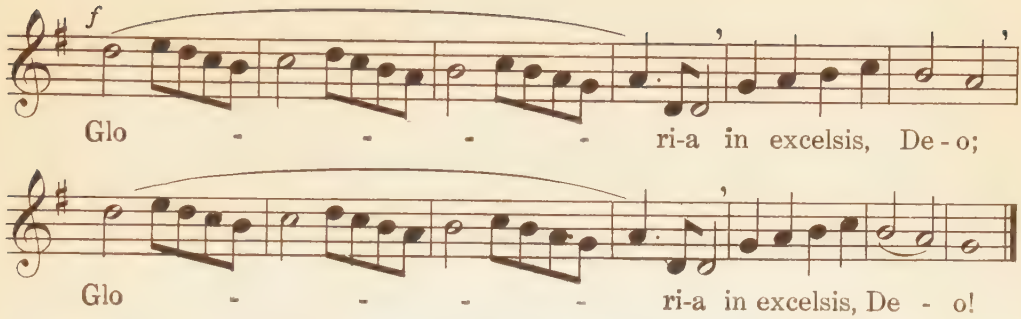
Elizabeth E. Foulke

French Christmas Song

mf

1. From the star-ry heav-ens high, Strains of joy ex - ul - tant ring;
2. Shepherds, mute with ho - ly joy, List the mes-sage from a - bove;
3. Haste, oh haste, the ti-dings bear Far and wide till stri-vings cease;

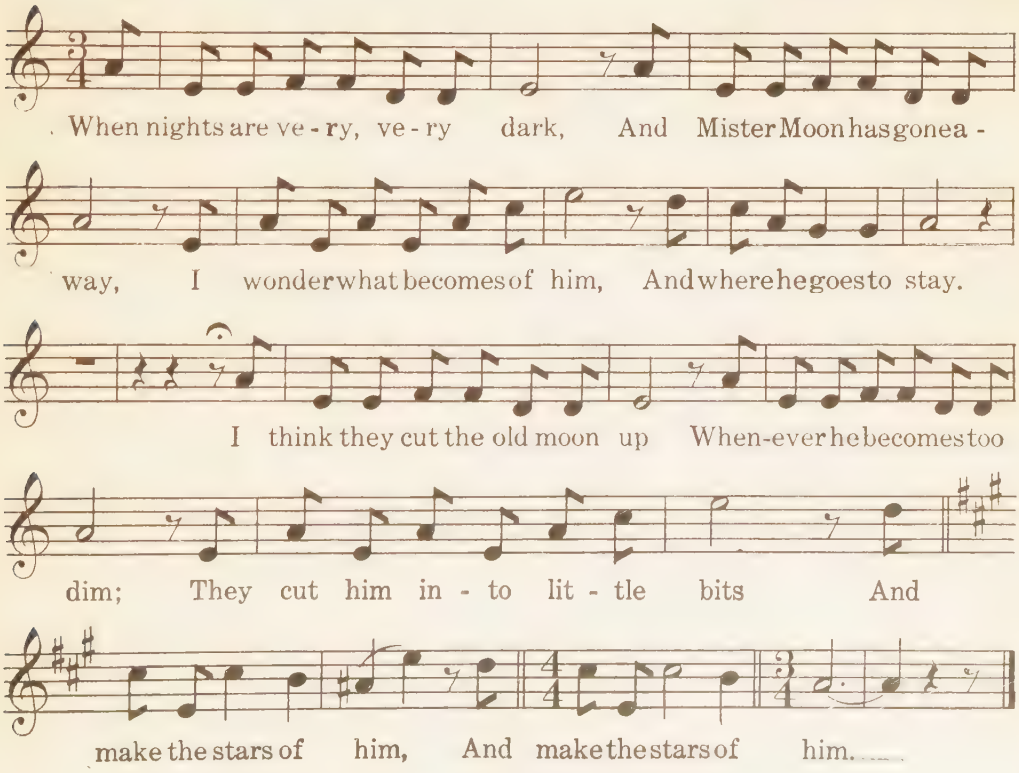
And the hills of earth re - ply, All their mu - sic ech - o - ing.
Peace on earth with - out al - loy, Now be-gins the reign of love.
Till the na-tions ev - 'ry-where Join the song, "Goodwill and peace."



What Becomes of the Moon

George Reiter Brill

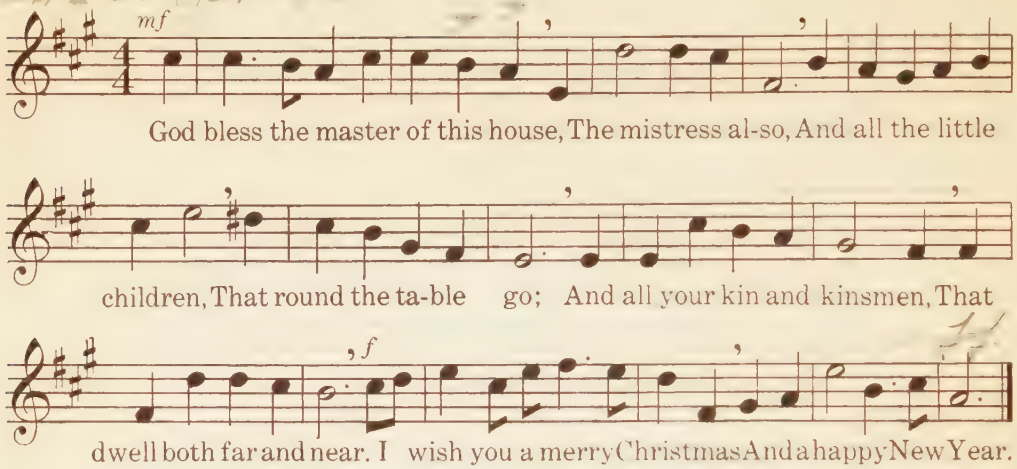
W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series



Christmas Carol

From *Cradle Songs*

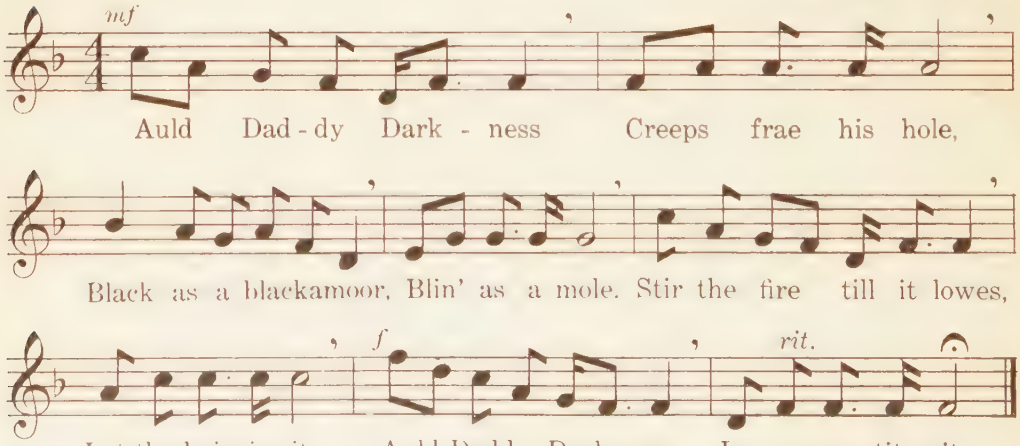
Felix Borowski
Composed for this Series



Auld Daddy Darkness

James Ferguson

Nellie Poorman
Composed for this Series



After Vacation

From *The Youth's Companion*

Arthur Hinton
Composed for this Series

f *p*

1. What a pleas-ant sound is that! Pit - a- pat, pit - a - pat,
2. Lis - ten! now the school bells ring! Ting - a - ling, ting - a - ling,

Pit - a - pat, a - pat, a - pat. Lit - tle folk are skip - ping by;
Ting - a - ling- a - ling - a - ling. "Come," they say, "Va - ca - tion's done;

dim. e rit. *a tempo* *cresc.* *f*

Don't you know the rea - son why? Don't you know the rea-son why?
Play is o - ver, work's be-gun, Play is o - ver, work's be-gun."

pp

Pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, Pit - a - pit - a - pit - a - pat;
Ting- a - ling, ting- a - ling, Ting- a - ling - a - ling - a - ling;

Pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, Pit - a - pit - a - pit - pat;
Ting- a - ling, ting - a - ling, Ting - a - ling - a - ling - ting;

ff

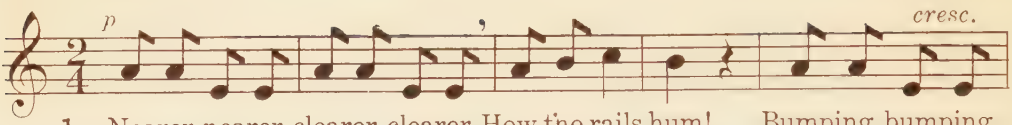
Pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, Pit - a - pit - a - pit - a - pat;
Ting-a - ling, ting - a - ling, Ting - a - ling - a - ling - a - ling;

Pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, Pit - a - pit - a - pat.
Ting - a - ling, ting - a - ling, Ting - a - ling - a - ling.

The Train

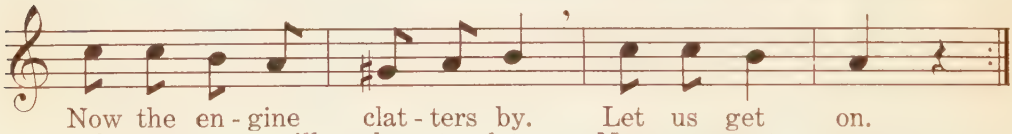
Ann Underhill

Kún László



1. Nearer, nearer, clearer, clearer, How the rails hum! Bumping, bumping,
2. Whistles blowing, we are going Forward at last! Hors - es, peo-ple,

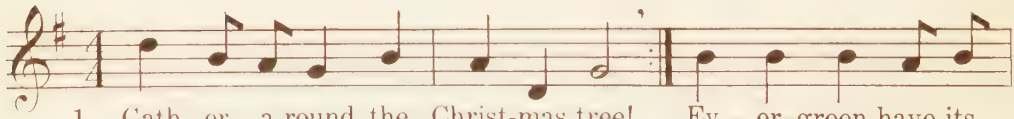
thumping, thumping, Hear the train come! { Onward with a rush and cry, Hur-ry, scur-ry, do not wait!
church and steeple, Slow-ly glide past. { Clouds of smoke a-round us blow; Like a mov-ing picture show,



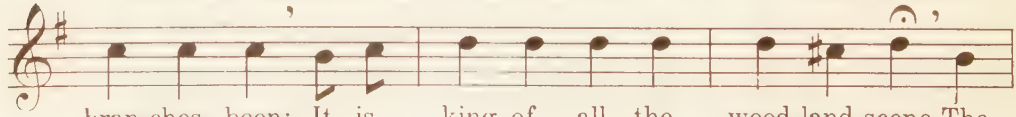
Now the en - gine clat - ters by. Let us get on.
If you stop you'll be to late. Now we start on.
Fas - ter, fas - ter now we go! Ev - er - more on.
All the world is spread be - low, As we go on.

Gather Around the Christmas Tree

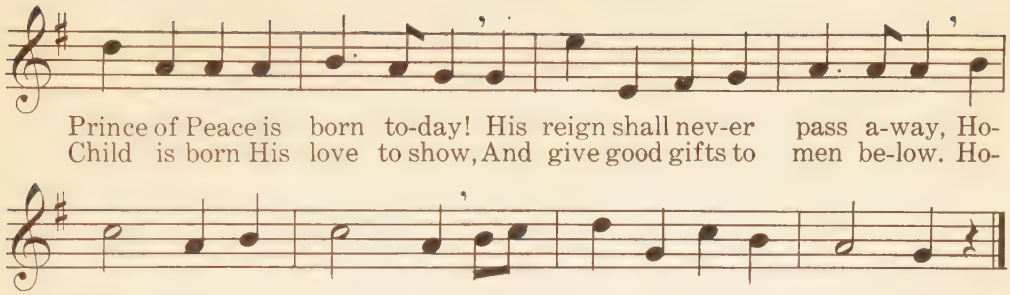
Old Carol



1. Gath - er a-round the Christ-mas tree! Ev - er- green have its
2. Gath - er a-round the Christ-mas tree! Ev - 'ry bough bears a



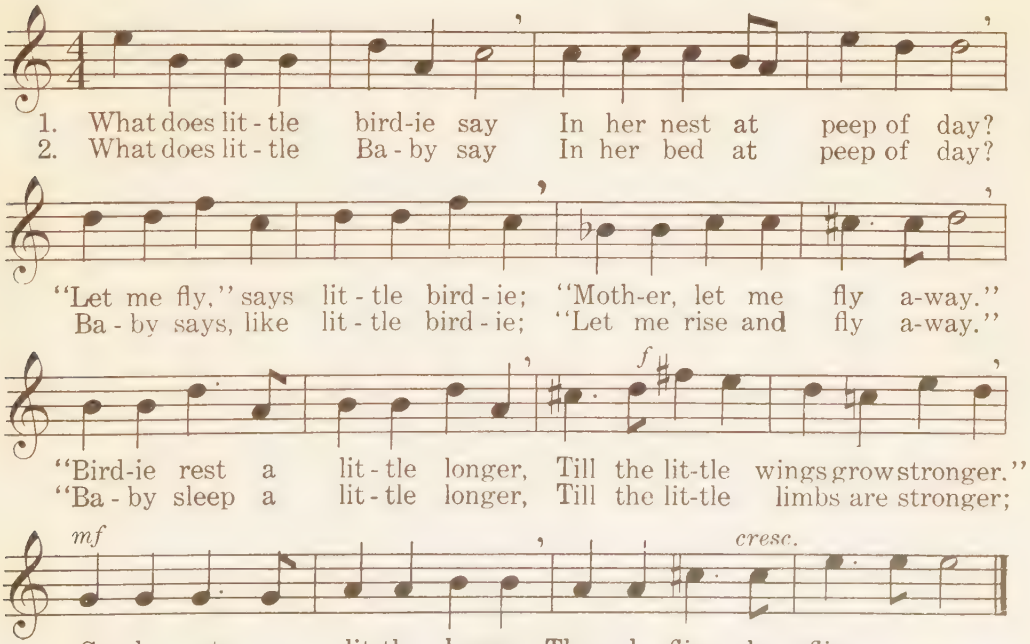
bran-ches been; It is king of all the wood-land scene. The
bur - den now; They are gifts of love for us, we trow. A



Little Birdie

Alfred Tennyson

Frederick Delius
Composed for this Series



Two Kinds of People

Frank Walcott Hutt

Myles B. Foster
Composed for this Series

mp Lazily

Tar - ry-a-while is a heedless place, Tarry - a-while is a la - zy

town. No - bo-dy there ev-er ran a race, No-bo-dy there ev-er

won — renown.— You may go ma-ny a wea - ry mile

f Brightly

Ere you may meet with a friend-ly smile. Up-and-about is a

bu - sy town, Bu - si-est place in the bu - sy land; Ev-'ry-one

dim.

there hurries up and down, Plenty a - do - ing on ev - 'ry

p *cresc.* *f*

hand.— Plenty of kindness and smiles to share; Frowns never worry the

cresc. *ff* *rit.*

people there, Frowns never wor - ry the peo - ple there.—

In Story Land

May Morgan

Henry Clough-Leighter
Composed for this Series

mp

I like to sit be - fore the fire, All curl'd up in a

p *rall.* *cresc.*

chair, And wish my-self in Sto-ry Land, For right a-way I'm

mf *Slower*

there! I roam the wood with Rob-in Hood, Or

Slower

tilt with I - van - hoe; Or may - be hunt a

bear or two With Fri - day and Cru - soe;

a tempo

Or fight with pi - rates, black and bold, Up -

rall. *a tempo* *mf*

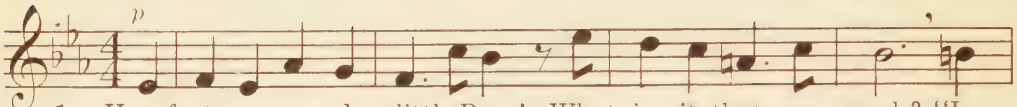
on the Span - ish main, Till

bed-time comes,and I am told To hur-ry home a - gain!

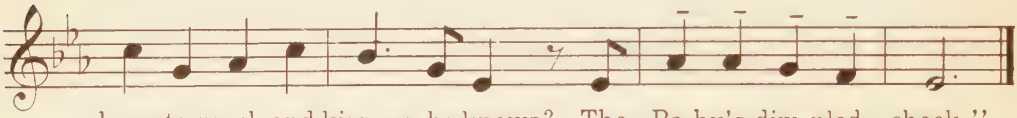
Devotion

Abbie Farwell Brown

Florence Newell Barbour
Composed for this Series



1. How fast you grow, dear little Rose! What is it that you seek? "I
2. How fast you grow, dear Buttercup! What do you long to win? "I
3. How fast you grow, sweet Cloverstalk! And why a - tip-toe stand? "When



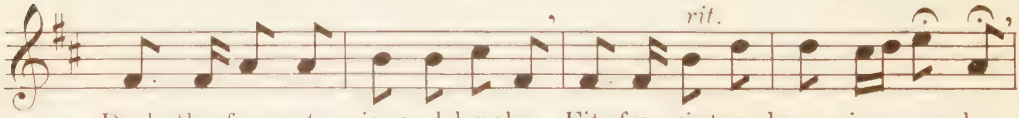
hope to reach and kiss, — who knows? — The Ba-by's dim-pled cheek."
hope to hold my pe - tals up And gild the Ba-by's chin."
Ba - by takes his morn - ing walk, I hope to touch his hand."

Easter Rabbit

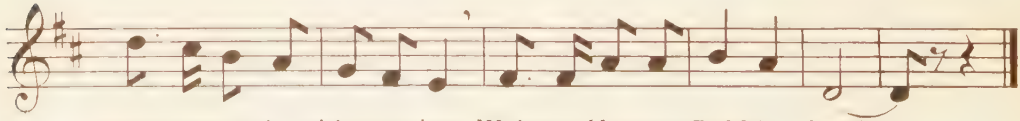
Mary Root Kern
From the German

Mary Root Kern

1. Eas - ter Rab-bit, wake, O wake! Leave your home with - in the brake.
2. Eas - ter Rab-bit, sit upright; Lift your ears, so long and white.



Dark the for - est is and lonely, Fit for winter dream-ing on - ly.
Eas - ter chimes are clearly ringing, Easter voic-es swee-tly singing.

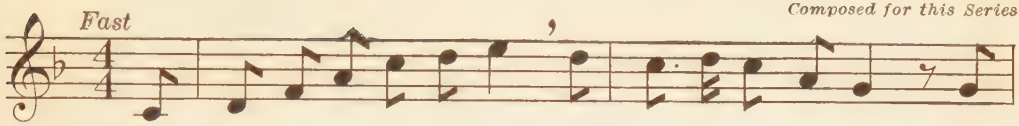


See! the sun is shining clear; Wake and hasten, Rabbit dear! —
Bring the eggs, all red and blue; Ma-ny children wait for you! —

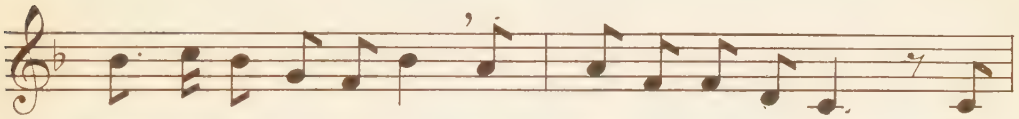
October's Party

George Cooper

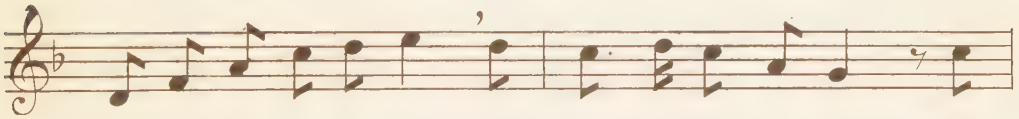
Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series



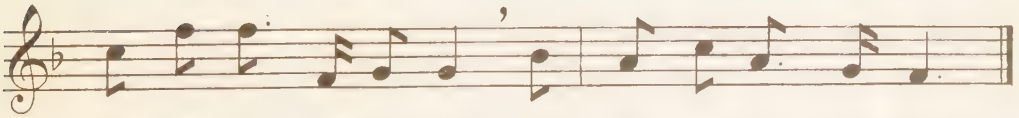
1. Oc - to - ber gave a par-ty, The leaves by hundreds came; The
2. The Chestnuts came in yel-low, The Oaks in crimson dressed; The
3. Then in the sha-dy hol-lows, At hide-and-seek they played; The



Chestnuts, Oaks, and Maples, And leaves by ev - 'ry name; The
love - ly Miss-es Ma - ple In scar-let look'd their best. All
par - ty closed at sun-down, But ev - 'ry - bo - dy stayed. Pro-



sunshine spread a car-pet, And ev - 'ry-thing was grand; Miss
balanced to their partners, And gay - ly flut-tered by; The
fes-sor Wind play'd louder; They flew a-long the ground, And

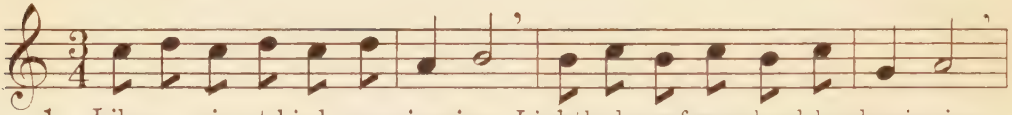


Weath-er led the danc-ing, Pro - fes - sor Wind, the band.
sight was like a rain-bow, New - fal - len from the sky.
then the par - ty end - ed With jol - ly "Hands all round."

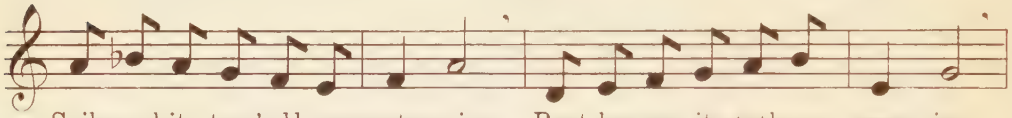
A Trip to the Moon

Julia W. Bingham
From the Spanish

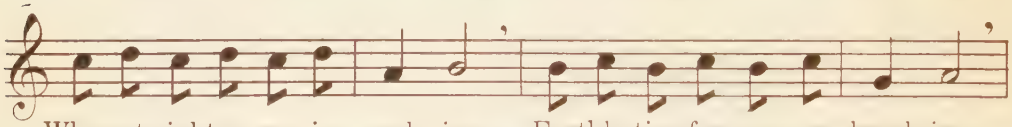
Josephine R. de Elias



1. Like a gi-ant bird a-wing-ing, Lightly down from cloud-land swinging,
2. Thro' the realm of sun-lit shad-ows, Thro' the shining star-ry meadows,

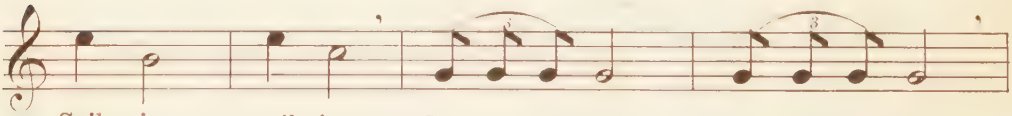


Sails my kite, tow'rd heaven stray-ing, Rest-less on its teth-er sway-ing.
Thro' the dimness of the dawn-ing, Thro' the brightness of the morn-ing,

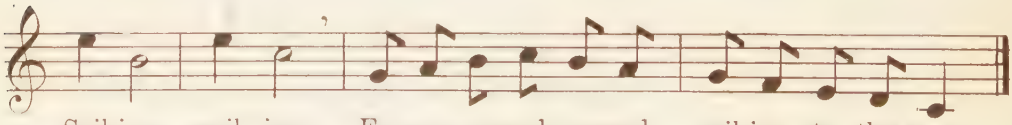


When at night no one is wak-ing, Earthly ties for-ev-er break-ing,
Ev-er with my kite as-cend-ing, Stillness in-to still-ness blend-ing,

With my kite the world for-sak-ing, I shall sail up to the moon.
Till, thro' silence nev-er end-ing, I have reach'd the silver moon.



Sail-ing, sail-ing, Up to the moon, up to the moon;
Sail-ing, sail-ing, Up in the moon, up in the moon;



Sail-ing, sail-ing, Ev-er onward, upward sail-ing to the moon.
Sail-ing, sail-ing, Si-len-tly and safe-ly in the sil-ver moon.

What Professor Owl Knows

George Macdonald

G. A. Grant-Schaefer
Composed for this Series

Moderately slow

No-bo-dy knows the world like me. The rest go to bed, I

Faster

sit up to see. I can see the wind; Now can you do

that? I can see the dreams he car - ries in his hat.

A Penny to Spend

Old English Song

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series

A penny to spend! a penny to spend! A penny will buy jol-ly

things without end. But Oh! but Oh! the ve - ry worst thing of

a - ny — Is to know what to buy — with on - ly a pen-ny! —

Boy Scouts

M. Louise Baum — Catharina van Rennes

f

1. Hark! tan-ta - ra! 'Tis the trumpet that calls to the march! At -
2. Hark! tan-ta - ra! 'Tis the trumpet that calls to the charge! At -

ff *mf*

ten-tion! Company, For-ward march! Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
ten-tion! Company, For-ward march! Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

Scouts are marching, How the flags and pen-nants fly! Clap, clap, clap, clap,
Stead - y, stead - y, Up-ward still the ban-ner goes! O - ver rocks now

f

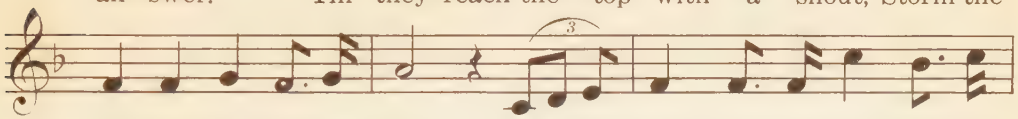
girls are cheering, They will join the camp by and by. Dr - r - r - r -
leap and scramble, Who'll be first up? No - bo-dy knows. Dr - r - r - r -

rum! Dr - r - r - r - rum! 'Tis the drum - mer! Too - tle
rum! Dr - r - r - r - rum! 'Tis the drum - mer! Too - tle

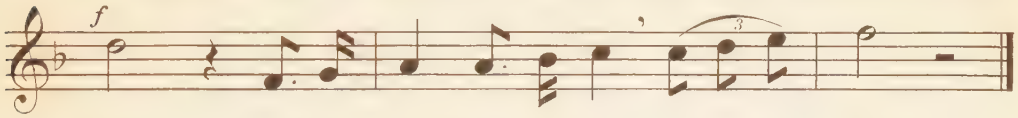
f

tee - a - tee! 'Tis the fife — that — shrills its —
tee - a - tee! 'Tis the fife — that — shrills its —

an - swer. Shoulders back and eyes straight a - head, Fast they
an - swer. Till they reach the top with a shout, Storm the



fol-low where they are led, Past the wood where the heights rise a -
old hill's sto - ny re - doubt. Plant the flag high o'er cliff and o'er

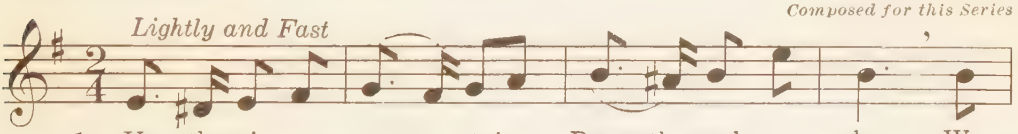


far, Dou-ble quick, now, with hip, hip-hip - hur - rah!
scar, While they cheer it with hip, hip-hip - hur - rah!

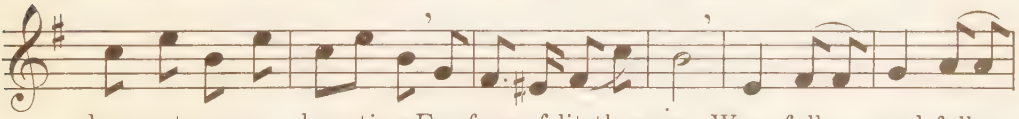
The Fairy Folk

William Allingham

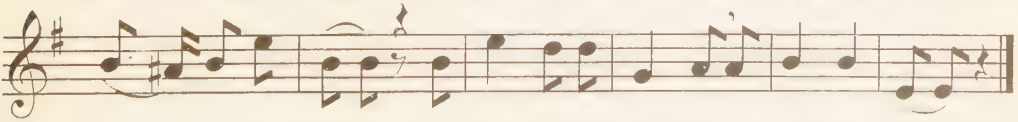
Jessie L. Gaynor
Composed for this Series



1. Up the air - y moun - tain, Down the rush - y glen, We
2. Down a-long the rocky shore Some make their home; They



dare not go a - hun-ting For fear of lit-tle men. Wee folk, good folk,
live on crispy pancakes Of yellow tide - foam; Some in the reeds Of the



Troop-ing all to - gether; Green jacket, red cap, And white owl's feather.
black mountain lake, With frogs for their watchdogs, All night awake.

The Three Kings

Abbie Farwell Brown
From the French

Old French Song

f

1. Yes - ter - day — I met up - on the way — The three great
2. Christmas Day — They went up - on their way, The three great

Kings who came from for - eign re - gions. Yes - ter -
Kings with all the pre - cious treas - ure. Christ - mas

day — I met up - on the way — The three great
Day — They went up - on their way — To seek a

Kings in all their fine ar - ray. With chests of gold and of gifts un -
Ba - by ly - ing in the hay. The one a black King, and one was

told, — Then came the hosts of the marching, migh - ty
brown, — Who came so far for a lit - tle ba - by's

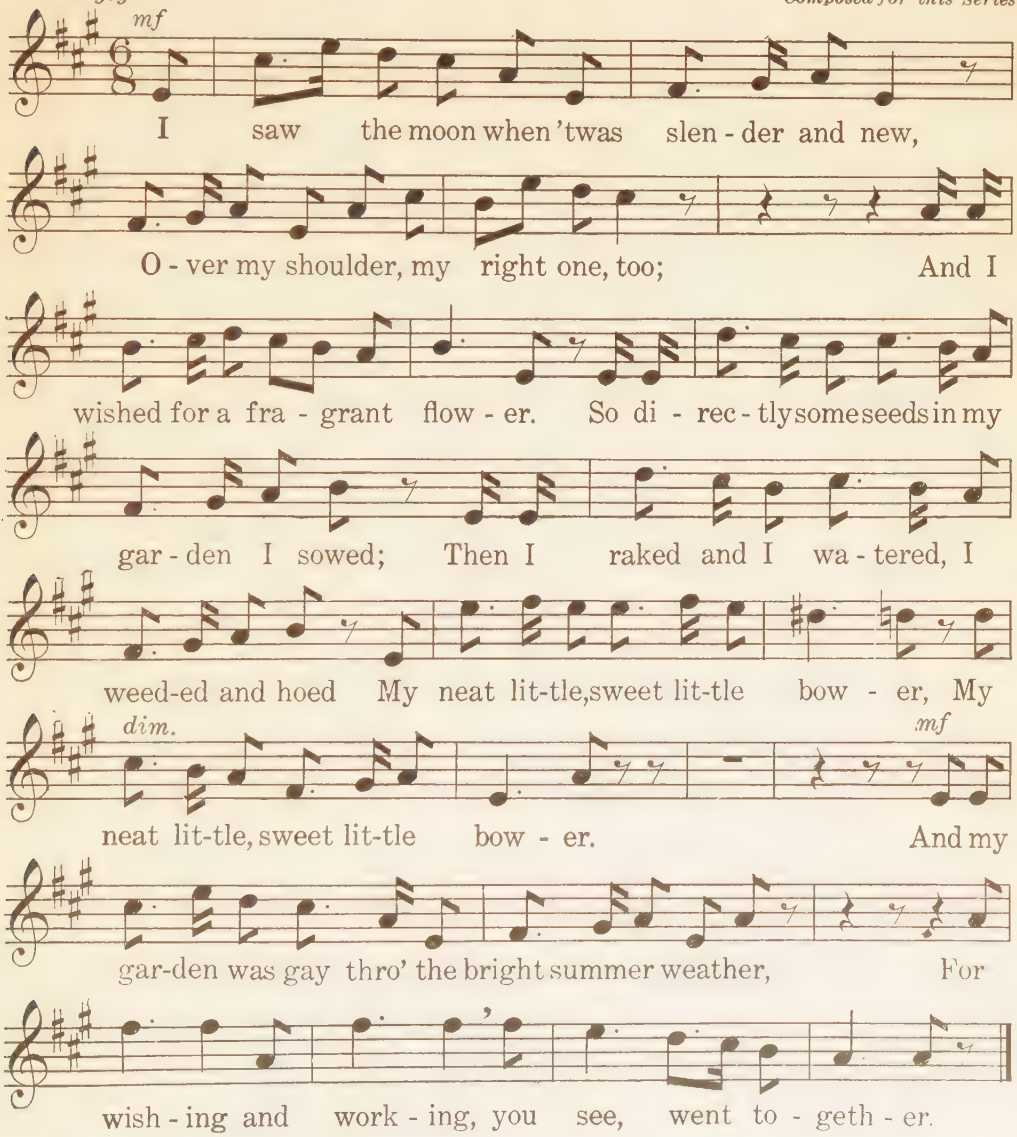
le - gions; With chests of gold and of gifts un -
pleas - ure; And one was white with a gol - den

told, The three great Kings in all their fine ar - ray!
crown, — The three great Kings so gal - lant and so gay!

Wishing and Working

Anna M. Pratt

Rudolph Ganz
Composed for this Series



Rock-a-bye, Lullaby

Josiah Gilbert Holland

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series

p Drowsily

1. Rock-a-bye, lul - la - by, bees on the clover! Croon-ing so drow - si - ly,
2. Rock-a-bye, lul - la - by, rain on the clover! Tears on the eye-lids that
3. Rock-a-bye, lul - la - by, dew on the clover! Dew on the eyes that will

cry - ing so low! — Rock-a-bye, lul - la - by, dear lit-tle ro - ver!
struggle and weep! — Rock-a-bye, lul - la - by, bend-ing it o - ver!
spar - kle at dawn! — Rock-a-bye, lul - la - by, dear lit-tle ro - ver!

Down in - to won - der - land, Down to the un - der - land,
Down on the moth - er - world, Down on the oth - er world,
In - to the stil - ly world, In - to the li - ly world,

Faster

Go, oh, go! — Go, oh, go! —
Sleep, oh, sleep! — Sleep, oh, sleep! —
Gone! oh, gone! — Gone! oh, gone! —

as at first

Down in - to won-der-land go! — Go, oh, go! —
Down on the moth-er-world sleep! — Sleep, oh, sleep! —
In - to the li - ly world gone! — Gone, oh, gone! —

The Blacksmith

Virginia Baker

John E. West
Composed for this Series

mf

1. The black-smith in the smith-y stands, The fire is blaz-ing
2. Right well the black-smith knows his trade, He'll make a tool for

bright; He lifts the great sledge in his hands, And strikes with all his
you; And if your horse should need his aid He'll give each foot a

might. Oh, mer - ri - ly the rud - dy sparks Like el - fin eyes wink,
shoe. All day the flames so gay - ly dance, All day the red sparks

cresc.

wink; The blacksmith's arm goes up and down, — The
blink; The blacksmith's arm goes up and down, — The

rit. 3 *mf*

hammer goes — chink - chink! Chink-chink-a-chink,

f

chink-chink-a-chink; The hammer goes — chink - chink!

The Orchestra

Florence C. Fox

Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

With animation
Altos

Bum, bum, goes the drum, And a hi - did - dle-did-dle goes the

cresc. poco a poco

fid-dle; With a hi - did-dle-did-dle-did-dle-did-dle-did-dle dum Go the

fid-dle, fid-dle, fid-dle, and the big bass drum, Go the fiddle and the big bass

Sopranos

drum. Toot, toot, goes the flute, and a hi - did-dle-did-dle goes the

cresc. poco a poco

fid - dle; With a hi - did - dle - did - dle - did - dle

did - dle - did - dle-did - dle and a too - tle - too - tle - too - tle - too - tle -

too-tle-too-tle-too-tle, Go the fid-dle and the flute and the drum.

Sopranos and Altos

f

Tone, tone, goes the big trom-bone, and a hi - did-dle-did-dle goes the

Sopranos

fiddle; With a hi-did-dle-did-dle-did-dle-did-dle-did-dle-did-dle, And a

Altos

f

Bum, bum, goes the big bass drum;

ff

too - tle - too - tle - too - tle - too - tle - too - tle - too - tle, Go the

ff

Tone, tone, goes the big trom - bone; The

Unison

fid-dle and the big bass drum; Go the fiddle and the big bass drum. With a

sf sf sf

tone and a toot and a tum, tum, tum, Go the fiddle and the flute and the big bass drum.

The Little Big Woman and the Big Little Girl

Mary Mapes Dodge

Reginald de Koven
Composed for this Series

1. A— lit - tle big wom-an and a big lit - tle girl, They
2. "We must eat," said the lit - tle big — wom - an, "Why not?" "Why

mer - ri - ly danced all the day. — The —
not?" said the big lit - tle girl. — So when

cresc.

wom - an de-clared she was too small to — work, And the
sup - per time came, they sipp'd, they sipped as they skipped, And —

f

girl said, "I'm too big to play." — So they
swal - lowed their cake in a whirl. — And they

mf *cresc.*

merrily danced While the sun-light stay'd, And practiced their steps in the
merrily danced While the twi-light stay'd, And practiced their steps in the

f

eve - ning shade, So they mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,
eve - ning shade, So they mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,

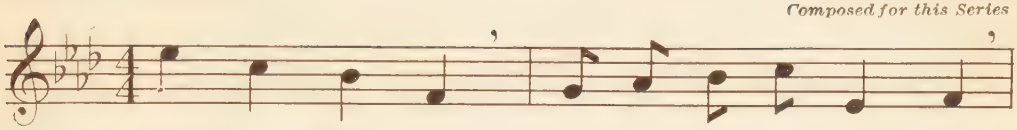
dim.

mer - ri - ly danced in the eve - ning shade. —
mer - ri - ly danced in the eve - ning shade. —

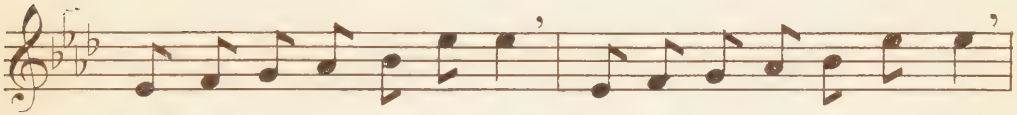
Sandman

Alice V. L. Carrick

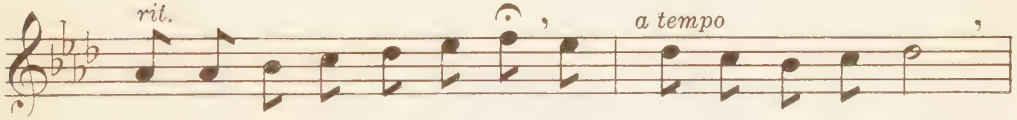
W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series



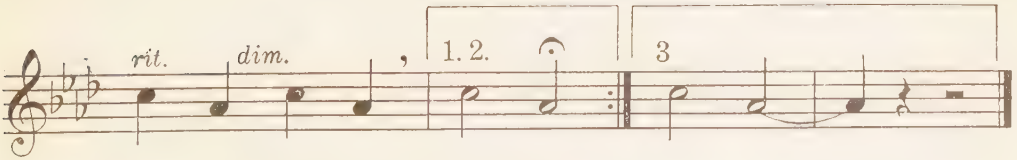
1. Sand - man, Sand - man, Come from Drow - sy Land, Man!
2. Sand - man, Sand - man, Call your nod - ding band, Man!
3. Sand - man, Sand - man, Take them by the hand, Man!



Where the skies are red and gold, Where the pop - py buds un - fold,
All the lit - tle chil-dren are Wait-ing for you near and far;
Carry them where dreams are free, Where they've wish'd all day to be,



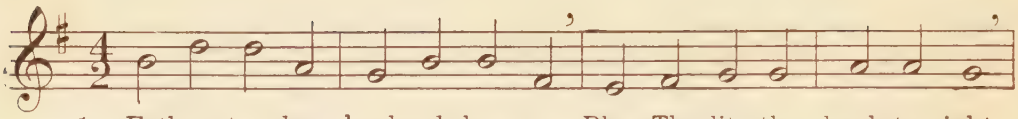
And the bub-ble moon floats high, and fair - y tales are told.
Wait - ing just for you to come and light the Sleep - y Star,
As they sail and sail to-night a - round the Slum-ber Sea.



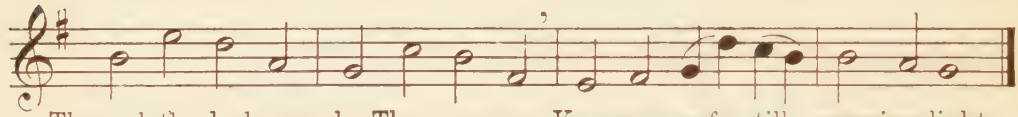
Sand-man, Sand-man, Sand - man!
Sand-man, Sand-man, Sand - man!
Sand-man, Sand-man, Sand - man! ———

Children's Hymn

Mrs. M. L. Duncan — Horatio Parker



1. Father, ten-der shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to-night;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me; And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;

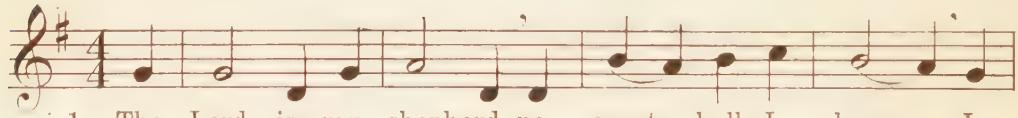


Through the darkness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morning light.
Thou hast warm'd me, cloth'd and fed me; Lis - ten to my evening pray'r.
Take us all at last to heav-en; Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

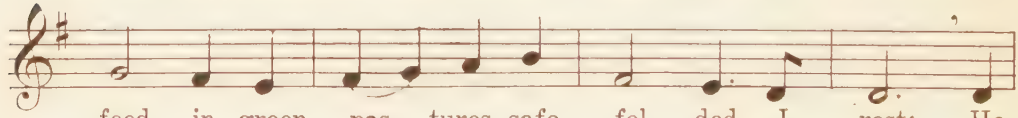
Portuguese Hymn

(ADESTE FIDELES)

James Montgomery — John Reading(?)



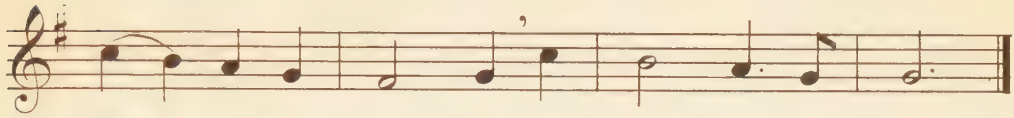
1. The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know; I
2. Let good-ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still



feed in green pas - tures, safe fol - ded I rest; He
fol - low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove. I

lead - eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow; Re -
seek, by the path which my fore - fa-thers trod, Thro' the

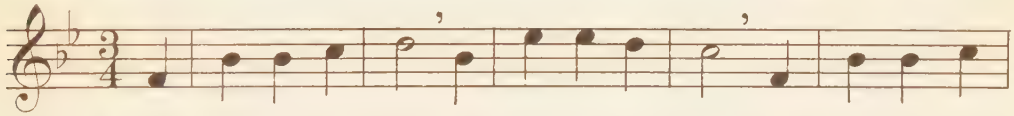
stores me when wan-d'ring, re - deems when op - pressed; Re -
land___of their so - journ, Thy King - dom of love; Thro' the



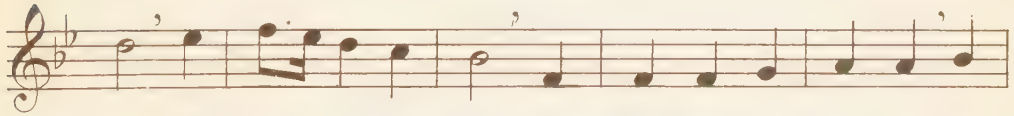
stores___me when wan - d'ring, re - deems when op - pressed.
land___of their so - journ, Thy King - dom of love.

Oh, Worship the King

Robert Grant — Franz Joseph Haydn



1. Oh, worship the King, all glorious a - bove; And grate-ful - ly
2. Oh, tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun-ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the

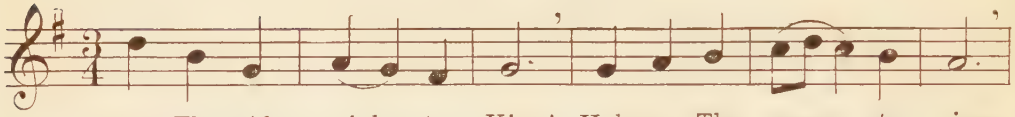


sing His won-der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fen - der, the
light, Whose can - o - py, space; His char - iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de -

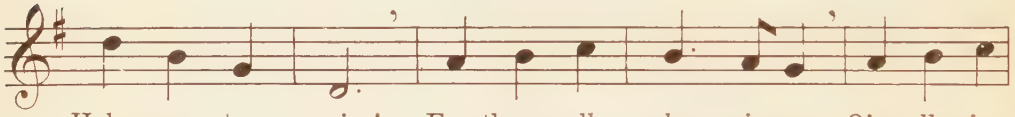
Ancient of days, Pa - vil-ioned in splendor, and gir-ded with praise.
thunderclouds form; And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweetly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.

Come, Thou Almighty King

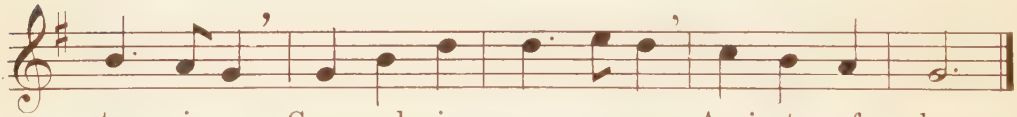
F. de Giardini



1. Come, Thou Al - migh - ty King! Help us Thy name to sing;
2. Come, Thou All - gra - cious Lord, By heav'n and earth a - dored!
3. Nev - er from us de - part; Rule Thou in ev - 'ry heart,



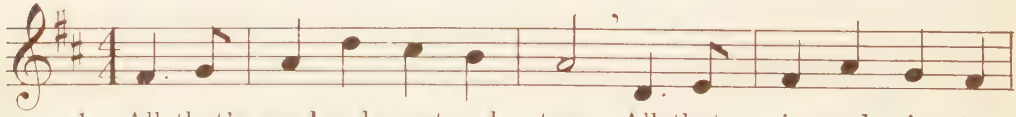
Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
Our prayer at - tend! Come, and Thy chil-dren bless; Give Thy good
Hence, ev - er - more. Thy sov'reign maj - es - ty May we in



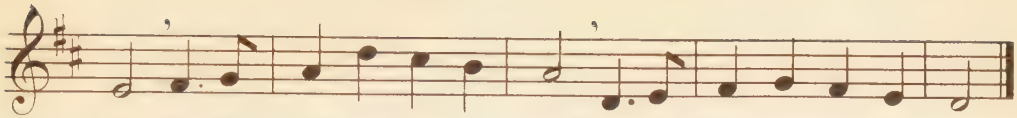
to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, Ancient of days.
word suc-cess; Make Thine own ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

All That's Good and Great

Godfrey Thring



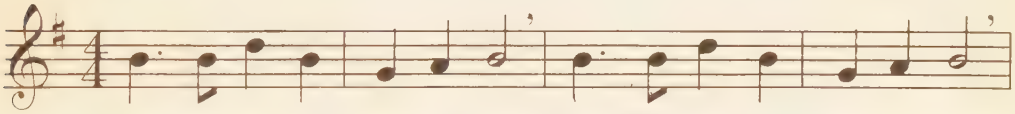
1. All that's good and great and true, All that is and is to
2. Not a bird that does not sing Sweetest prais-es to Thy
3. Far and near o'er land and sea, Mountain top and wood-ed
4. May we all with songs of praise, Whilst on earth, Thy name a -



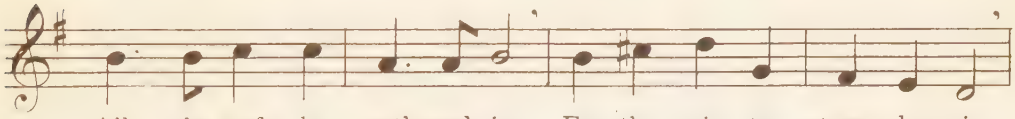
be, Be it old or be it new, Comes, O Father, comes from Thee.
name: Not an in-sect on the wing But Thy wonders doth pro-claim.
dell, All in singing, sing of Thee, Songs of love in - ef - fa - ble.
dore, Till with angel choirs we raise Songs of praise for - ev - er - more.

The Joy of Harvest

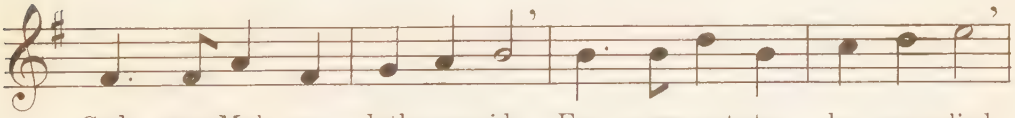
Henry Alford — George J. Elvey



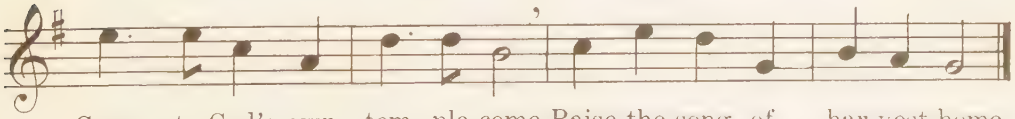
1. Come, ye thankful peo-ple, come; Raise the song of har-vest home:
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;



All is safe - ly gathered in Ere the win - ter storms be - gin.
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor-row grown.



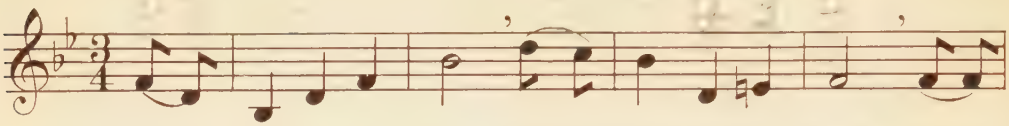
God, our Mak - er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;
First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear;



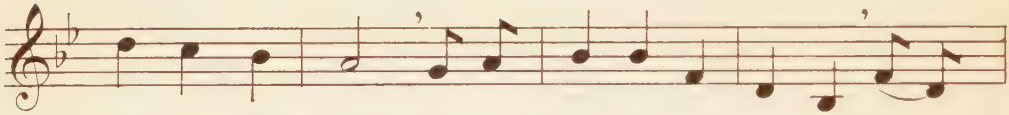
Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home.
Lord of har - vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.

The Star-Spangled Banner

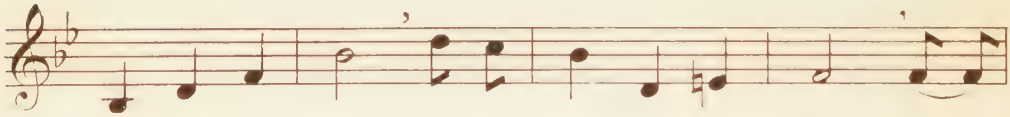
Francis Scott Key — John Stafford Smith



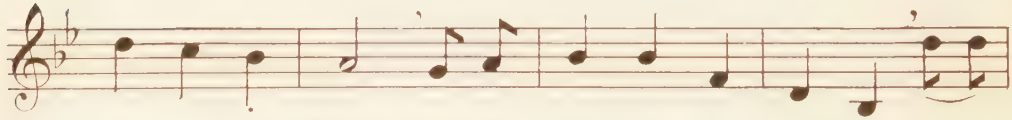
1. Oh, _ say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the
3. And where is that band, who so vaun-ting-ly swore That the
4. Oh, _ thus be it e'er when free-men shall stand Be -



proud-ly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad
foe's haugh-ty host in dread si-lence re - pos - es, What is
hav - oc of war and the bat-tle's con - fu - sion A _
tween their loved homes and the war's des - o - la - tion! Blest with

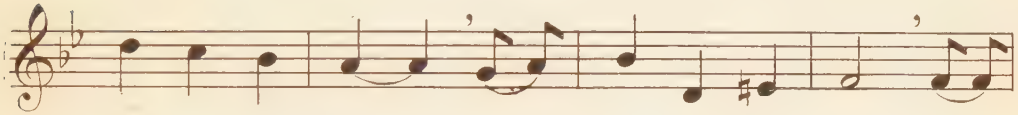


stripes and bright stars, through the per - il - ous fight, O'er the
that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
home and a coun - try should leave us no more? Their
vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res-cued land Praise the

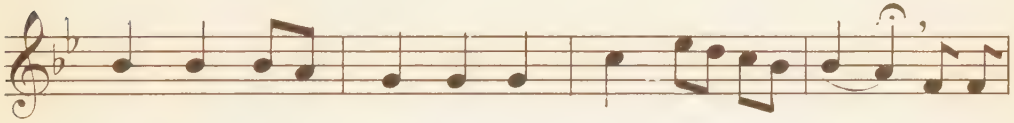


ram-parts we watched, were so gal - lan - tly streaming? And the
fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it
blood has washed out their foul foot-steps' pol - lu - tion. No _
Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion! Then

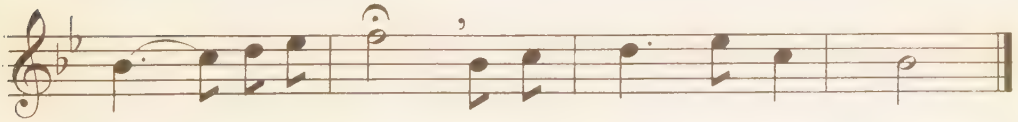
rock-ets' red glare, the bombs burs-ting in air, Gave
catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full
ref-uge could save the — hire-ling and slave From the
con-quer we must when our cause it is just; And



proof thro' the night — that our flag was still there. Oh, —
glo-ry re-flec-ted now — shines on the stream. 'Tis the
ter-ror of flight — or the gloom of the grave. And the
this be our mot-to: "In — God is our trust!" And the



say, does that star-span-gled ban-ner yet wave O'er the
star-span-gled ban-ner, oh, long may it wave O'er the
star-span-gled ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave O'er the
star-span-gled ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the

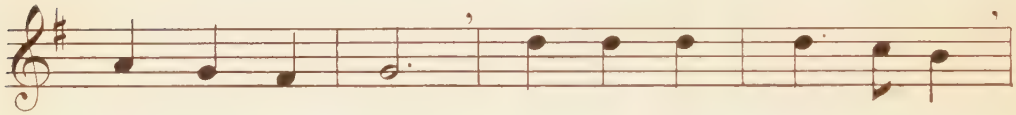


land — of the free and the home of the brave?
land — of the free and the home of the brave!
land — of the free and the home of the brave!
land — of the free and the home of the brave!

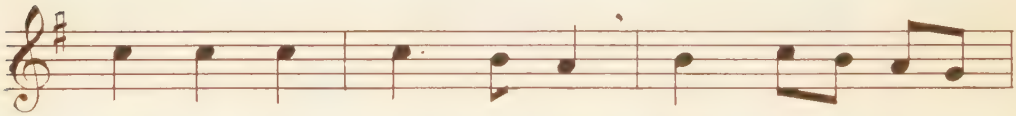
America

Samuel F. Smith — Henry Carey

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died,
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills,
Sweet Free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake,
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright



Land of the Pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry___
Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart with
Let all that breathe par - take, Let rocks their
With Free-dom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us

moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
by Thy might, Great God, our King.

15.

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